吾輩は猫である
わがはいはねこである
まんがで読破
夏目漱石・作
イースト・プレス

吾輩は猫である

I Am a Cat

夏目漱石・作

A Natsume Soseki Work

East Press
イースト・プレス

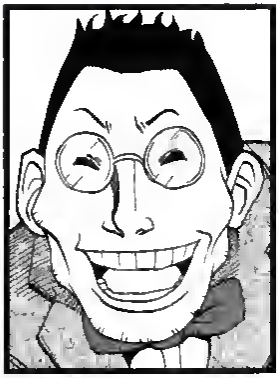
CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS

おもな登場人物

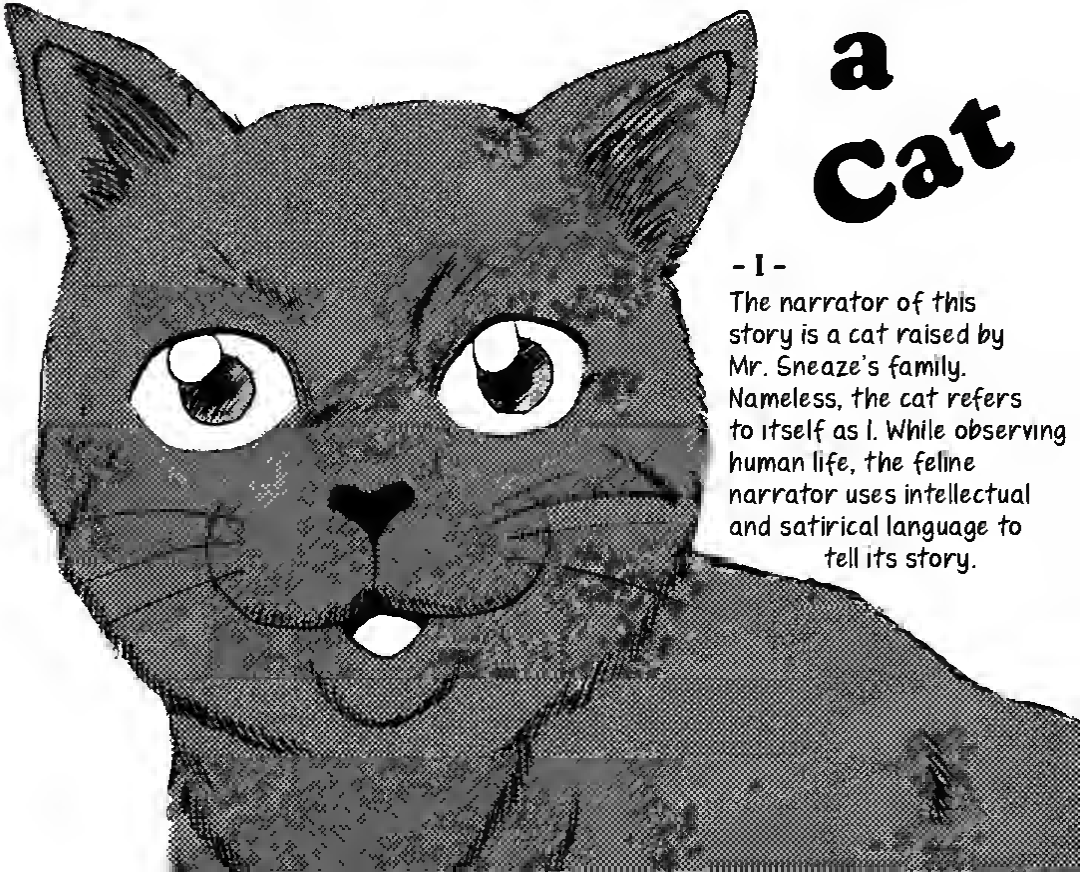
吾輩は猫である I Am a Cat

やはり人間とは自分勝手な生き物である

Human beings are selfish creatures.

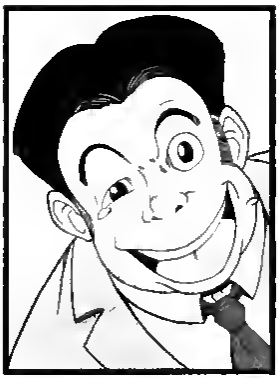


- Waverhouse -
Mr. Sneaze's friend who is an aesthete. His hobby is to play practical jokes on people by spinning lies.



- I -
The narrator of this story is a cat raised by Mr. Sneaze's family. Nameless, the cat refers to itself as I. While observing human life, the feline narrator uses intellectual and satirical language to tell its story.

- Madame Conk -
The mistress of Goldfield Mansion. She has an impressive nose.



- Sampei Tatara -
Mr. Sneaze's former pupil. He currently works in the mining department of some big company.

- Coldmoon Avalon -
A scientist who was Mr. Sneaze's former pupil. He is somewhat of a playboy.

- Mr. Sneaze's Family -
Mrs. Sneaze, three daughters and the maid.

- Mr. Sneaze -
A obstinate man with a weak stomach who works as an English professor. He is modeled after Natsume Soseki.

I Am a Cat

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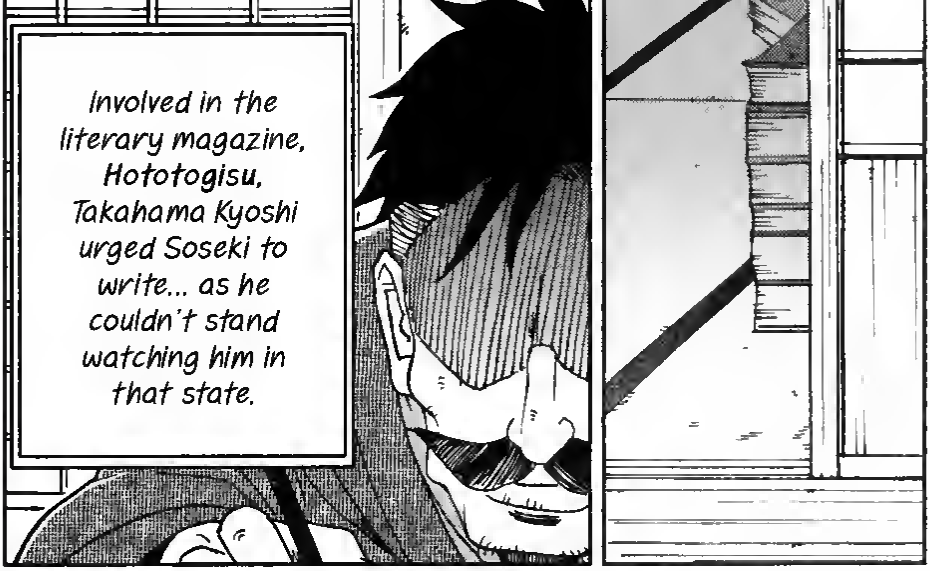
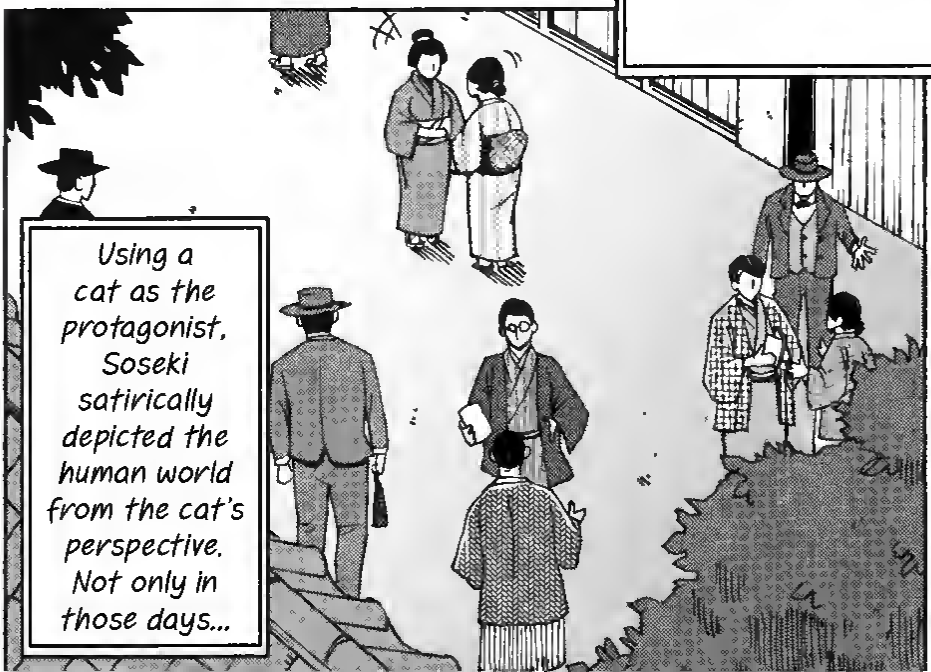
Natsume Soseki was to become a famous novelist representative of his era. However at this time, with the death of his close friend Masaoka Shiki, who was a great influence on him in literature and the humanities...
MEIJI ERA 37TH YEAR (1904)
プロローグ
Prologue
I asked him to write so he could distract himself, but this is beyond my expectations!
TAKAHAMA KYOSHI
...and the stress from studying abroad in London, Soseki suffered from a nervous breakdown and stomach pains.


Involved in the literary magazine, Hototogisu, Takahama Kyoshi urged Soseki to write... as he couldn't stand watching him in that state.

Soseki wrote furiously as if to vent his pent-up frustrations. His novel was inspired by a cat that wandered into his house.


Using a cat as the protagonist, Soseki satirically depicted the human world from the cat's perspective. Not only in those days...

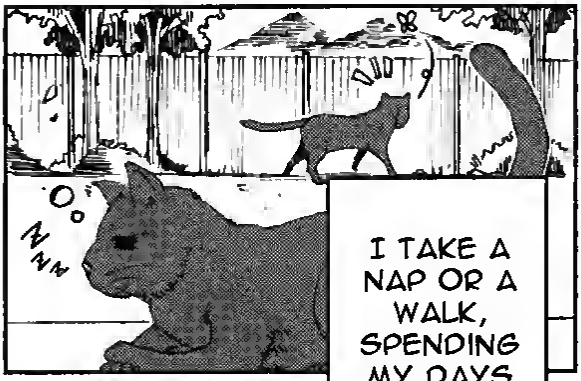
...but even in the present, this humorous book continues to charm its readers.

AND THEN
BOTCHAN
KOKORO
LIGHT AND DARKNESS
This book served as a stepping stone for Natsume Soseki to become an author representative of Japan.

I Am a cat 吾輩は猫である

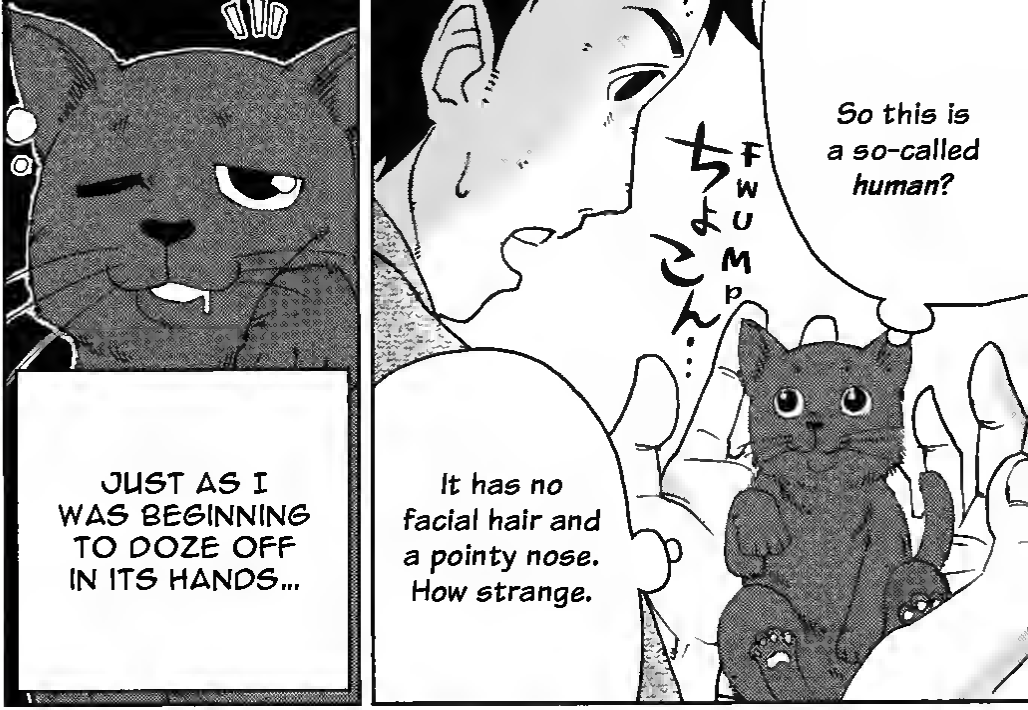
吾輩と主人
Master and I

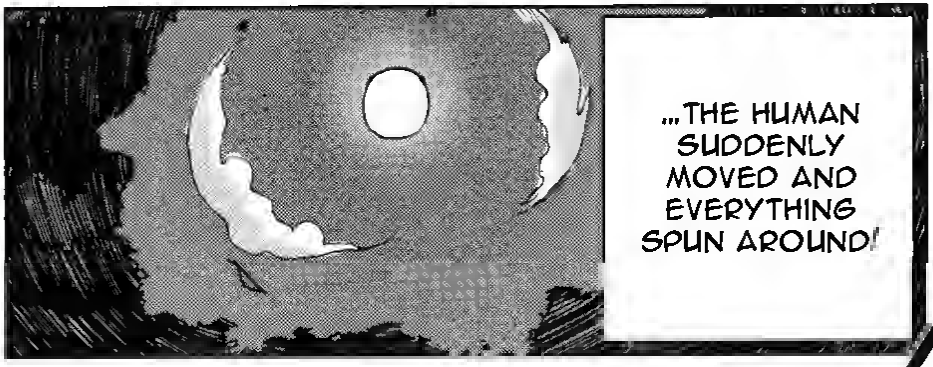
I SPEND MY TIME OBSERVING THE HUMANS LIVING IN THIS HOUSE.


I TAKE A NAP OR A WALK, SPENDING MY DAYS AS I LIKE.

I AM A CAT. AS YET I HAVE NO NAME.

I WAS BORN IN A DARK AND DAMP PLACE.
SLIP
WELL THEN, LET'S START WITH HOW I CAME TO LIVE IN THIS HOUSE.
SWISH
Meow?
Hm?
CAT PULL
THEN ONE DAY, I MET A HUMAN FOR THE FIRST TIME.
Meow?

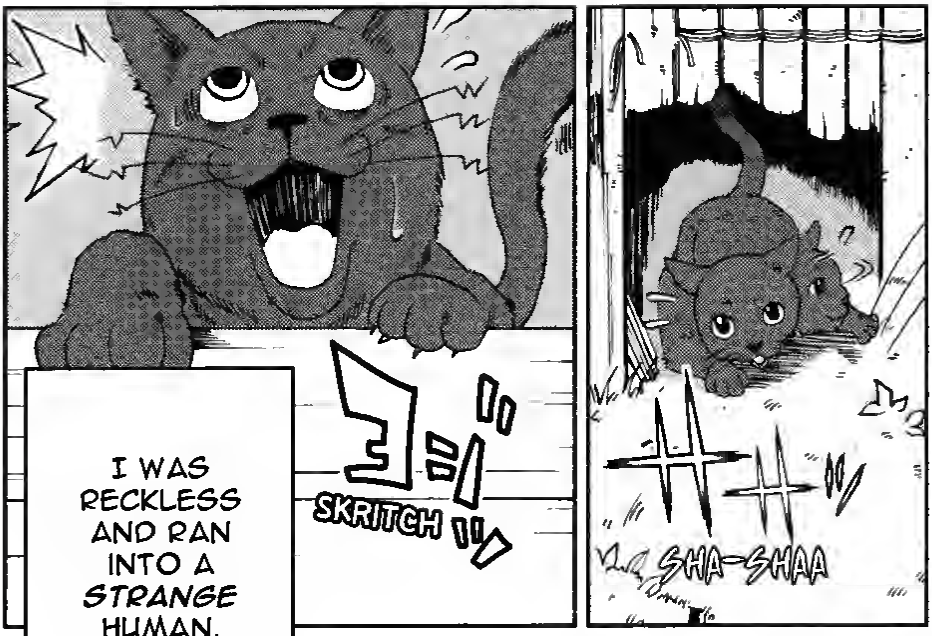

So this is a so-called human?
ちょこん
FWUMP
It has no facial hair and a pointy nose. How strange.
JUST AS I WAS BEGINNING TO DOZE OFF IN ITS HANDS...


...THE HUMAN SUDDENLY MOVED AND EVERYTHING SPUN AROUND!

WITH A LOUD NOISE, I FELL AND LOST CONSCIOUS-NESS.
Ow!
PEOW
PEOW

I SEARCHED FOR A LONG TIME, BUT COULDN'T FIND MY MOTHER AND SIBLINGS.
RUSTLE
RUSTLE
Hmm. Where am I?
I FINALLY CAME TO REALIZE THAT I HAD BEEN ABANDONED.
Meow... Meooo-ooww...
RUSTLE
IT GREW DARK. I WAS HUNGRY, BUT TOO WEAK TO CRY OUT.
RUSTLE

SEARCHING FOR FOOD, I WANDERED INTO A PLACE SMELLING OF HUMANS.
LUCKILY, I WAS ABLE TO ENTER THROUGH A HOLE IN THE FENCE.
Oh! There's a hole!
GLANCE
GLANCE
GLANCE

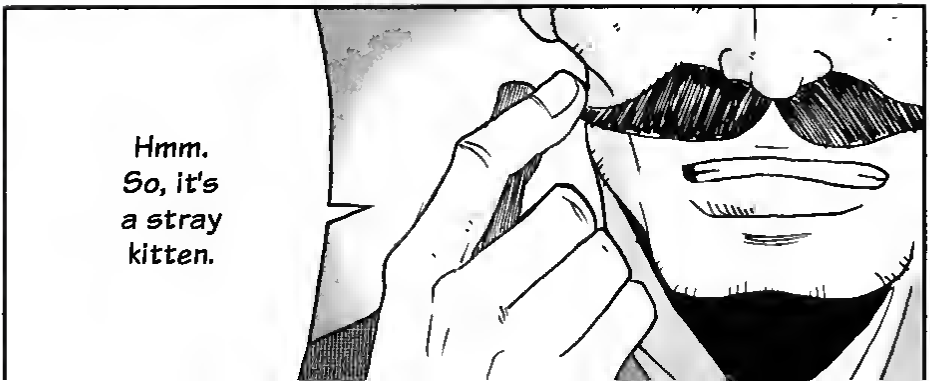

I WAS RECKLESS AND RAN INTO A *STRANGE* HUMAN.
SKRITCH
SHA-SHAA

THE HOUSE'S MAID, O-SAN, DIDN'T SEEM TO WANT ME INSIDE.
Where did you come from? What a dirty cat.
Meow!
FLASH

I have to get food!
Meeww.
Stay out!
Mearr!!
TOSS
THOUGH I KEPT GETTING TOSSED OUT, I DIDN'T GIVE UP.
Not again!
Meowww.
Mearr!

What's wrong, O-san?
M-Master!
THE RUCKUS DREW OUT THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

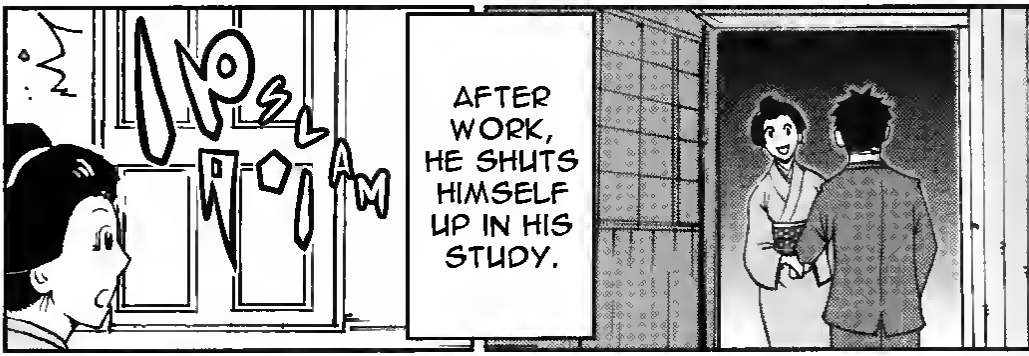
I keep tossing it out, but...!
This dirty cat wants to come inside.


Hmm. So, it's a stray kitten.

If that's the case, then let it stay.
FLICK

What?!
I-I did it! Now I can get food!
AND THAT WAS HOW THIS HOUSE BECAME MY HOME.

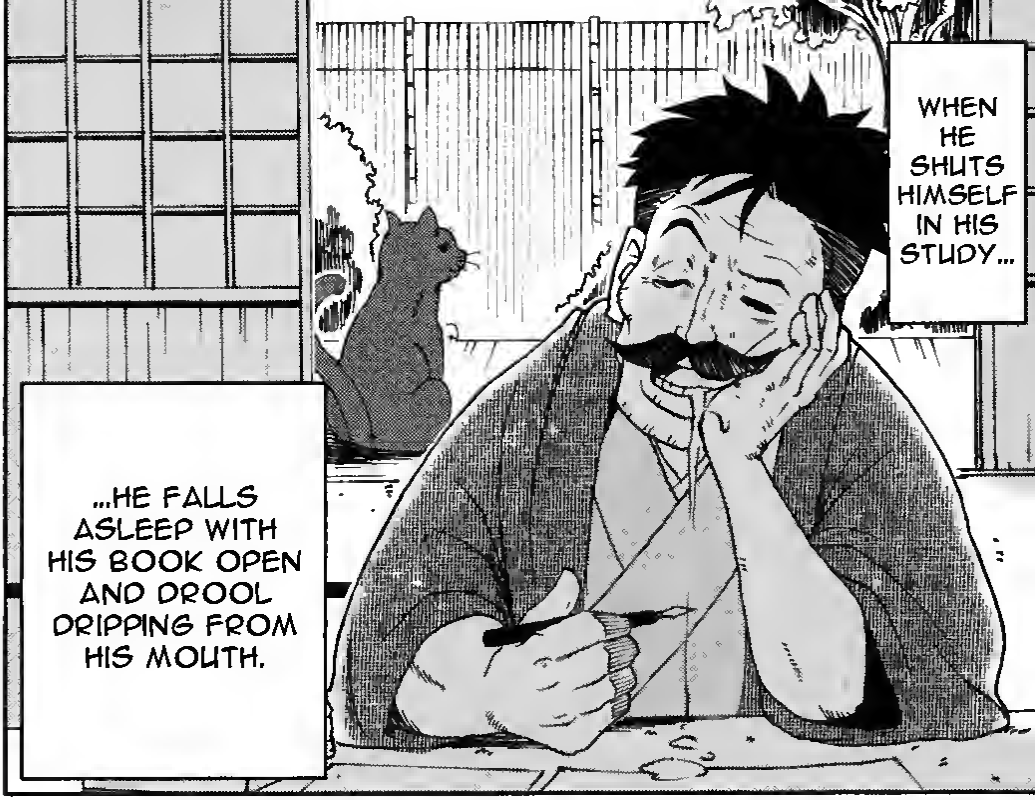
MASTER'S NAME IS MR. SNEAZE.
HE WORKS AS AN ENGLISH PROFES-SOR.
NEXT, I'LL TALK ABOUT MASTER.


SLAM
AFTER WORK, HE SHUTS HIMSELF UP IN HIS STUDY.

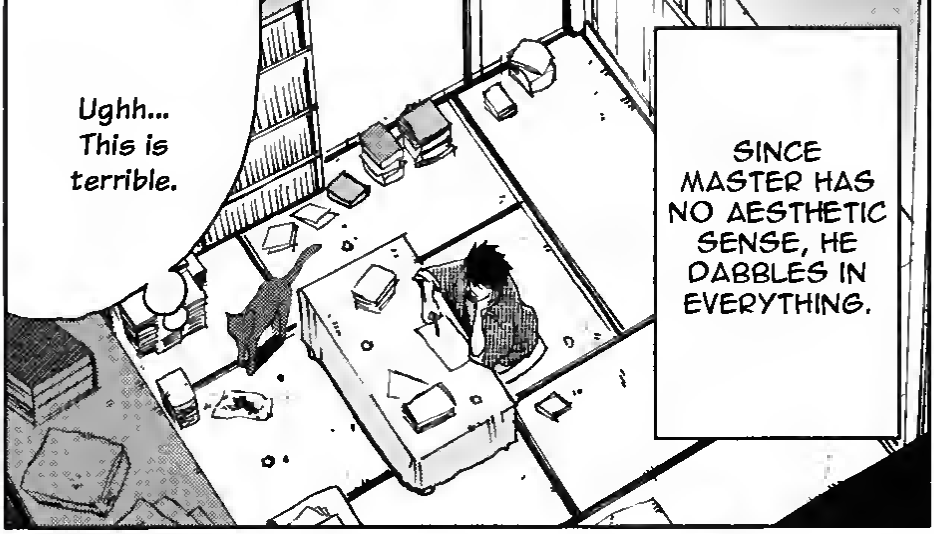
I SOMETIMES SNEAK IN FROM THE GARDEN, SO I KNOW...
MRS. SNEAZE, HER DAUGHTERS AND THEIR MAID ALL THINK THAT HE IS VERY STUDIOUS.

...THAT IT'S NOT TRUE. THIS IS MY MASTER'S USUAL ROUTINE.
トリート
TRICKLE
TRICKLE
トリート

MY MASTER HAS A WEAK STOMACH.
YET HE WOULD EAT A BIG MEAL AND TAKE MEDICINE LATER.
ムシャ
MUNCH
モグモグ
キリ
STAB
キリ
STAB
キリ
STAB
M-My stomach ...!


WHEN HE SHUTS HIMSELF IN HIS STUDY...
...HE FALLS ASLEEP WITH HIS BOOK OPEN AND DROOL DRIPPING FROM HIS MOUTH.

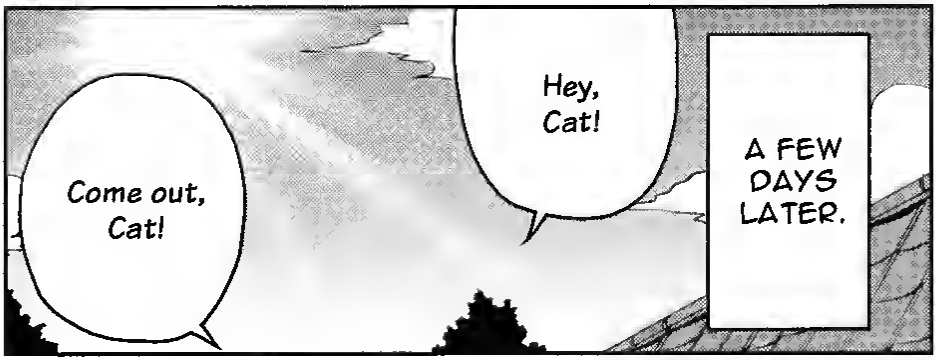
IF MY SLEEPY-HEAD MASTER CAN WORK, THEN SO CAN A CAT LIKE ME.
スリーピー
THIS IS WHAT I THINK...
IF I REINCARNATE, I WANT TO BE A PROFESSOR.
MEOWNDERFUL


Ughh... This is terrible.
SINCE MASTER HAS NO AESTHETIC SENSE, HE DABBLES IN EVERYTHING.

THE OTHER DAY, HE BOUGHT PAINTING MATERIALS AND STARTED TO PAINT.
HEH HEH

THOUGH THIS WOULD ONLY END UP AGGRAVATING HIS DYSPEPSIA, HE PAINTED IN EARNEST. YET, THIS WAS THE END RESULT.
Even I can do this.

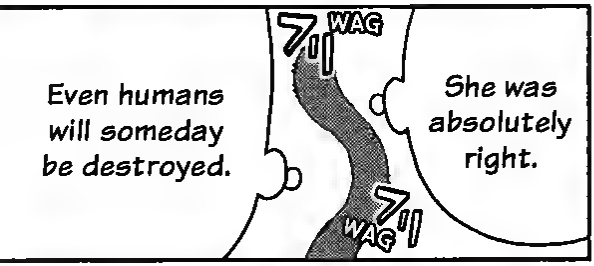
IN SHORT, I AM LIVING IN A HOUSE WITH HUMANS...
...MY UNUSUAL MASTER, HIS FAMILY AND O-SAN THE MAID.
HE TRIED POETRY, THE VIOLIN, AND EVEN SINGING, BUT NOTHING TOOK.
AHHH
AHHH
AHHHH


A FEW DAYS LATER.
Hey, Cat!
Come out, Cat!

Let's just go play inside.
It's not here.
I DON'T CONSIDER MYSELF TO BE AS SELFISH AS THOSE HUMANS.
THOSE KIDS HOLD ME UPSIDE DOWN BY THE TAIL AND PUT BAGS OVER MY HEAD.
Phew! They finally left.
OK.
STOMP
STOMP
STOMP
STOMP
MEOW
IF I GET ANGRY AND FIGHT BACK...

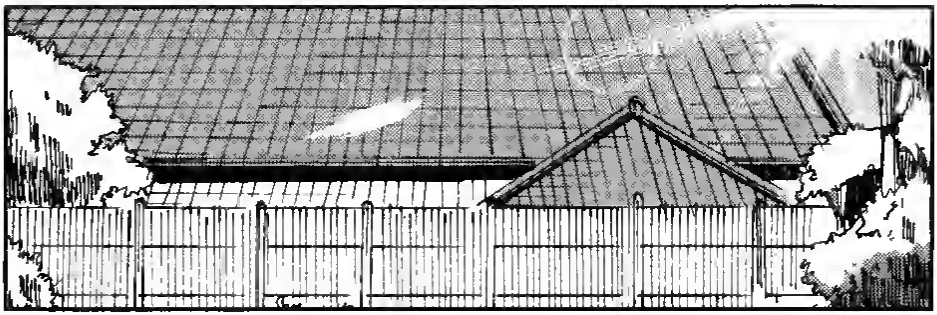
WHAT KIND OF REASONING IS THAT?
...THE WHOLE FAMILY COMES TO PUNISH ME!
The other day, I ran into a cat named Shiro.
TAP
JUMP
There's more.
But this heartless human t-took...!
...I gave birth to four recently.
Actually ...
Why do you look so sad?

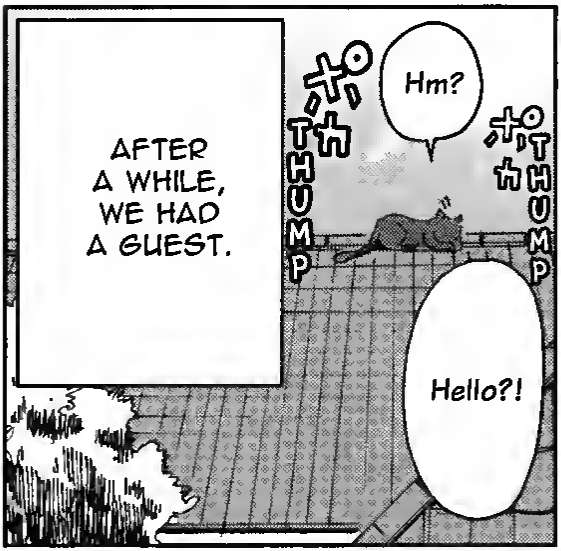
Poor Shiro.
WHILE CRYING, SHIRO TOLD ME HOW HER CHILDREN WERE THROWN INTO A POND BY THE HOUSEBOY.

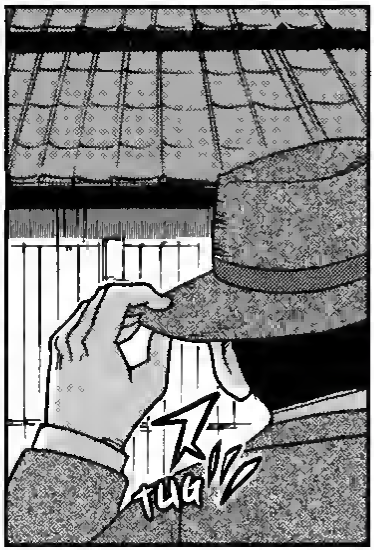

Even humans will someday be destroyed.
WAG
WAG
She was absolutely right.

AFTER THAT, SHIRO INSISTED THAT WE CATS ANNIHILATE THE HUMANS...
...FOR DES-TROYING THE BEAU-TIFUL LOVE BETWEEN PARENT AND CHILD.

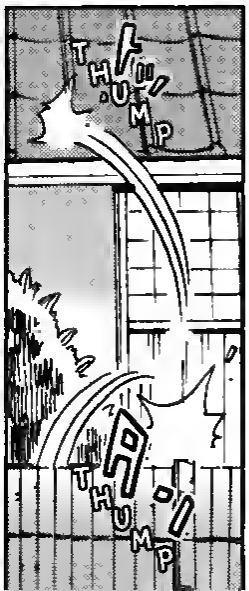
SO I WAIT PATIENTLY FOR THAT DAY TO COME.

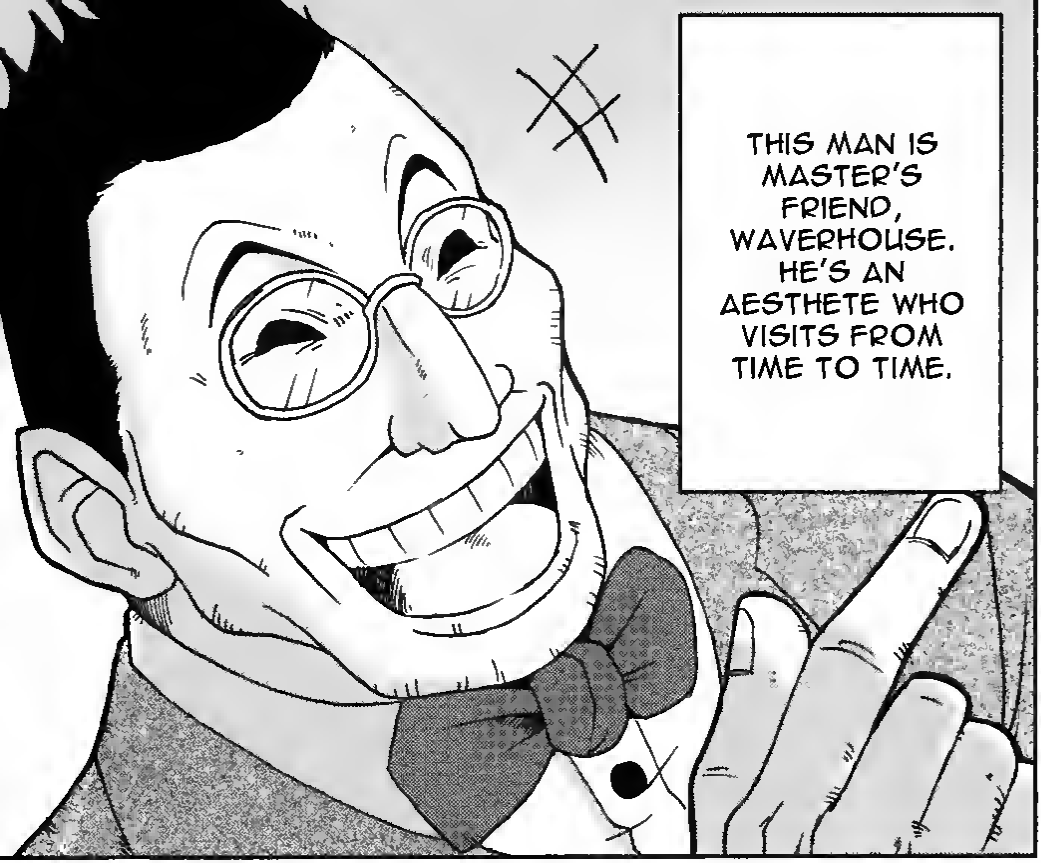


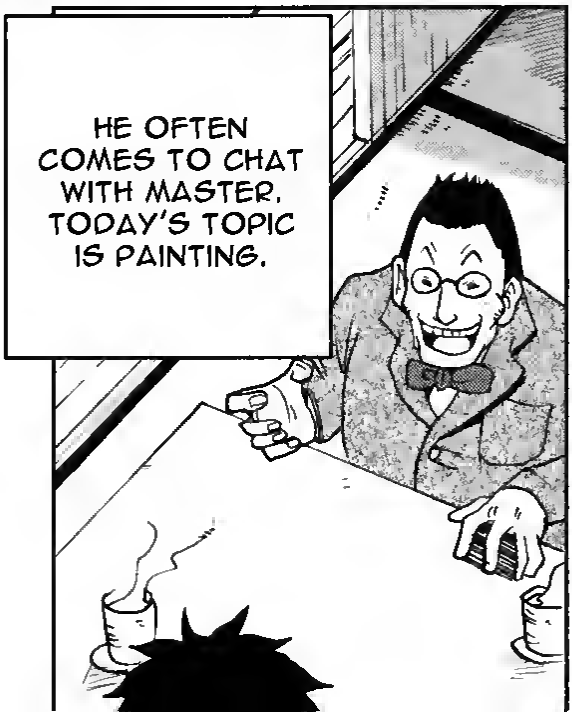

AFTER A WHILE, WE HAD A GUEST.
Hm?
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
Hello?!

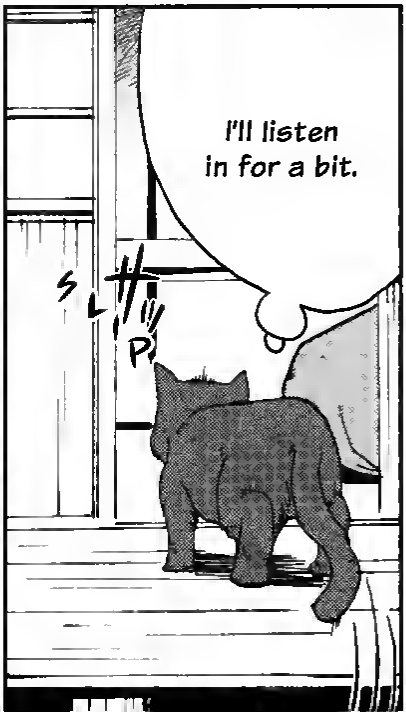

TUG

I know this voice!
THUMP

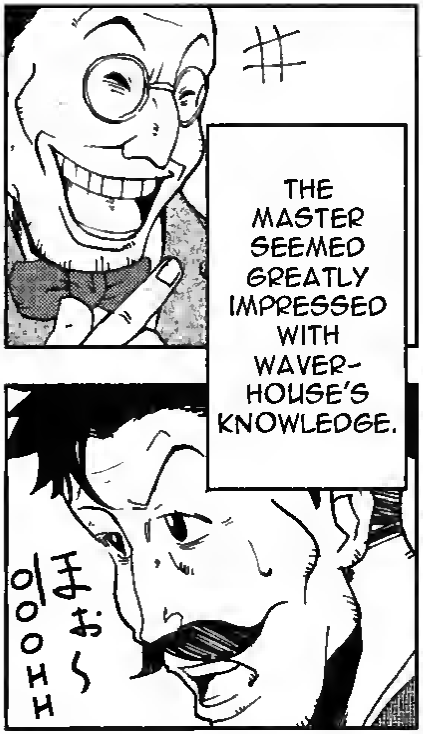

THUMP
THUMP


THIS MAN IS MASTER'S FRIEND, WAVERHOUSE. HE'S AN AESTHETE WHO VISITS FROM TIME TO TIME.

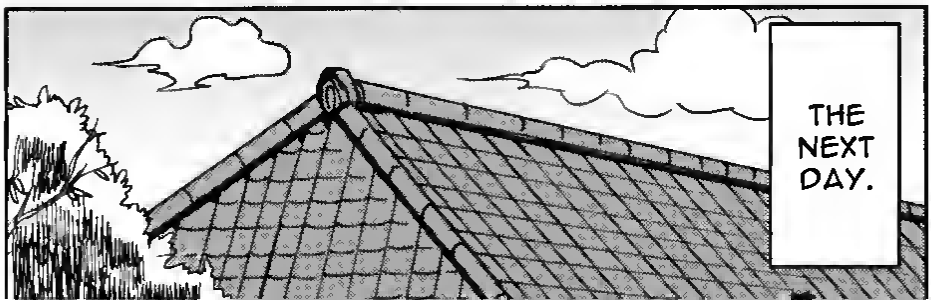

HE OFTEN COMES TO CHAT WITH MASTER. TODAY'S TOPIC IS PAINTING.


I'll listen in for a bit.
SLIP

IT SEEMS MASTER REALIZES HOW BAD HE IS. THAT'S A RELIEF.
...I can't.
HMPH
I draw well in my dreams, but in reality...


THE MASTER SEEMED GREATLY IMPRESSED WITH WAVER-HOUSE'S KNOWLEDGE.
ほおぅ
OOHH

To draw well is to reproduce nature as it is, says Andrea del Sarto!
Everyone is like that at first!
HA
HA
HA


THE NEXT DAY.

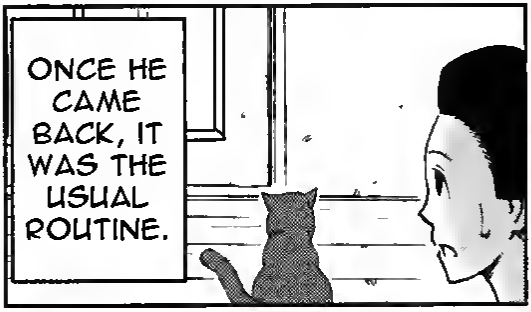
SMIRK
MASTER ATTEMPTED TO PAINT MY SLEEPING FORM.
ANDREA DEL SARTO MODE: ON.

I think I'll go for a walk.
Huh?!
STRETCH
PURR
PURR
PURR
PURR

Don't move, stupid cat!
CHEEK
It's not like you have any talent.
SO ARROGANT! LIKE I THOUGHT, HUMANS ARE SELFISH CREATURES.
FLINCH
SKRITCH
But I've been putting up with you for all this time!
Hmph.
SLIP!

A FEW DAYS LATER, SOMETHING INTERESTING HAPPENED.
WAVERHOUSE'S "KNOWLEDGE" TURNED OUT TO BE ALL LIES!
...AND ENJOYS PLAYING PRACTICAL JOKES ON PEOPLE.
SMILE
SMILE
WAVERHOUSE HAS A NATURAL GIFT WITH WORDS...
I-Is that so?
MASTER'S FACE AFTER REALIZING HE WAS PLAYED FOR A FOOL...
It was a *Waverhouse joke*!
What?

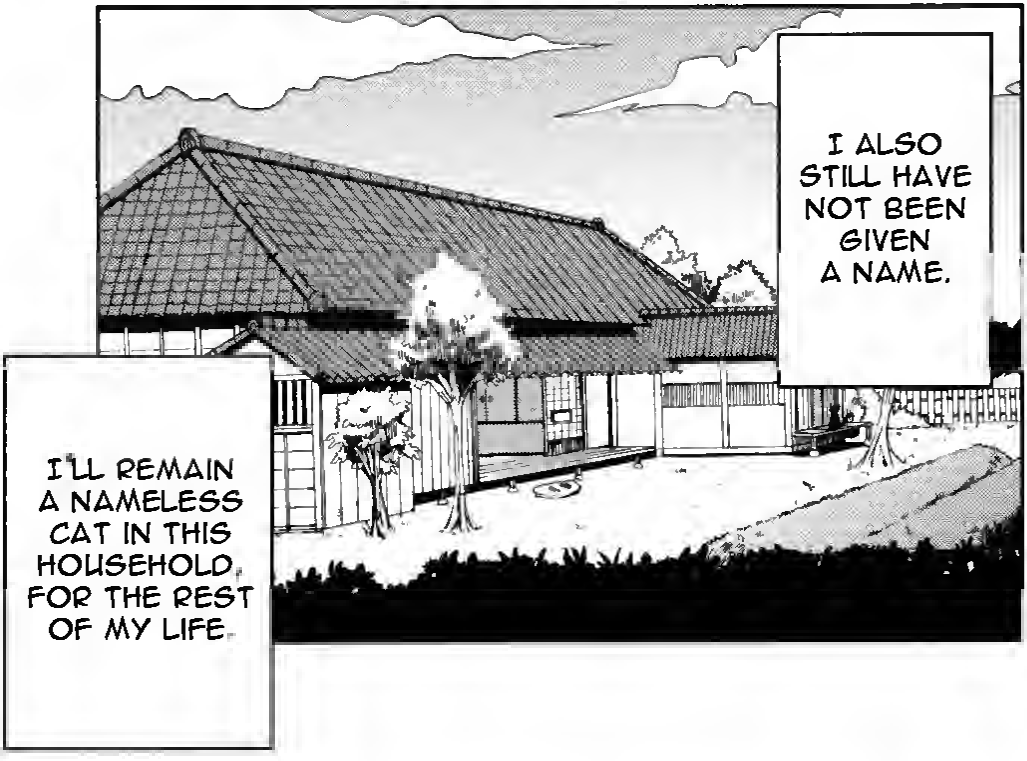
WELL, ANYWAY. THIS IS HOW MY DAYS ARE SPENT.


ONCE HE CAME BACK, IT WAS THE USUAL ROUTINE.

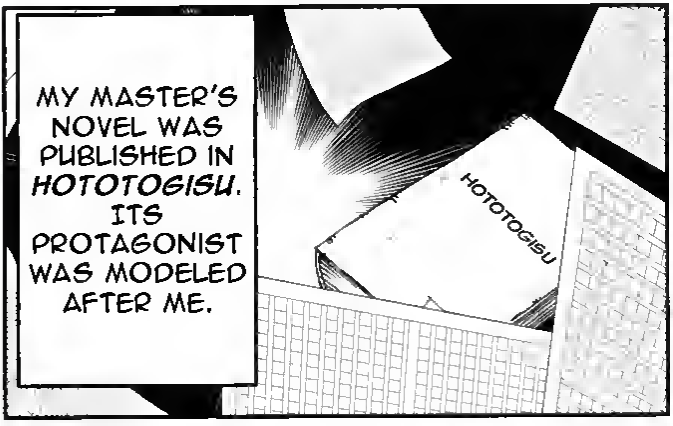
ON HIS WAY TO SCHOOL, MASTER COMPLAINED ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO PAINT.

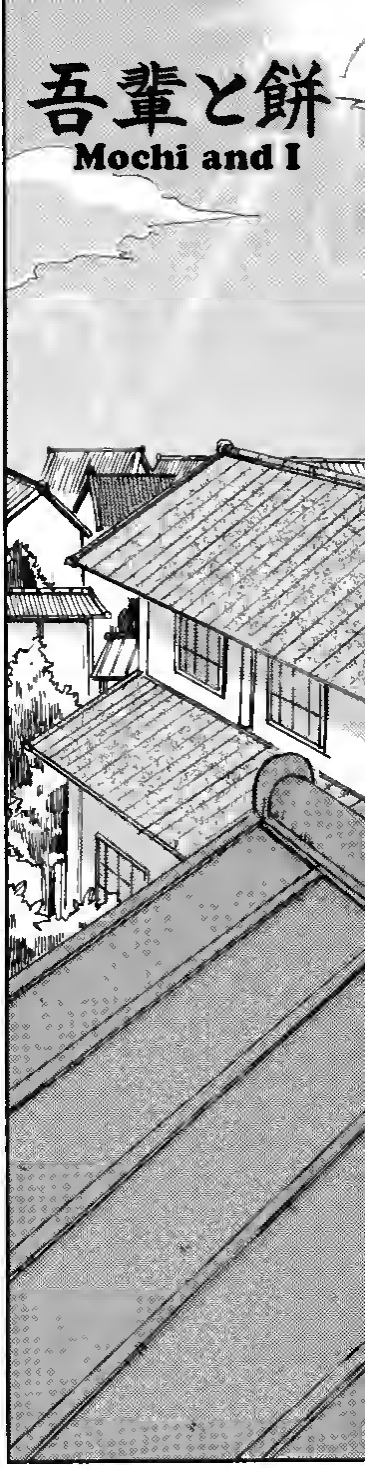
IT'S NOT LIKE I LIKE HIM, BUT SINCE I'M INDEBTED TO HIM, I TRY TO STAY CLOSE.

THE CHILDREN CHASED AFTER ME AGAIN TODAY, AND I STILL DON'T GET ALONG WITH O-SAN.
WHILE MASTER IS READING THE NEWSPAPER, I LIE IN HIS LAP.


I ALSO STILL HAVE NOT BEEN GIVEN A NAME.
I'LL REMAIN A NAMELESS CAT IN THIS HOUSEHOLD, FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

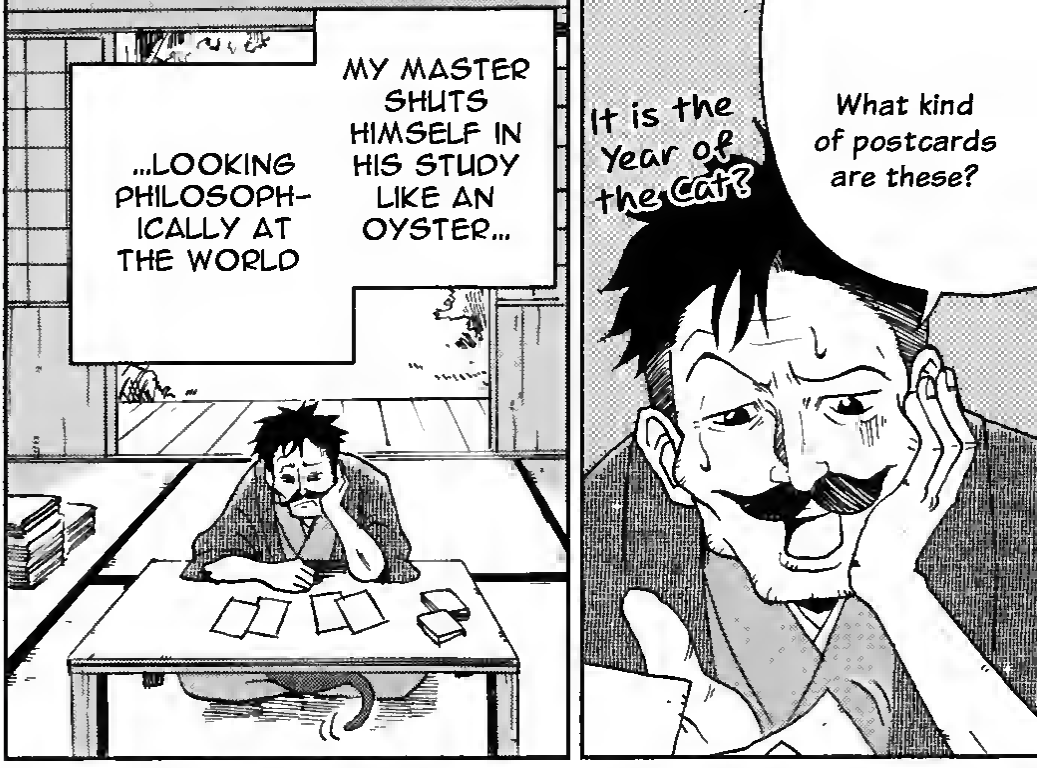
吾輩と餅
Mochi and I

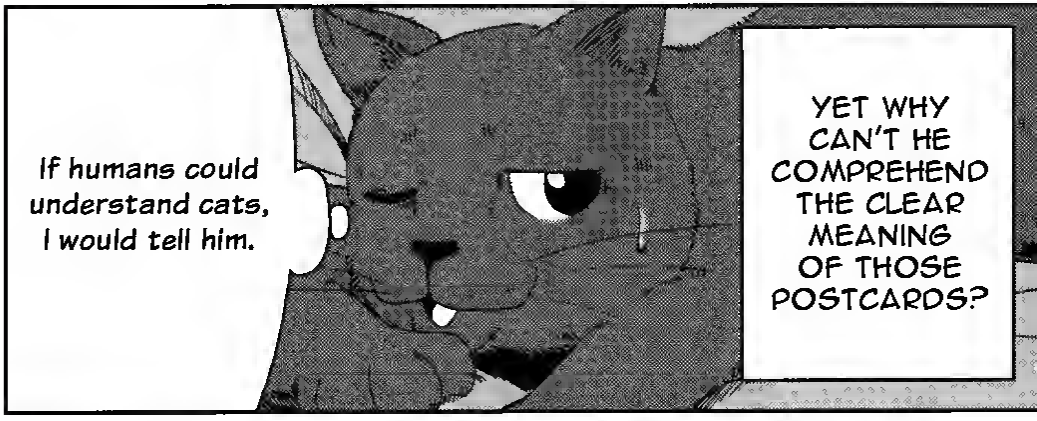




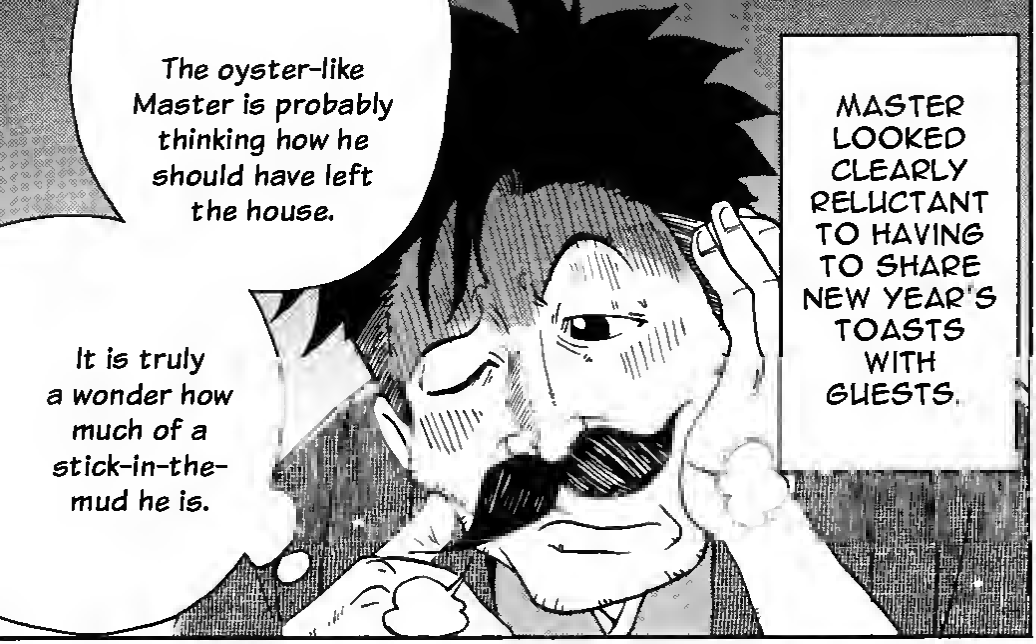
Though I'm a cat, I'm quite proud of myself.

Hmm.
MASTER WAS PUZZLED BY THEM.
FWISH
New Year's Day
ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, POSTCARDS DEPICTING CARICATURES OF ME ARRIVED IN THE MAIL.

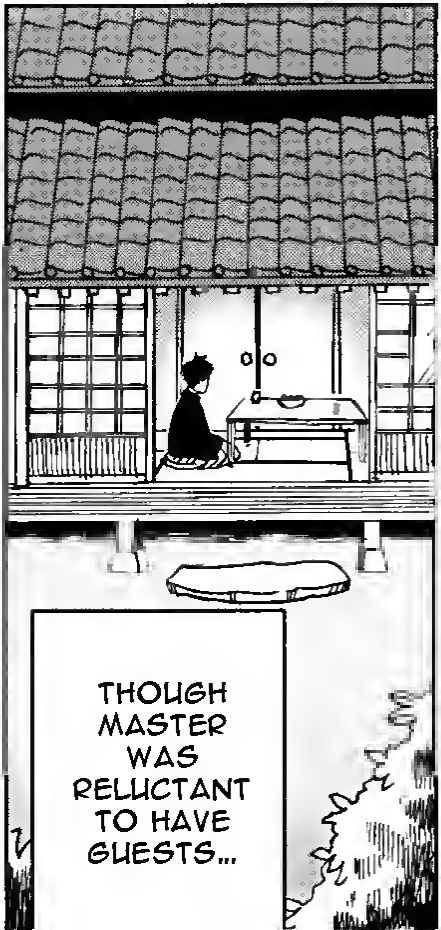

MY MASTER SHUTS HIMSELF IN HIS STUDY LIKE AN OYSTER...
...LOOKING PHILOSOPHICALLY AT THE WORLD
What kind of postcards are these?
It is the Year of the Cat?

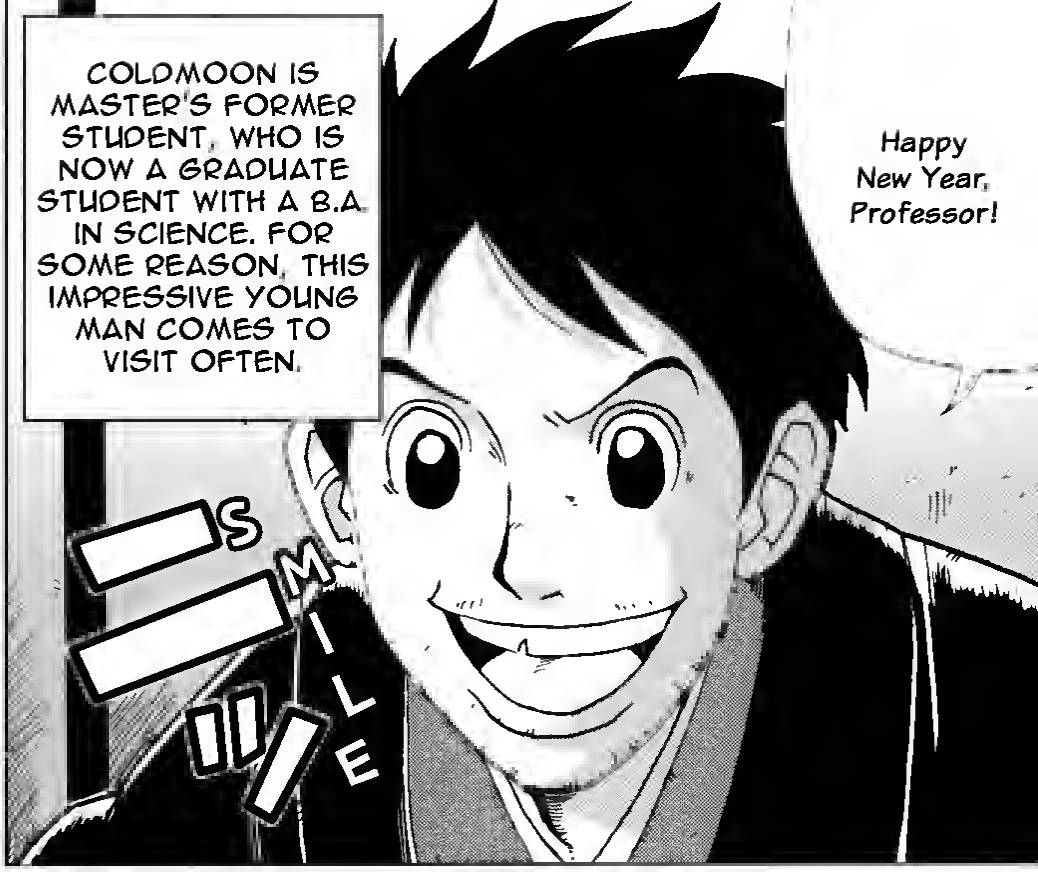

YET WHY CAN'T HE COMPREHEND THE CLEAR MEANING OF THOSE POSTCARDS?
If humans could understand cats, I would tell him.

KNOCK KNOCK
KA-CHAK
We have a guest, Master.


The oyster-like Master is probably thinking how he should have left the house.
It is truly a wonder how much of a stick-in-the-mud he is.
MASTER LOOKED CLEARLY RELUCTANT TO HAVING TO SHARE NEW YEAR'S TOASTS WITH GUESTS.

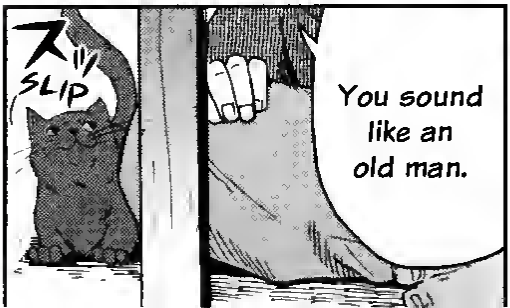
...HE SLOWLY GOT UP ONCE HE FOUND OUT THE GUEST WAS COLDMOON.
MEOW


THOUGH MASTER WAS RELUCTANT TO HAVE GUESTS...


COLDMOON IS MASTER'S FORMER STUDENT, WHO IS NOW A GRADUATE STUDENT WITH A B.A. IN SCIENCE. FOR SOME REASON, THIS IMPRESSIVE YOUNG MAN COMES TO VISIT OFTEN.
Happy New Year, Professor!
SMILE

I chipped my tooth biting into a shiitake mushroom.

What happened to your teeth?
Long time no see.
Oh, right.

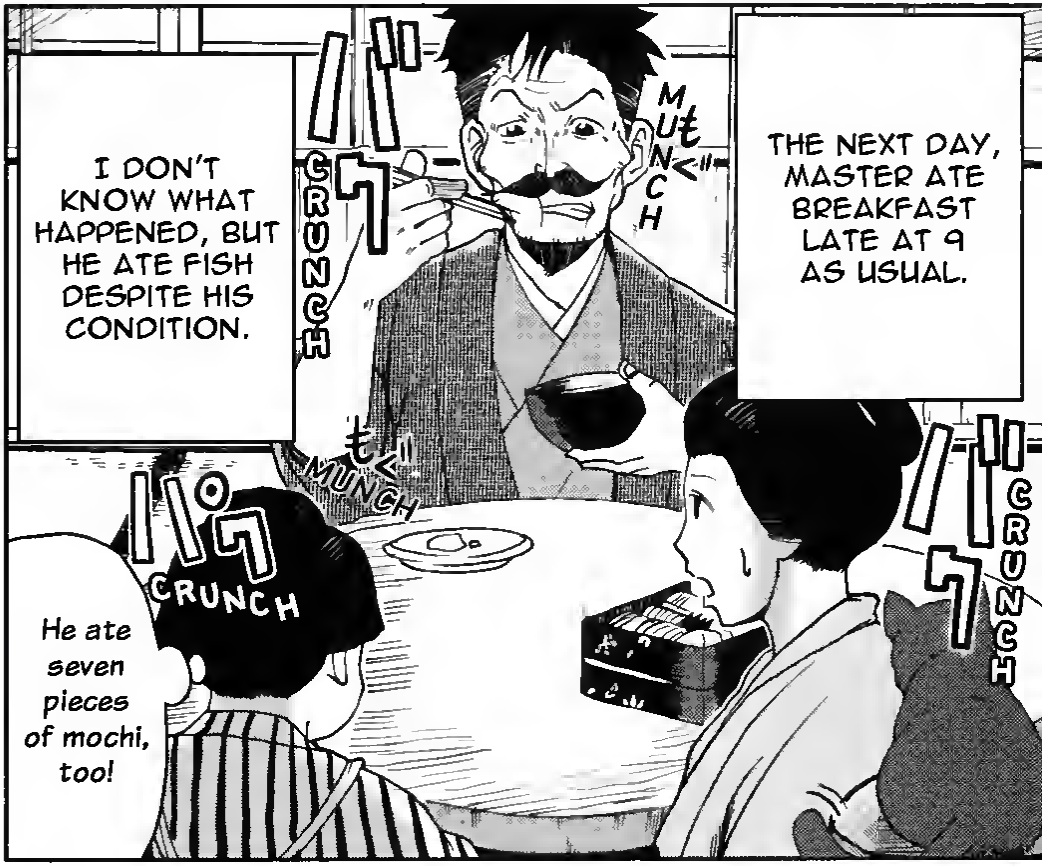

SLIP
You sound like an old man.

Ughh... Don't slap me.
SLAP
SLAP
Yes.
Fat, right?
Is that the cat in your book?!
I was playing the violin between two women.
AFTER THAT, COLDMOON STARTED TALKING ABOUT HIS CONCERT FROM THE PREVIOUS NIGHT.
...they were straining to hear my violin.
There were three of them. Even though I wasn't very good...

MASTER'S EXPRESSION WAS LIKE A DEAD TREE OR ROCK.
BUT THAT DIDN'T MEAN HE WASN'T INTERESTED.
No. Rather, he seems excited.
What about those women?
I see. And?
The two of them are from distant places you're unfamiliar with.
SO WHY SPEND HIS DAYS LOCKED UP IN HIS STUDY LIKE AN OYSTER?
SOME SAY IT'S BECAUSE OF A BROKEN HEART, DYSPEPSIA, BEING POOR, OR COWARDICE.

More importantly, why don't we go outside?
I-Is that so?
Hmm.
Well, it doesn't matter. He's not someone who will be remembered anyway.

MASTER RELUCTANTLY WENT OUTSIDE AT COLDMOON'S INSISTENCE.
THEY DID NOT RETURN UNTIL VERY LATE.

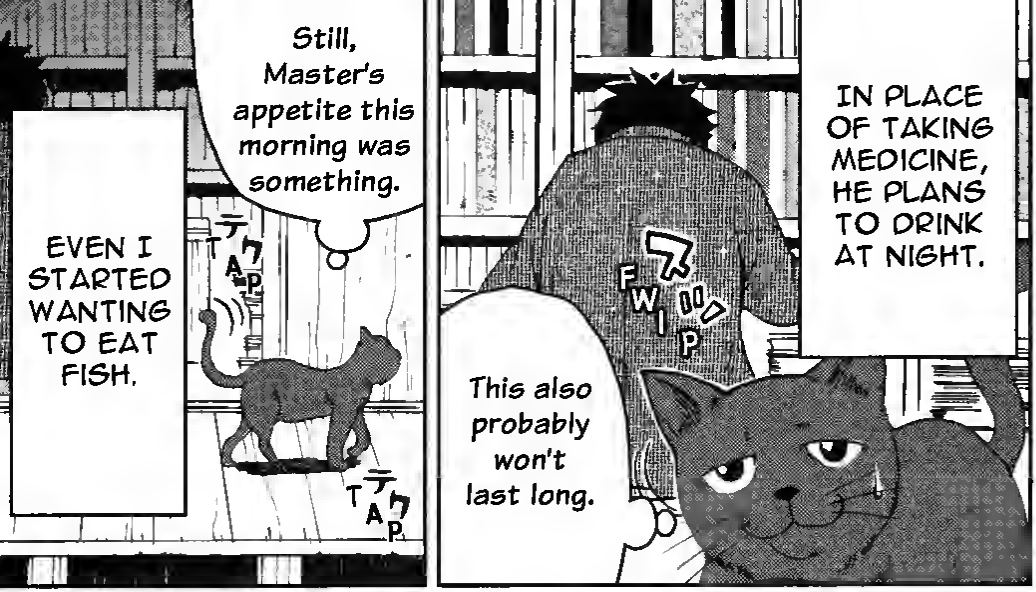

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, BUT HE ATE FISH DESPITE HIS CONDITION.
CRUNCH
MUNCH
THE NEXT DAY, MASTER ATE BREAKFAST LATE AT 9 AS USUAL.
MUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
He ate seven pieces of mochi, too!

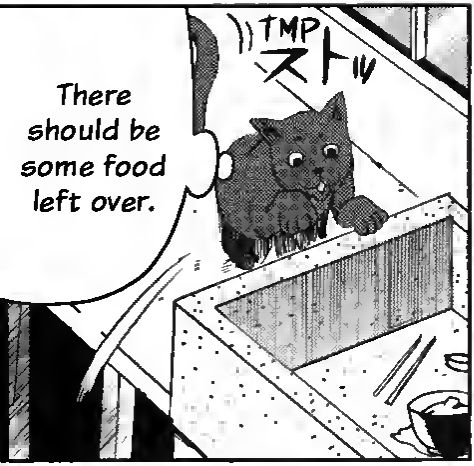
He has never finished his food before!
What?!
SWISH

Thank you for the food.
CLACK

It's not effective, so I decided to stop taking it.
I don't need that anymore.
What?
Here is your stomach medicine.
I said it doesn't work! What does a woman like you know?
TWIST
TWIST
You ate a lot. If you don't take your medicine...!
CHUCK LE
My, my.
Hmph!
FWIP

Why do humans write journals? Are they all two-faced like Master is?
HMMM
Master is probably in his study writing in his journal.
I should get going.
He's already asleep.
SNORE
SNORE
Hm?
SWISH
Or is it to preserve their sense of self?
...HIS STOMACH CONDITION IMPROVED BY THE NEXT MORNING.
IN HIS JOURNAL, HE WROTE HOW AFTER DRINKING THAT NIGHT WITH COLD-MOON...
PEEK
Ohhh.
It's a new journal.


Still, Master's appetite this morning was something.
EVEN I STARTED WANTING TO EAT FISH.
テクテクテク
IN PLACE OF TAKING MEDICINE, HE PLANS TO DRINK AT NIGHT.
This also probably won't last long.
フワフワ


There should be some food left over.
TMP
スト

Ah! Here it is!

I eat anything, but after thinking about it, I have never had mochi.
This must be some sort of fate. One has to eat when they can.
テクテクテク

SEEING IT UP CLOSE, IT'S A BIT DISGUSTING.

THE MOCHI WAS STUCK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BOWL.

Ughh... To eat or not to eat?

SLOP

SLOP

No one's here.

If I'm going to eat it, now's the time!

CLATTER

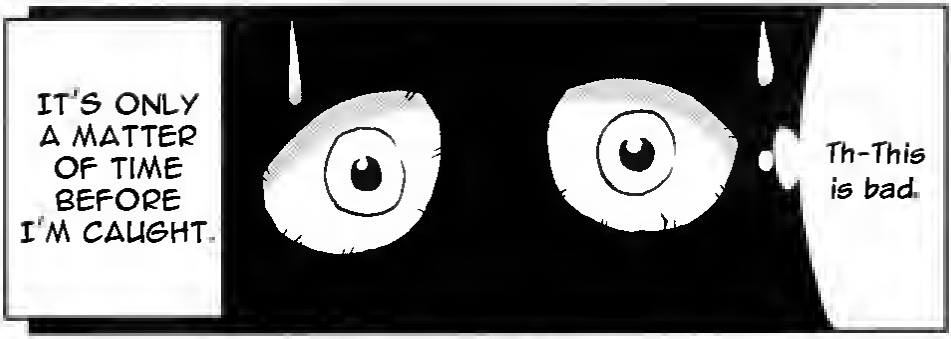
ゴクリ

AFTER MENTALLY PREPARING MYSELF, I DUG INTO THE MOCHI.

CHOMP

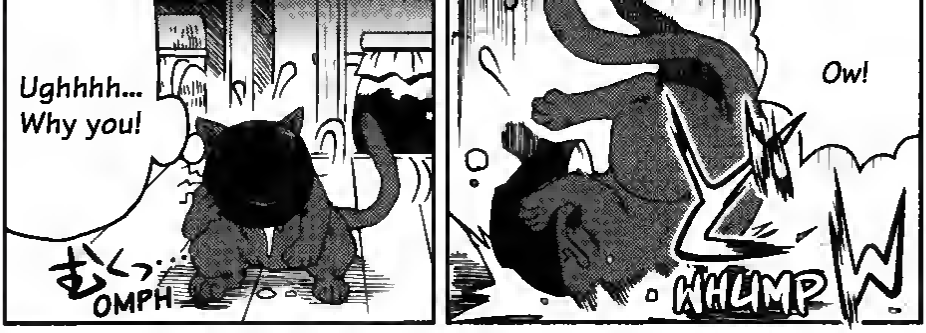
CHOMP

It won't come off! M-My teeth! They're stuck!
TUG
TUG
TUG
Wh-What is this?!
PUNISHMENT
TUG
TUG
TUG


IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE I'M CAUGHT.
Th-This is bad.

Meo-?!

Mochi
TUG
YANK
TUG
MOCHI IS EVIL!


Ughhhh... Why you!
むくっ…
OMPH
Ow!
WHLIMP

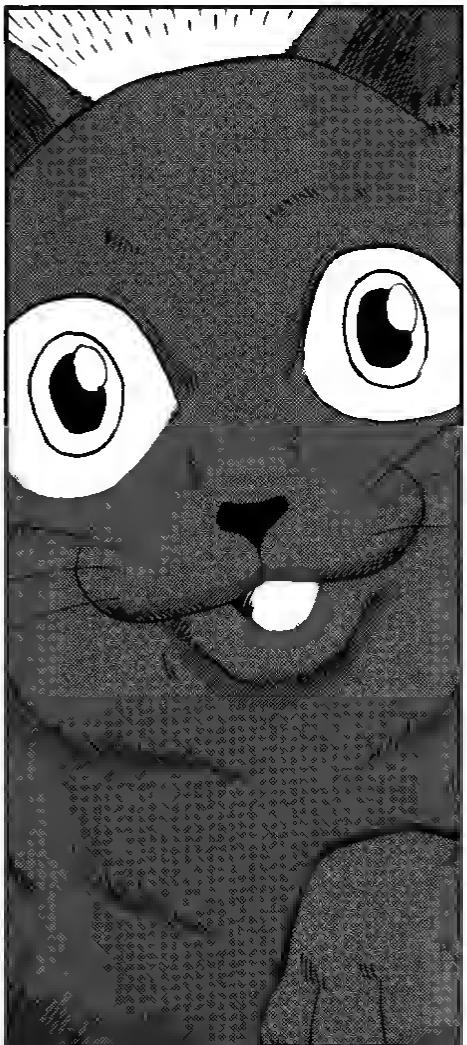
Aughhh! How can I pull this off?!
JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO BE DEFEATED BY THE EVIL MOCHI...
YANK
YANK
はがす
SCRATCH
はがす
SCRATCH
はがす
SCRATCH
...I REALIZED I WAS ON TWO FEET! IT'S LIKE I WASN'T A CAT!

!!
LOOM
I finally got my head out!
Now, to get rid of the evidence...
CLACK
BWA
HA
HA
HA
You're right! Let's call everyone here to look!
Look! The cat's dancing while eating mochi!
EVERYONE IN THE HOUSE CAME AND GATHERED AROUND.
No! Please, don't!

Oh, my. The cat's dancing.
Look how greedy you are.
Stupid cat.
SIGH

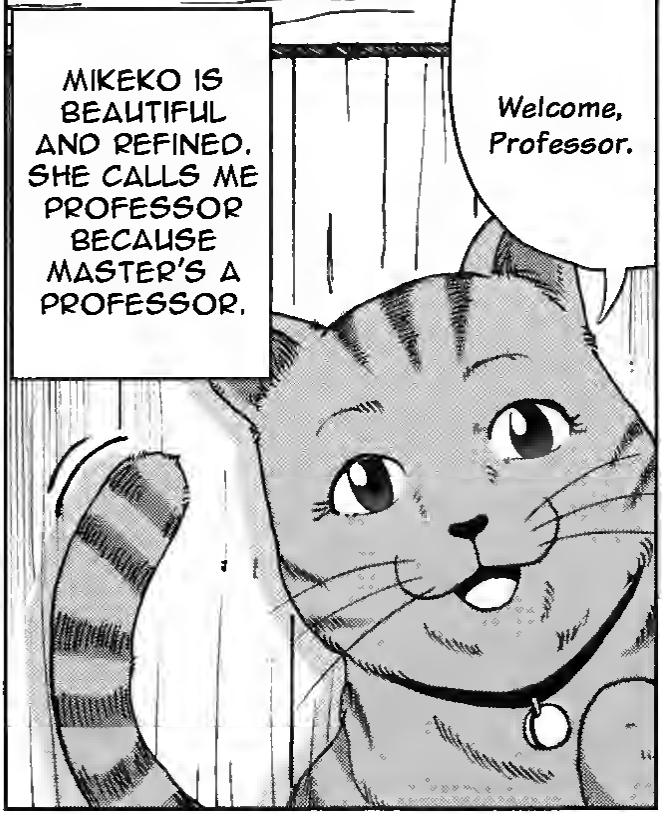
BWA HA HA
ARRGGHHH. I'M SO ANGRY! IT'S NOT LIKE I CAN HELP IT!
EVERY-ONE IS LAUGHING AT ME!
HUMANS ARE UNSYMPATHETIC CREATURES. I NEVER HATED HUMANS THIS MUCH BEFORE.
TUG
TUG
TUG

What a blunder.
TROT
TROT
TROT
AFTER EVERYONE HAD THEIR LAUGHS, THEY FINALLY HELPED ME.



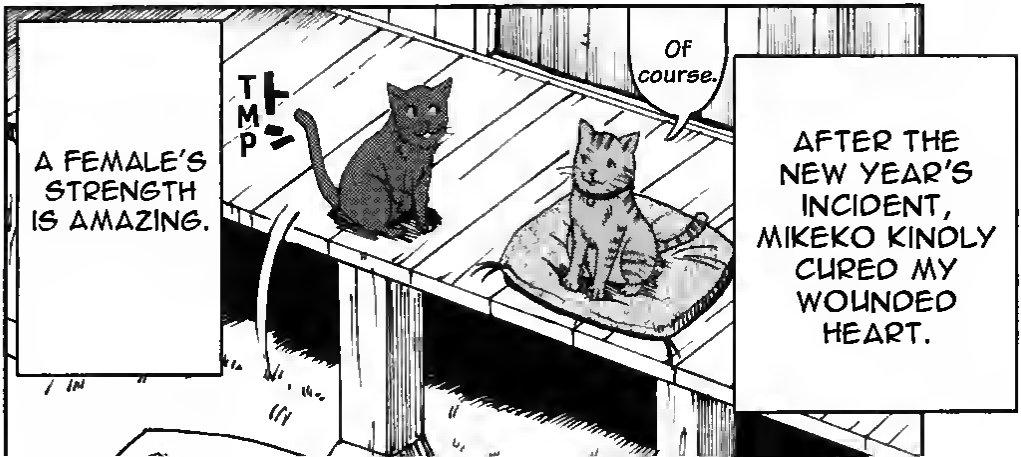
SCRITCH
I need to clear my head.
SCRITCH

AT TIMES LIKE THIS, IT'S OBVIOUS WHERE I WOULD GO.


MIKEKO IS BEAUTIFUL AND REFINED. SHE CALLS ME PROFESSOR BECAUSE MASTER'S A PROFESSOR.
Welcome, Professor.

I WENT TO SEE MIKEKO WHO LIVES AT THE KOTO MASTER'S PLACE NEXT DOOR.
Oh, dear.

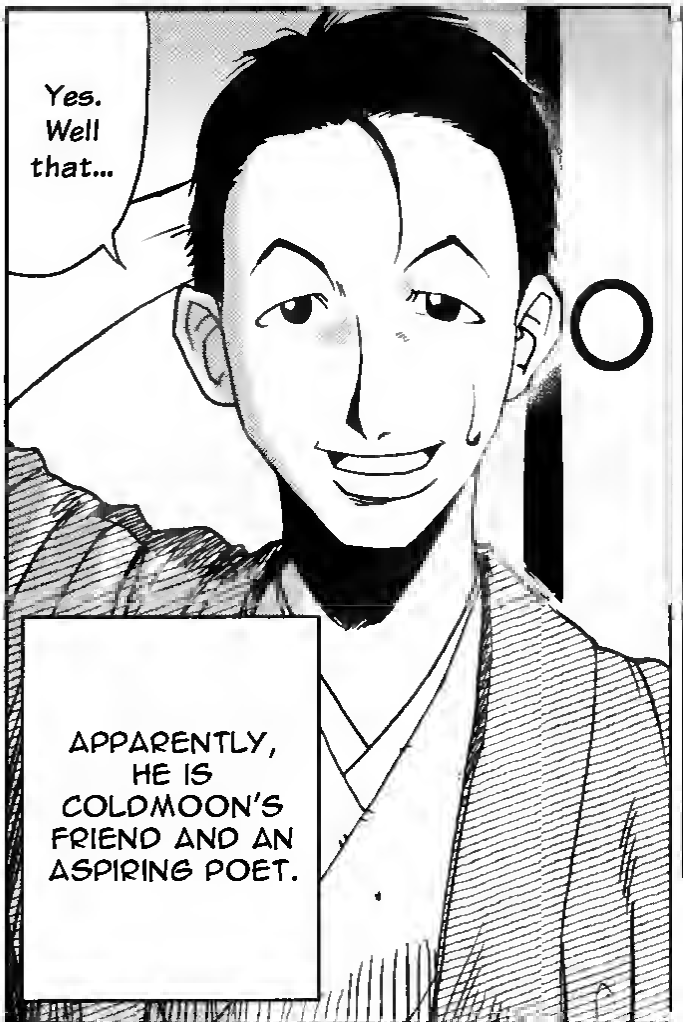
The curve of her tail to the fullness of her back coat is truly beautiful.
May I sit next to you?


A FEMALE'S STRENGTH IS AMAZING.
TMP
Of course.
AFTER THE NEW YEAR'S INCIDENT, MIKEKO KINDLY CURED MY WOUNDED HEART.

AFTER LEAVING MIKEKO'S PLACE, I RAN INTO THE KURUMAYA'S CAT, KURO.
Ack!
Hey, Nameless!
KURO IS HUGE AND KNOWN FOR BEING A VIOLENT CAT.
KURO WOULD BRAG TO ME ABOUT HIS MOUSE-CATCHING ESCAPADES.
SINCE I LOVE SLEEPING OVER CATCHING MICE, WE DON'T GET ALONG.

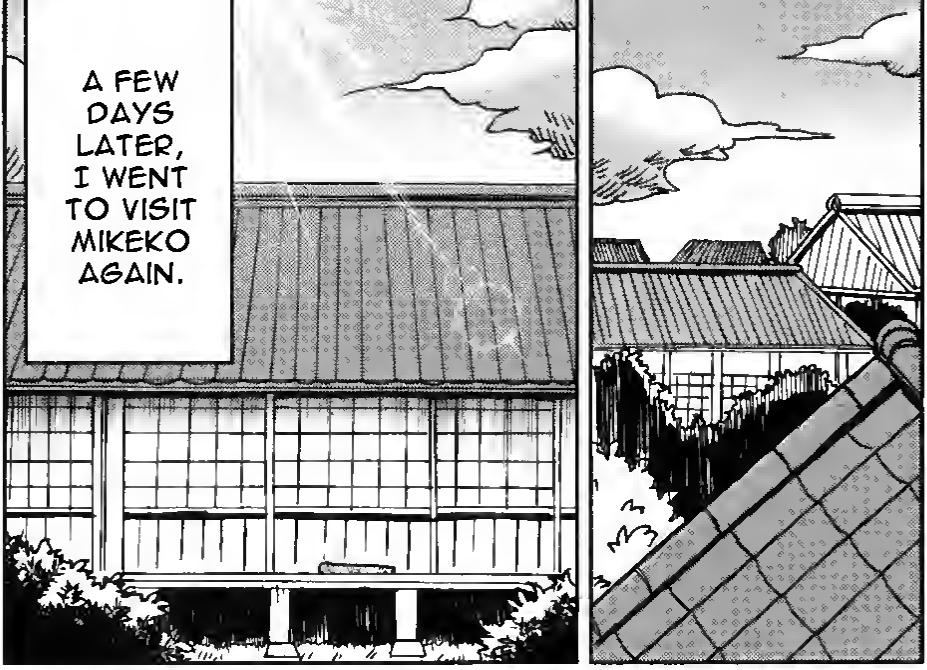
Oh! There are guests.
I've never seen him before.

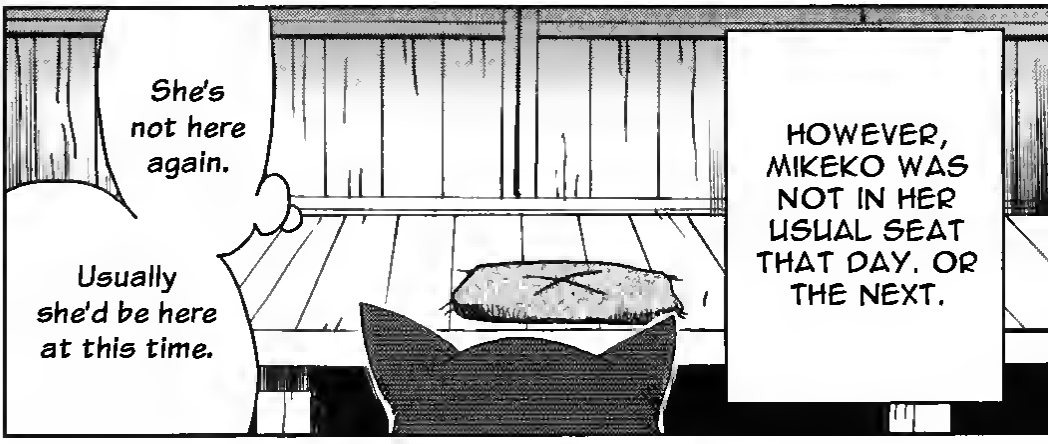
Phew! I finally managed to get away.

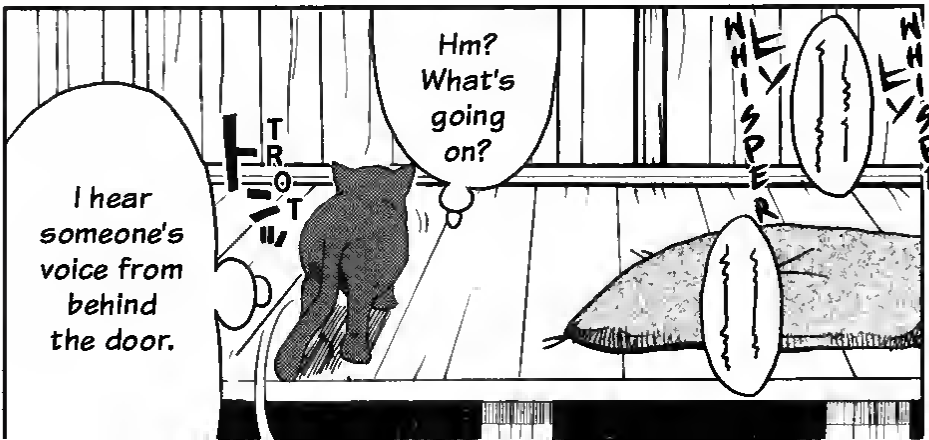

Yes. Well that...
APPARENTLY, HE IS COLDMOON'S FRIEND AND AN ASPIRING POET.

Hmm... And?
SLIP

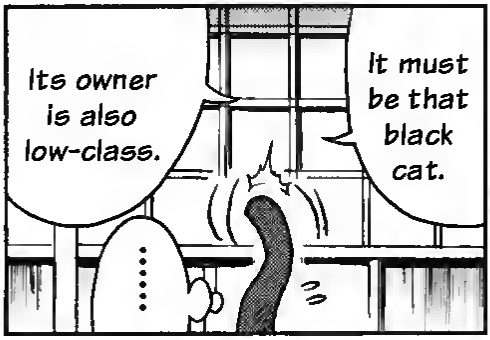
That guy is famous for spinning stories.
Yes, yes. I completely understand.
You yourself were taken in by his Andrea del Sarto story.
HE WAS ALSO ANOTHER VICTIM OF WAVER-HOUSE'S LIES.
SMIRK
SMIRK
MASTER IS DELIGHTED TO FIND SOMEONE OTHER THAN HIM WHO WAS FOOLED BY WAVERHOUSE.
THE OYSTER-LIKE MASTER APPEARS TO BE A LESSER HUMAN.


A FEW DAYS LATER, I WENT TO VISIT MIKEKO AGAIN.


She's not here again.
Usually she'd be here at this time.
HOWEVER, MIKEKO WAS NOT IN HER USUAL SEAT THAT DAY. OR THE NEXT.

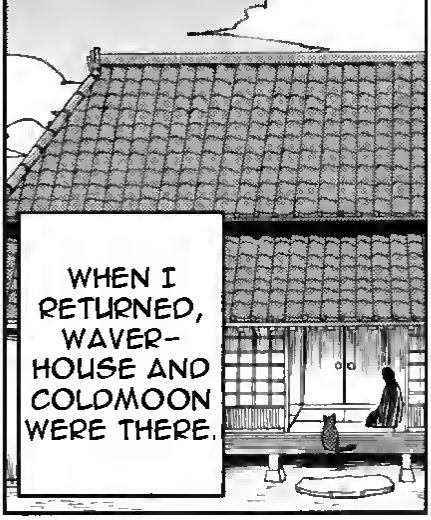

I hear someone's voice from behind the door.
TROT
Hm? What's going on?
HEY WHISPER
HEY WHISPER

WHISPER
ヒソ
What could be the matter?
WHISPER
ヒソ
Mikeko's illness has me worried.
Wh-What?!
She doesn't have much of an appetite.
WHISPER
ヒソ


Its owner is also low-class.
It must be that black cat.

Mikeko is sick?

Oohhhhhh! Yea aah hhh!
GARGLE
GARGLE
It's true that Master's gargling is loud and vulgar. He's even called Mr. Toilet for singing while going to the toilet.
There's really nothing you can praise him for.
HMPH
I'm being falsely accused because of Master.


WHEN I RETURNED, WAVER-HOUSE AND COLDMOON WERE THERE.

This is all your fault, Master!
SINCE I WAS BEING FALSELY ACCUSED, I DECIDED TO RETURN HOME.

I LISTENED QUIETLY TO THEIR CONVERSATION AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED.
HUMANS ARE MYSTERIOUS CREATURES. IN ORDER TO KILL TIME, THEY HAVE MEANINGLESS CONVERSATIONS AND LAUGH AT UNFUNNY THINGS.
Hmph.

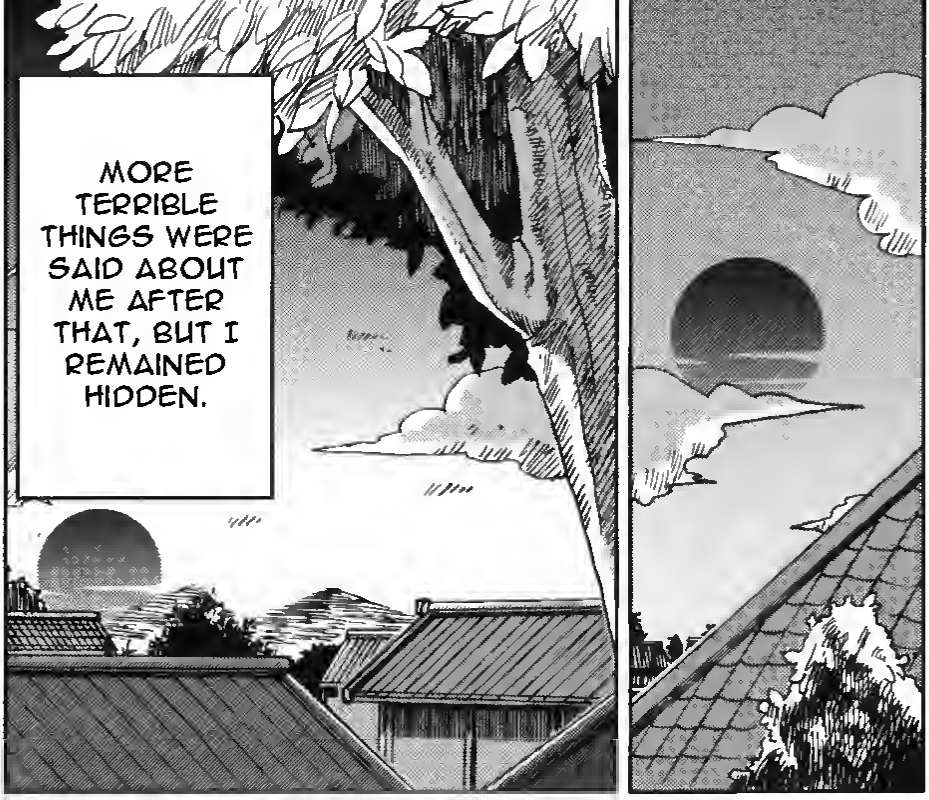
I'm really worried about Mikeko, so I'll try visiting again.
?
TO PUT IT SIMPLY, MASTER, WAVERHOUSE AND COLDMOON ARE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY RECLUSES.
TROT TROT
TROT TROT...
Not here.
SCRITCH
WHISPER
There are voices behind the door again.
WHISPER

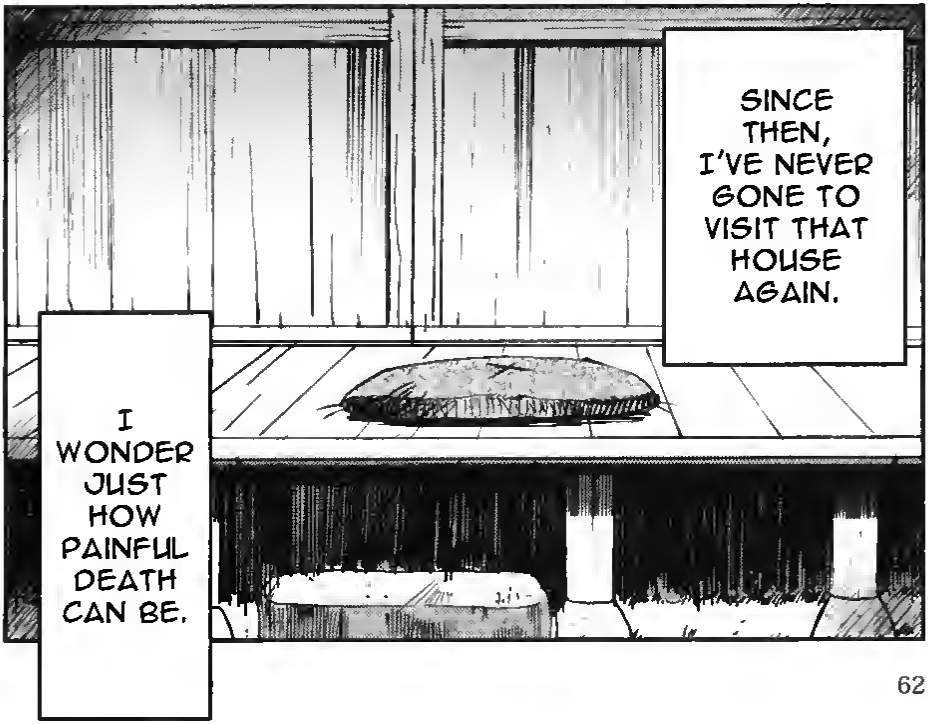
Yes. Her decorations are better than a human's.
We made her beautiful. Mikeko would surely like it.
Namu Amida Butsu. Namu Amida Butsu.
Something strange is going on.
TAP
トッ

IMPOSSIBLE! MIKEKO... IS DEAD?!

Yes.
Mikeko will surely move on to Heaven.
What?!

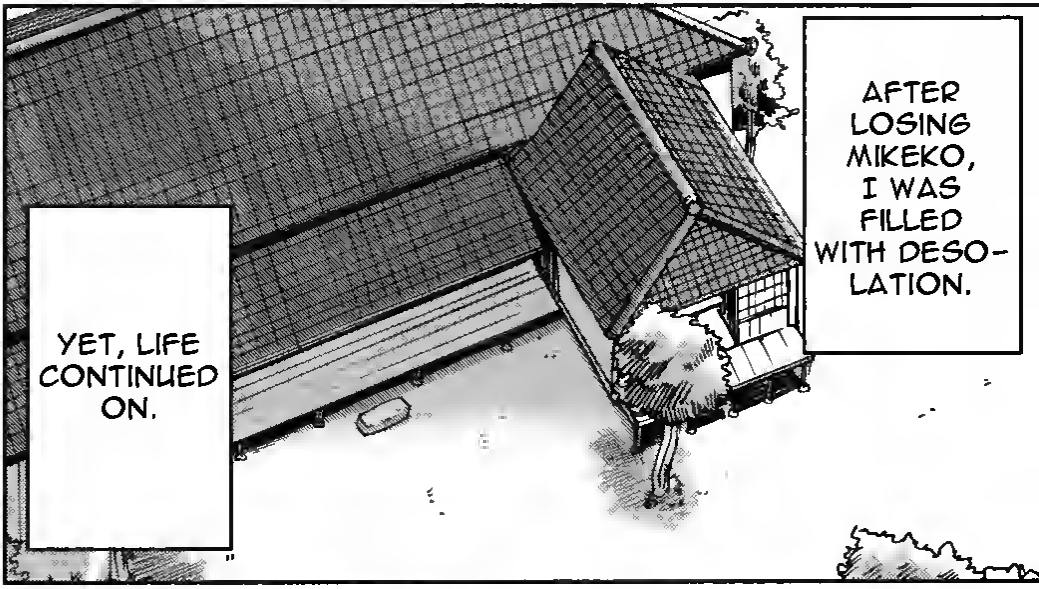
As if I were a carved wooden cat statue, I couldn't move my eyes.
MY HEART SUDDENLY STARTED PALPITATING.
NOO... I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A COLD! WHY?!
It must be the black cat from that professor's place!
That cat was Mikeko's undoing!


MORE TERRIBLE THINGS WERE SAID ABOUT ME AFTER THAT, BUT I REMAINED HIDDEN.


SINCE THEN, I'VE NEVER GONE TO VISIT THAT HOUSE AGAIN.
I WONDER JUST HOW PAINFUL DEATH CAN BE.

I DON'T EVEN HAVE THE ENERGY TO GO OUT THESE DAYS.
I'VE BECOME A LAZY CAT, JUST LIKE MASTER.

珍野家と金田家
The Goldfield Family


AFTER LOSING MIKEKO, I WAS FILLED WITH DESO-LATION.
YET, LIFE CONTINUED ON.

I WAS BECOMING MORE AND MORE FAMOUS.
PEOPLE CAME BY WANTING MY PHOTOS, OR SENT OVER SWEET MOCHI.

BEFORE I KNEW IT, I SEEMED TO BE FORGETTING THAT I WAS A CAT, BUT WAS INSTEAD A HUMAN BEING.
TROT TROT TROT
I'LL START THE DAY BY TALKING ABOUT MASTER.
FWUMP
Let me guess.
Hm?
TODAY, MASTER IS MUSING ALONE ON THE PORCH ON HOW HE WANTS TO EAT MY MOCHI.

This month's expense money is not enough.
Dear.
Huh ...?
NHKっ
Hm?
Most of the expenses have already been paid.
That can't be.
シャキーン
SCRATCH
Don't give me that. I'm being serious!
REALLY!
He's planting his nose hairs!
プスッ
PSK
プスッ
PSK
プスッ
PSK

Are you listening?!
What?
Oh! This is rare
Blame it on your expensive breads and jams!
It's still not enough!
You had eight jars of jam this month!
TWIST
I didn't eat that much.
Look! A white nose hair!
TAH-DAH
SWIP

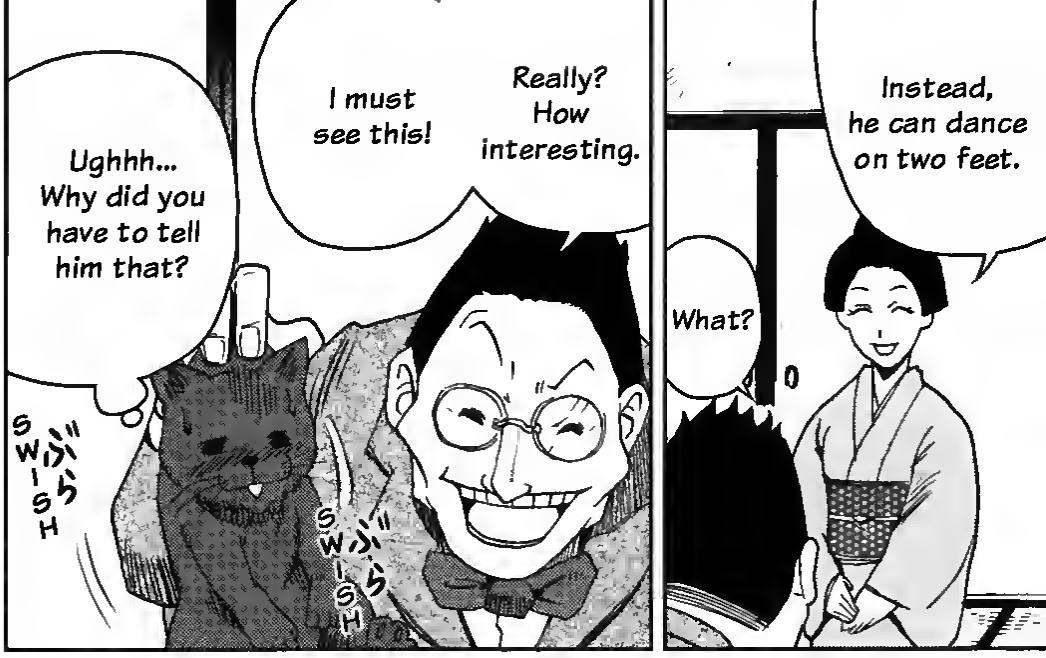
Why bring up a nose hair?
Heh heh.

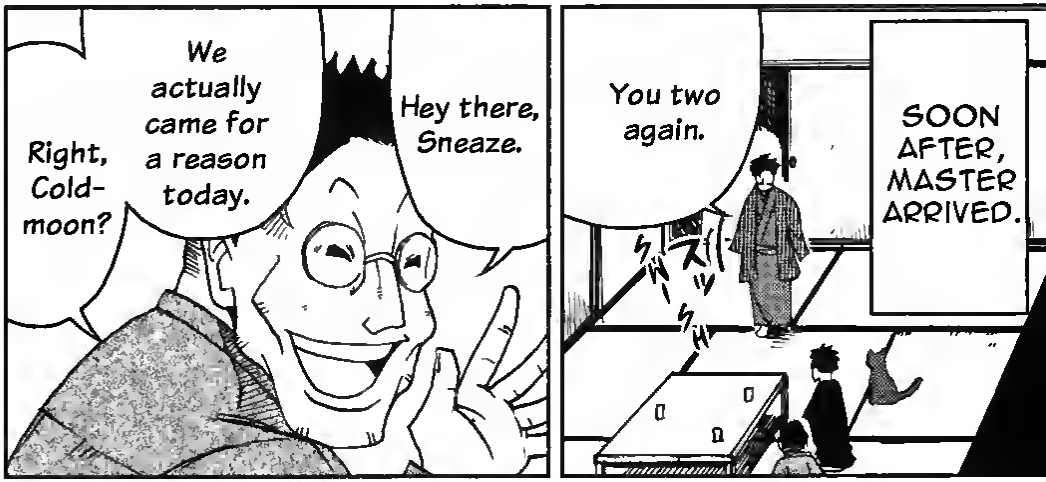
Really! Just when I was being serious!
TAP
TAP
TAP

A nose hair?
What in the world?

He chased away his wife complaining about household expenses with a single nose hair.
MASTER'S VULGARITY IS AMAZING.
HEH
HEH
HEH

LATER ON, THE USUAL GUESTS ARRIVED.
Hey there, Cat. It's been a while!
It's Waver-house.
TROT
Please help yourselves to some tea.
CLACK
Pardon our intrusion.
It's not that I can't, but that I refuse to!
Don't pick me up by the nape!
Yet, you can't even catch one mouse!
TUG
You've gotten quite big.


Ughhh... Why did you have to tell him that?
I must see this!
Really? How interesting.
SWISH
SWISH
What?
Instead, he can dance on two feet.

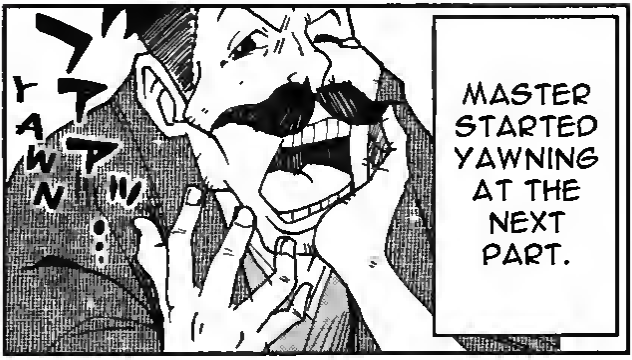

Right, Cold-moon?
We actually came for a reason today.
Hey there, Sneaze.
You two again.
SOON AFTER, MASTER ARRIVED.

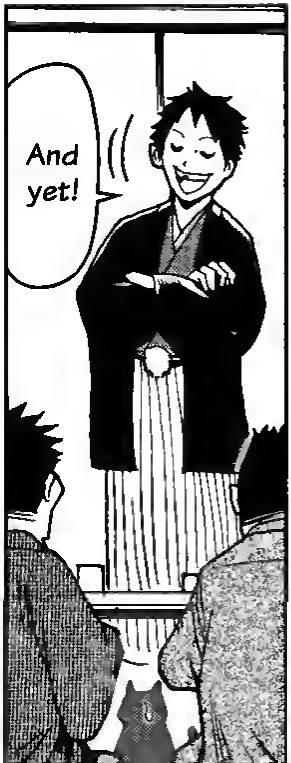
That's right!

SO THE TWO CAME TO THE HOUSE FOR REHEARSAL.
Well then, I'll begin.
IT APPEARS THAT COLDMOON IS PRESENTING A LECTURE TONIGHT.
UNFOR-TUNATELY, COLD-MOON'S LECTURE WAS...

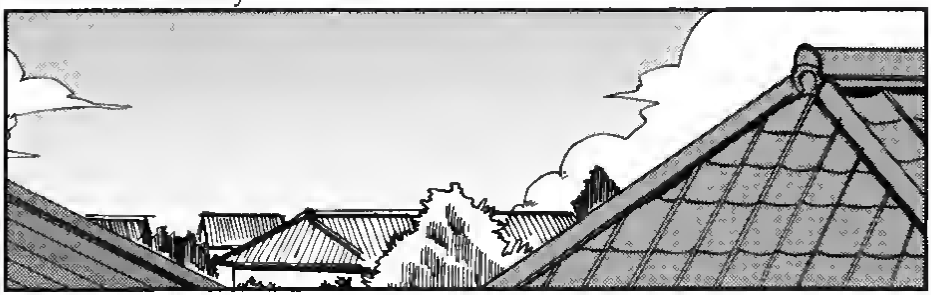
Huh? Something about the mechanics of hanging... What?! There are even equations!
にゃむ…
UGHHH

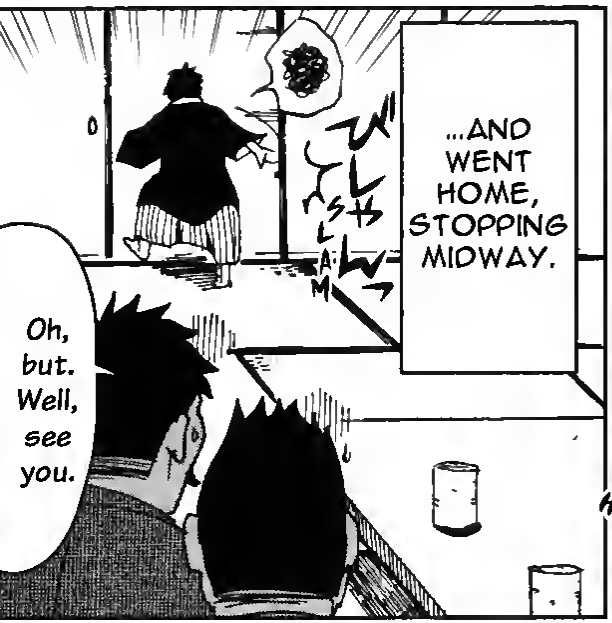
...EXTREMELY LONG AND BORING.

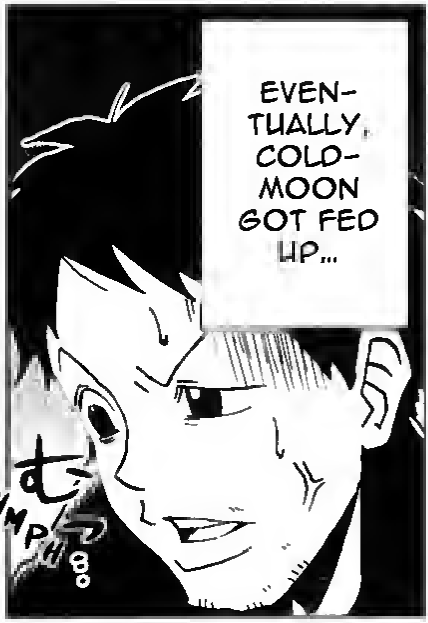

YAWN
MASTER STARTED YAWNING AT THE NEXT PART.

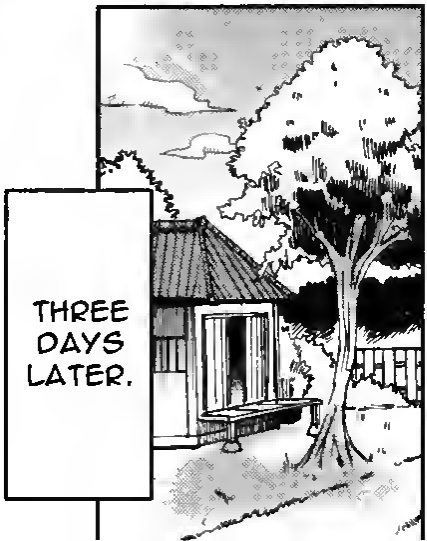

And yet!

WAVER-HOUSE STARTED TO STRANGELY CRACK JOKES.




...AND WENT HOME, STOPPING MIDWAY.
Oh, but. Well, see you.

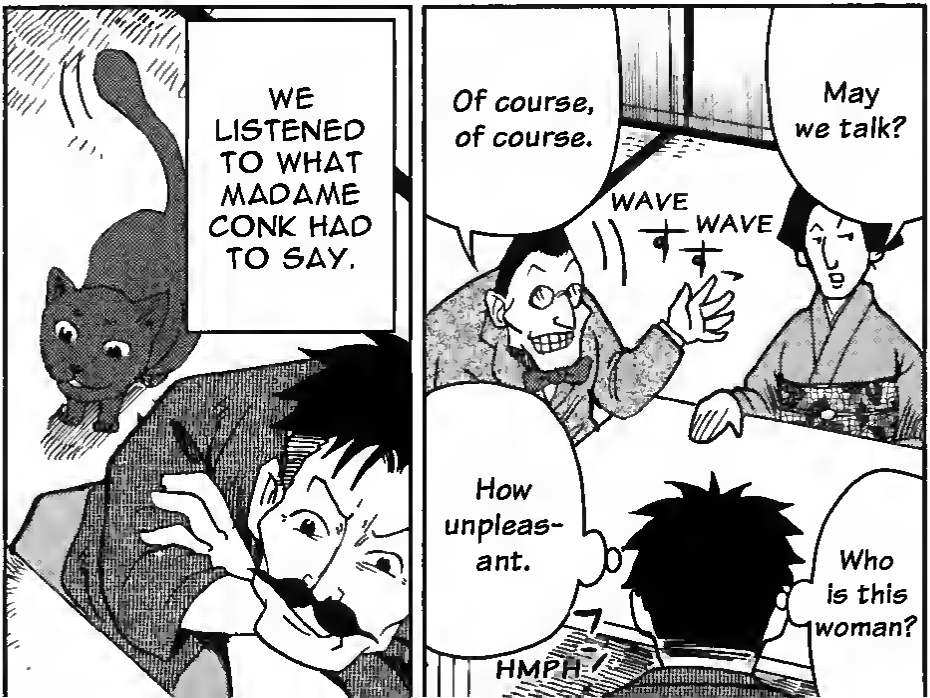

EVEN-TUALLY, COLD-MOON GOT FED UP...
HMPH!

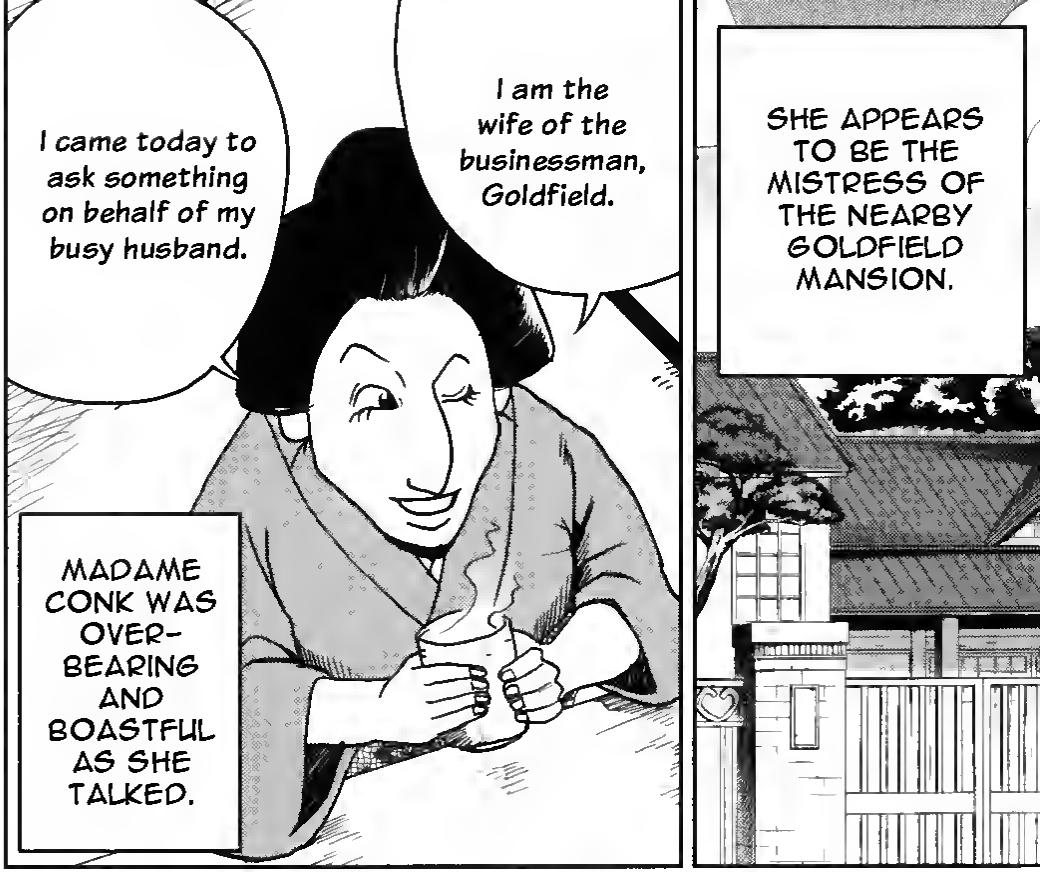

THREE DAYS LATER.

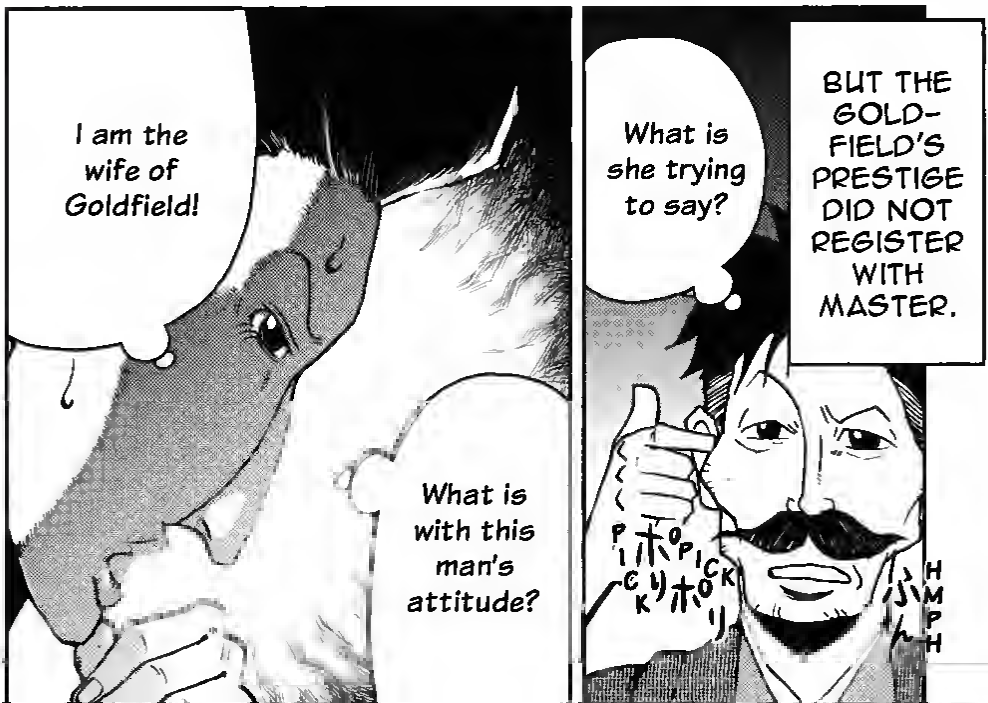
I FEEL PITY FOR THOSE WHO WILL HAVE TO LISTEN TO THAT LECTURE.

TODAY, MASTER AND WAVER-HOUSE EXCITEDLY DISCUSSED...
...THE FAILURES OF BEAU-CHAMP BLOW-LAMP.
Hey there!
WAVER-HOUSE PAID ANOTHER VISIT.
?
SWISH
Please take your time.
Thank you.
What a dingy house.
F W I S H
WHILE LISTENING TO THEIR STORY, A RARE FEMALE VISITOR ARRIVED.
Wh-What a huge...

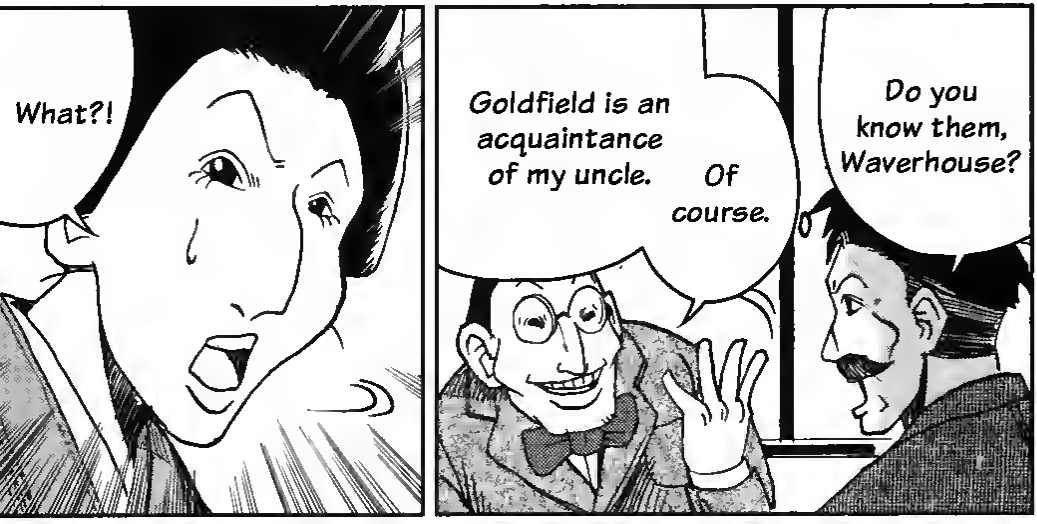
THIS MIGHT BE TOO OBVIOUS, BUT IN REVERENCE TO HER SPLENDID NOSE, I SHALL CALL HER MADAME CONK.
...nose!
Nice to meet you. I apologize for intruding.

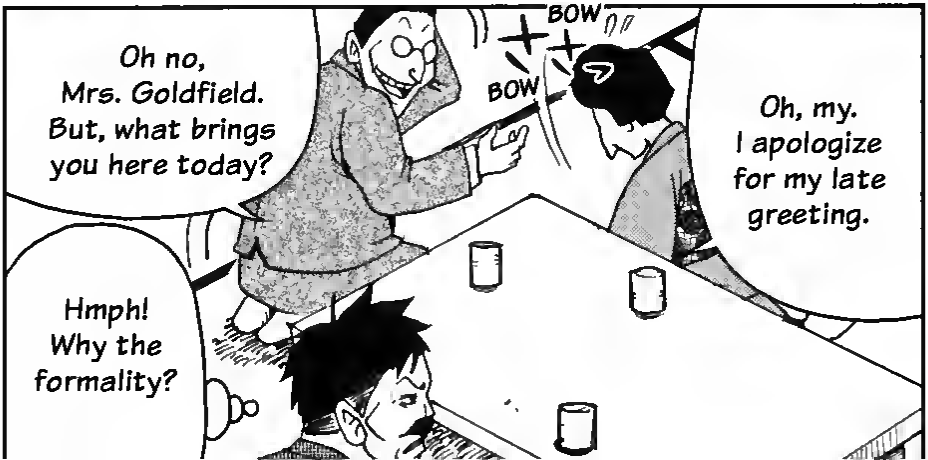

WE LISTENED TO WHAT MADAME CONK HAD TO SAY.
Of course, of course.
May we talk?
WAVE
WAVE
How unpleas-ant.
Who is this woman?
HMPH!

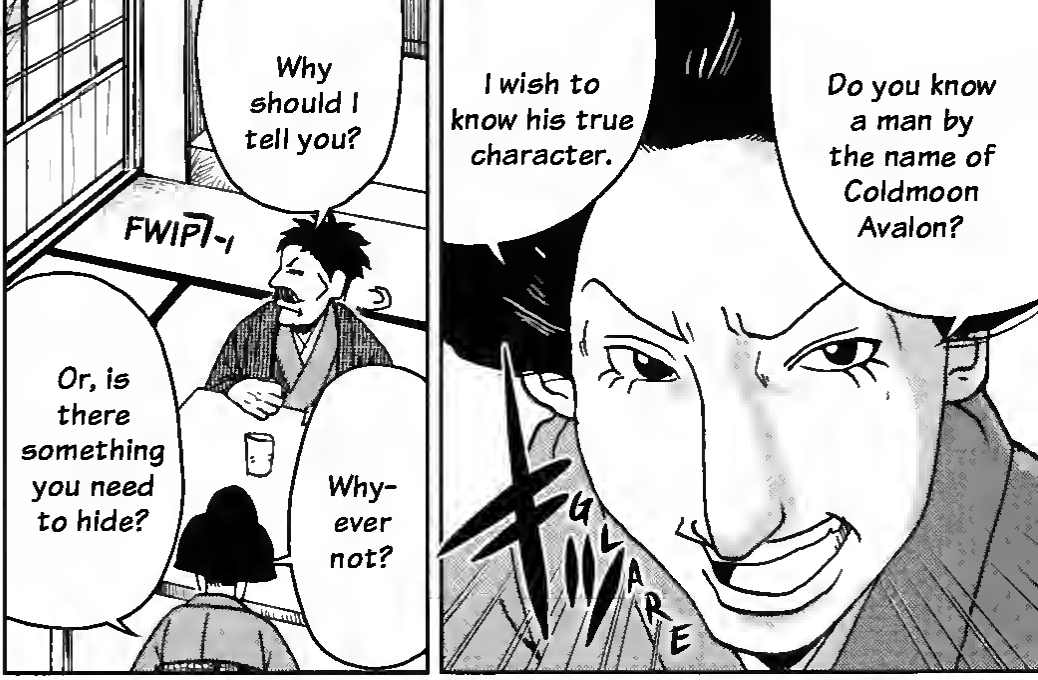

I came today to ask something on behalf of my busy husband.
I am the wife of the businessman, Goldfield.
MADAME CONK WAS OVER-BEARING AND BOASTFUL AS SHE TALKED.
SHE APPEARS TO BE THE MISTRESS OF THE NEARBY GOLDFIELD MANSION.

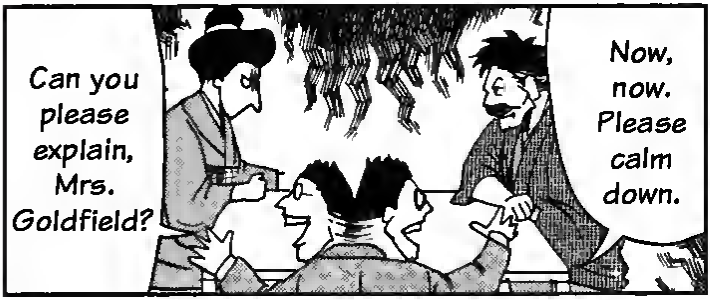

I am the wife of Goldfield!
What is with this man's attitude?
What is she trying to say?
BUT THE GOLD-FIELD'S PRESTIGE DID NOT REGISTER WITH MASTER.
PICK
PICK
HMPH

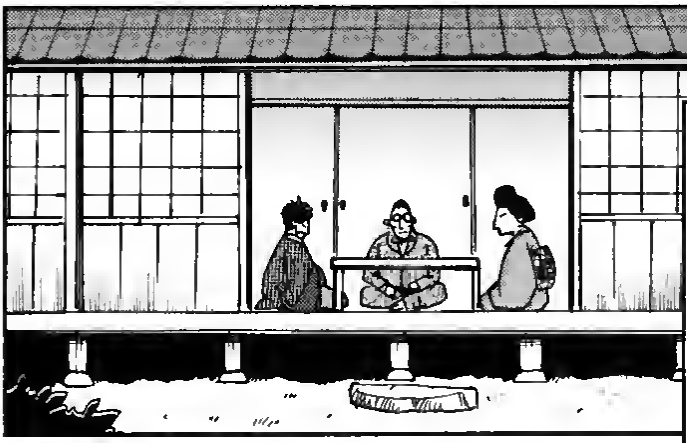
Why?
AS EXPECTED, MASTER DOES NOT HAVE ANY RESPECT FOR BUSINESS-MEN.
HEH HEH
HMPH
RATHER, HE CONSIDERS PROFESSORS TO BE MORE ACCOM-PLISHED.


What?!
Goldfield is an acquaintance of my uncle.
Of course.
Do you know them, Waverhouse?


BOW
BOW
Oh no, Mrs. Goldfield. But, what brings you here today?
Oh, my. I apologize for my late greeting.
Hmph! Why the formality?

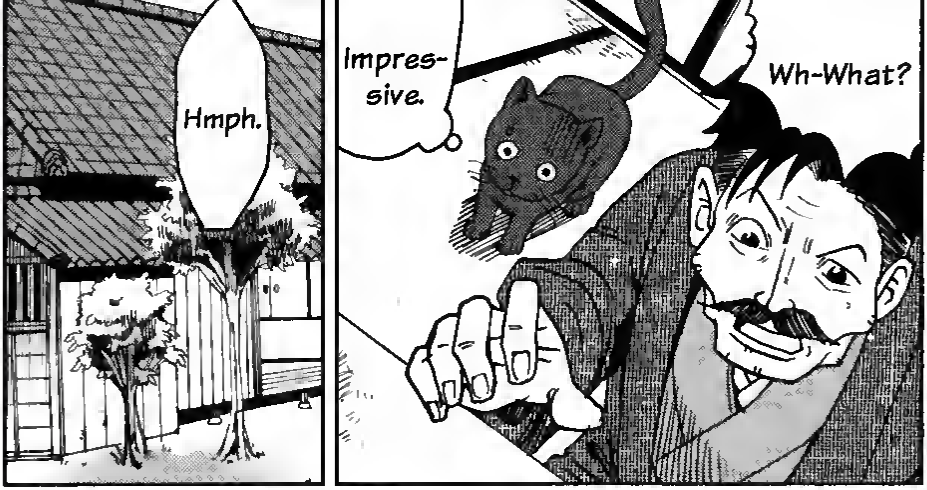

Why should I tell you?
FWIP!
Or, is there something you need to hide?
Why-ever not?
I wish to know his true character.
Do you know a man by the name of Coldmoon Avalon?
GLARE

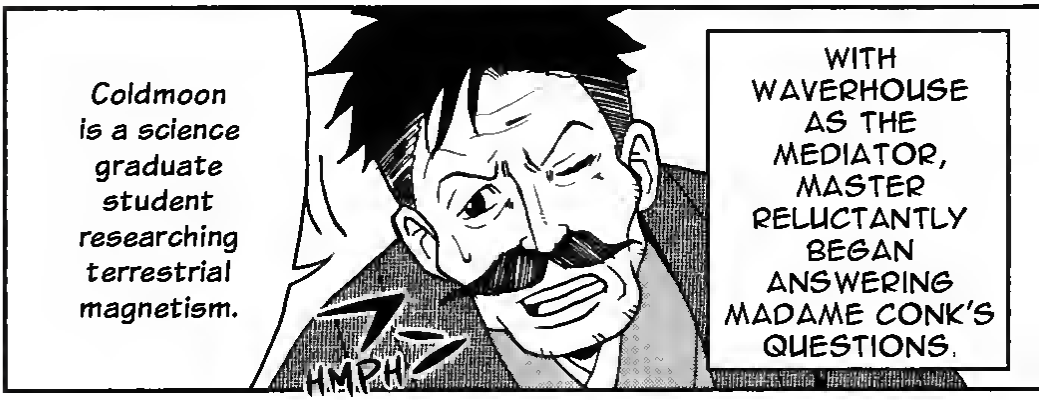




MADAME CONK WANTED TO KNOW THE IDENTITY OF HER DAUGHTER'S POTENTIAL MARRIAGE PARTNER.

I see. So that was your daughter.
Well, yes. He had.
Yes. I assume he told you of his violin recital?
Coldmoon and your daughter?
How did you know that I am acquainted with Coldmoon?
Wait.
...the koto master, or your other neighbors. If we wish, we can obtain any information.
Do not look down on the Goldfield Family...


Hmph.
Impres-
sive.
Wh-What?


Coldmoon is a science graduate student researching terrestrial magnetism.
HMPH
WITH WAVERHOUSE AS THE MEDIATOR, MASTER RELUCTANTLY BEGAN ANSWERING MADAME CONK'S QUESTIONS.

We must have him study to obtain a doctorate.
That is not good enough.

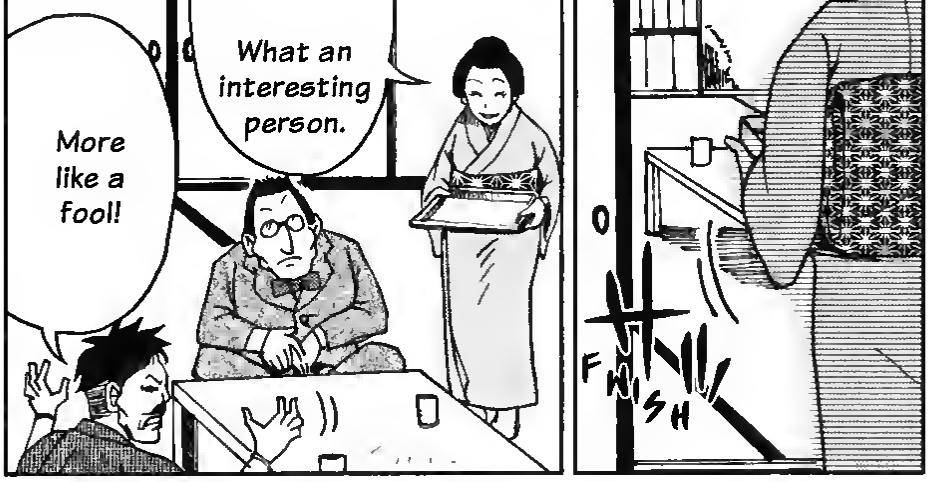
I see.

So he has to be a doctor or else?!
Well, yes. Graduate students are a dime a dozen.

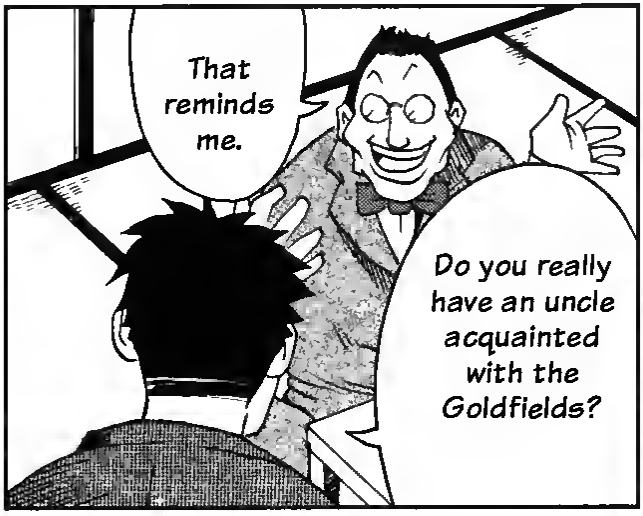
Please keep my coming here a secret from Mr. Coldmoon!

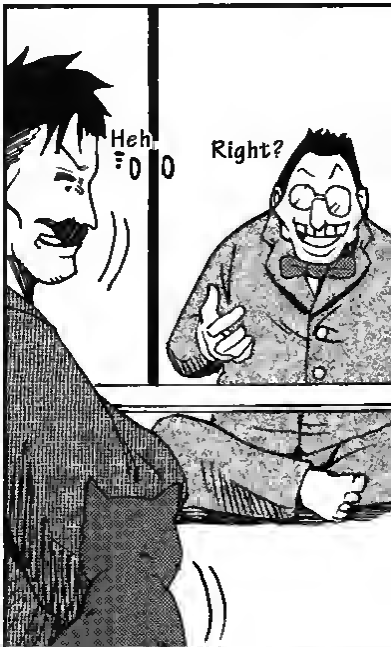
Thank you very much for your time.
I have heard all I needed to hear.
Leave already!

Good-bye.
Hmph! Yeah, right!


What an interesting person.
More like a fool!
FWISH

CLACK
Still, what a splendid nose!
MRS. SNEAZE HEARD THEIR CONVER-SATION FROM BEHIND THE DOOR.

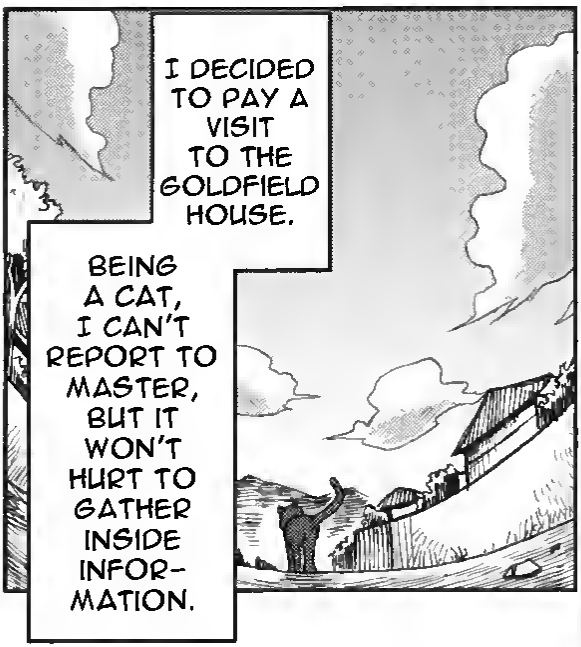

That reminds me.
Do you really have an uncle acquainted with the Goldfields?


Heh
Right?

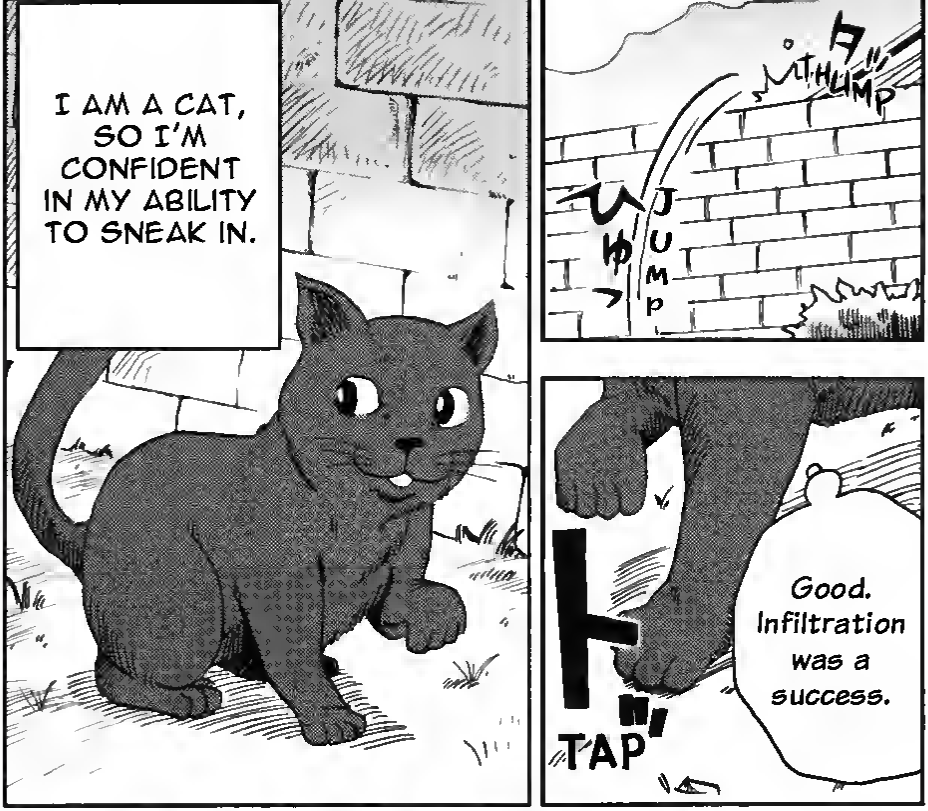
I do have an uncle, but he has no connection to the Goldfields!
That was a lie!
BWA
HA
HA
HA
HA
When she finds out, she'll probably be hopping mad.
Oh, dear.
It's amazing how you can lie so calmly.
Unbe-liev-able.

Being shadowed by that kind of woman and all.
HMPH!
I am the wife of Goldfield!

UNLIKE OTHER CATS, A CHIVALROUS AND CULTURED CAT SUCH AS I CANNOT HELP BUT FEEL PITY FOR COLDMOON.


I DECIDED TO PAY A VISIT TO THE GOLDFIELD HOUSE.
BEING A CAT, I CAN'T REPORT TO MASTER, BUT IT WON'T HURT TO GATHER INSIDE INFOR-MATION.

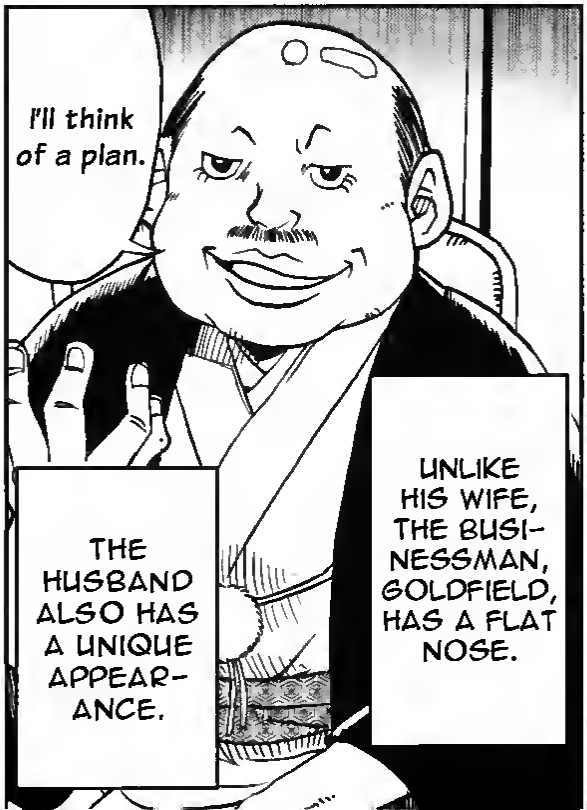
It's larger than I imagined.
Is this it?
...and infiltrate the enemy's territory!
If anything happens, no one will know! I must stay alert...
TMP!!


I AM A CAT, SO I'M CONFIDENT IN MY ABILITY TO SNEAK IN.
ひゅ
JUMP
TH-LIMP
TAP
Good. Infiltration was a success.

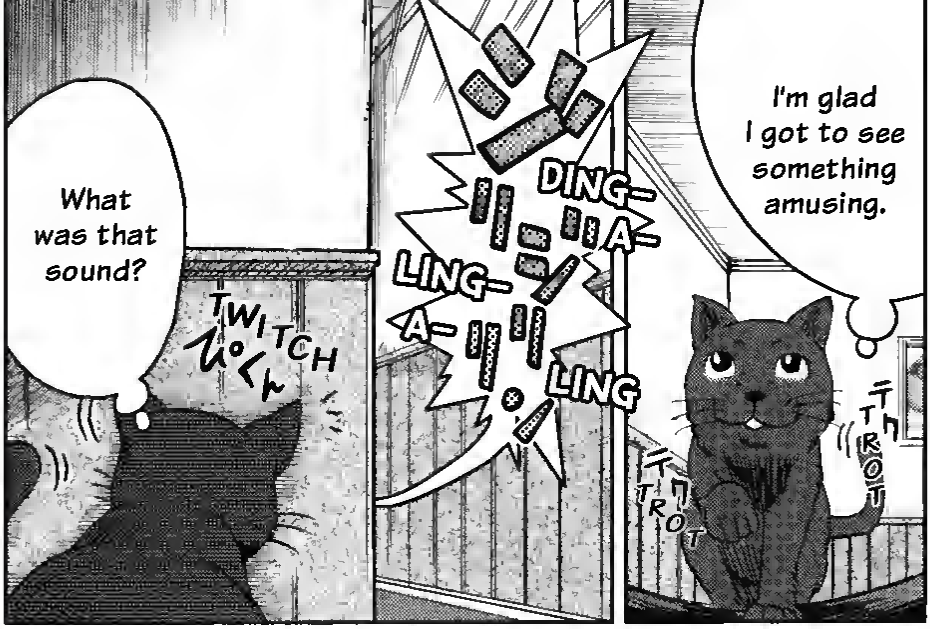
Still, this house is really big.
Maybe a businessman really is more impressive than a professor.

GLANCE きょろ
Phew! I hope no one saw me.
So far so good.
GLANCE きょろ
FWISH
GLANCE きょろ
Wasn't that Madame Conk's voice?
Hm?
GLANCE きょろ
GLANCE きょろ
The nerve of that man!
?!
FLINCH

That man Waverhouse even lied to me!
It's really her.
Should I punish them?
That peasant teacher! How dare he disrespect the Goldfields!


I'll think of a plan.
THE HUSBAND ALSO HAS A UNIQUE APPEAR-ANCE.
UNLIKE HIS WIFE, THE BUSI-NESSMAN, GOLDFIELD, HAS A FLAT NOSE.

MADAME CONK IS MAD AT MASTER'S ATTITUDE.
Serves her right.
HMM
HMM


What was that sound?
TWITCH
DING-
A-
LING-
A-
LING
I'm glad I got to see something amusing.
TROT
TROT

That was close.
KA-CHAK
DING-
A-
LING
From a cat's perspective, she's not bad looking.
She must be the rumored daughter, Opula.
My! Isn't there anyone here?
GLANCE

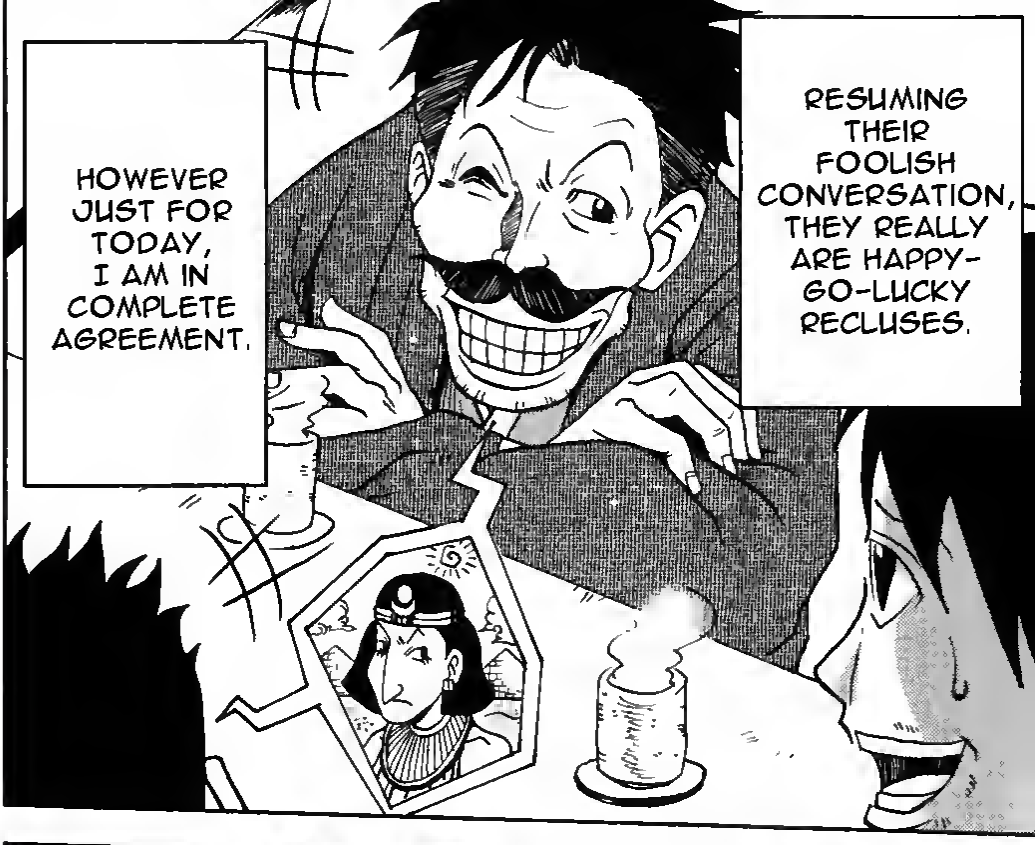
OPULA'S VOICE CAME FROM INSIDE THE ROOM.
Eaves-dropping!
FWISH
Hello?
Hm?
Whoa!
FLINCH
Who do you think this is?! I am Opula Goldfield!
Let me talk to the person in charge!
I AGREE WITH MASTER. THE GOLD-FIELDS ARE NASTY HUMANS.
Like mother, like daughter.
Arrogant and moody.
Don't suddenly shout like that. I can't hear the other's voice.

I DECIDED TO HEAD HOME FROM MY RECONNAISSANCE.
WAVER-HOUSE WAS STILL AT THE HOUSE.
TMP
SO WAS THE RUMORED COLDMOON.
I see I've been found out.
はHA
はHA

About me wanting to marry her daughter?
On the condition that you become a doctor.
The woman with the big nose told us.
HA
HA
HA
Iy

Don't do it! She might look pretty now, but later...
Before
どんっ
TAH
DAH
After
...she'll sprout a splendid nose like her mother! It's genetic!

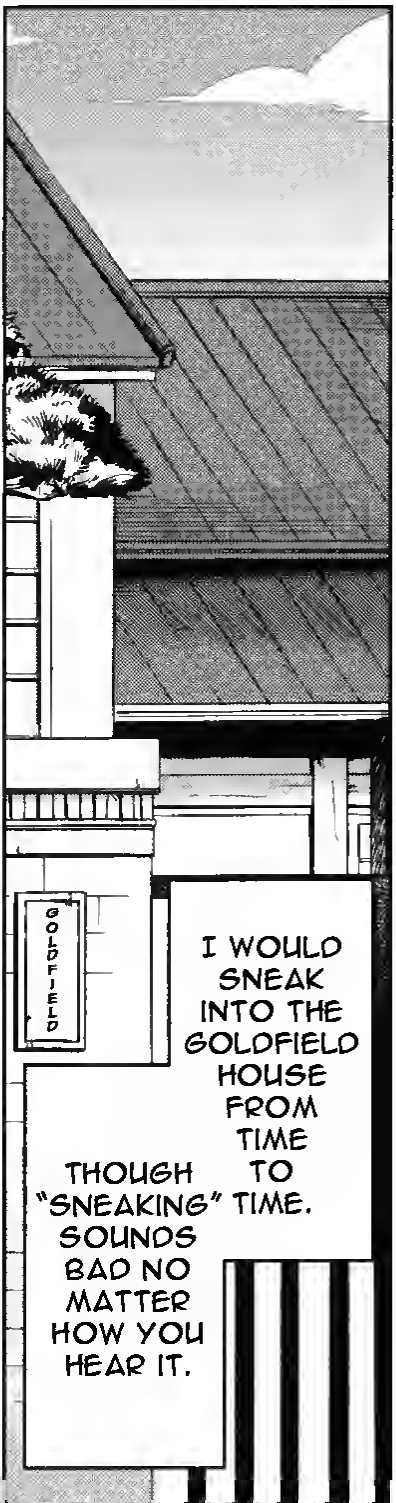
MASTER AND WAVER-HOUSE MADE CYNICAL REMARKS ABOUT MADAME CONK.
HAはHAあ…
He's right. She's no good for you.
I don't care! Coldmoon won't marry Goldfield's daughter!
FWIP
TIY
The house next door is Goldfield's spy, right? What if they say something?
Isn't it time you stopped?
SHISH
O


HOWEVER JUST FOR TODAY, I AM IN COMPLETE AGREEMENT.
RESUMING THEIR FOOLISH CONVERSATION, THEY REALLY ARE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY RECLUSES.

I CRIED OUT TWICE IN SUPPORT IN CAT LANGUAGE.
MEOW
MEOW

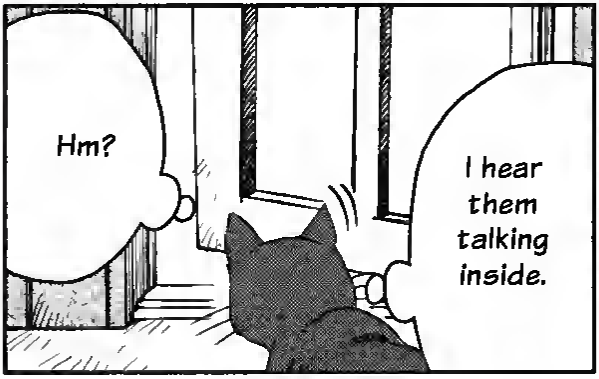
CHUCKLE

THIS PLANET ORIGINALLY BELONGED TO NO ONE, BUT HUMANS DECIDED WHICH PLACE BELONGED TO WHOM AS IF THEY OWNED IT.
エヘン EH HEH


GOLDFIELD
I WOULD SNEAK INTO THE GOLDFIELD HOUSE FROM TIME TO TIME.
THOUGH "SNEAKING" SOUNDS BAD NO MATTER HOW YOU HEAR IT.

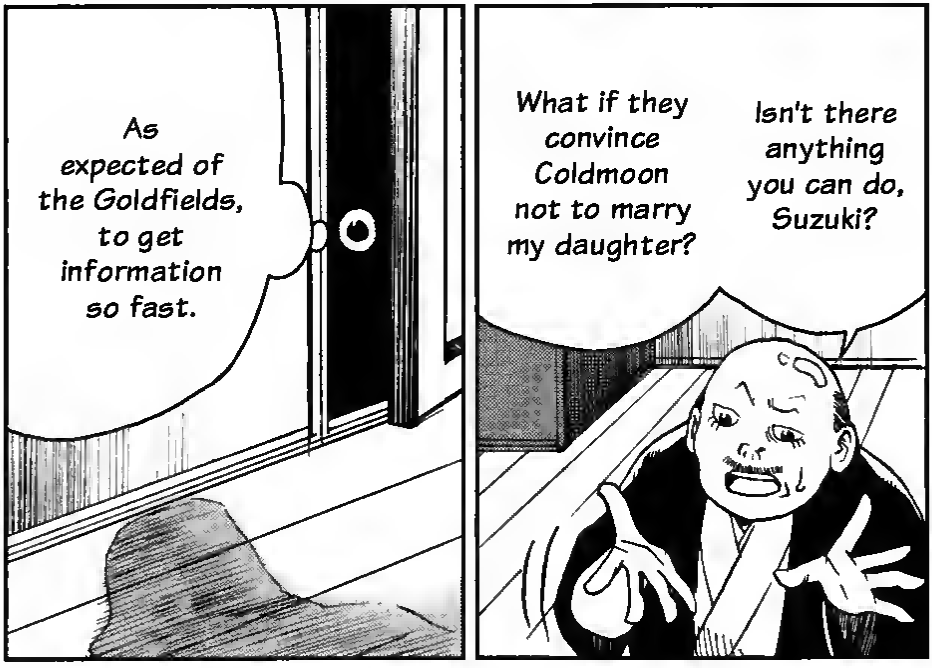
I THINK THAT IN ITSELF IS WRONG IN THE FIRST PLACE.

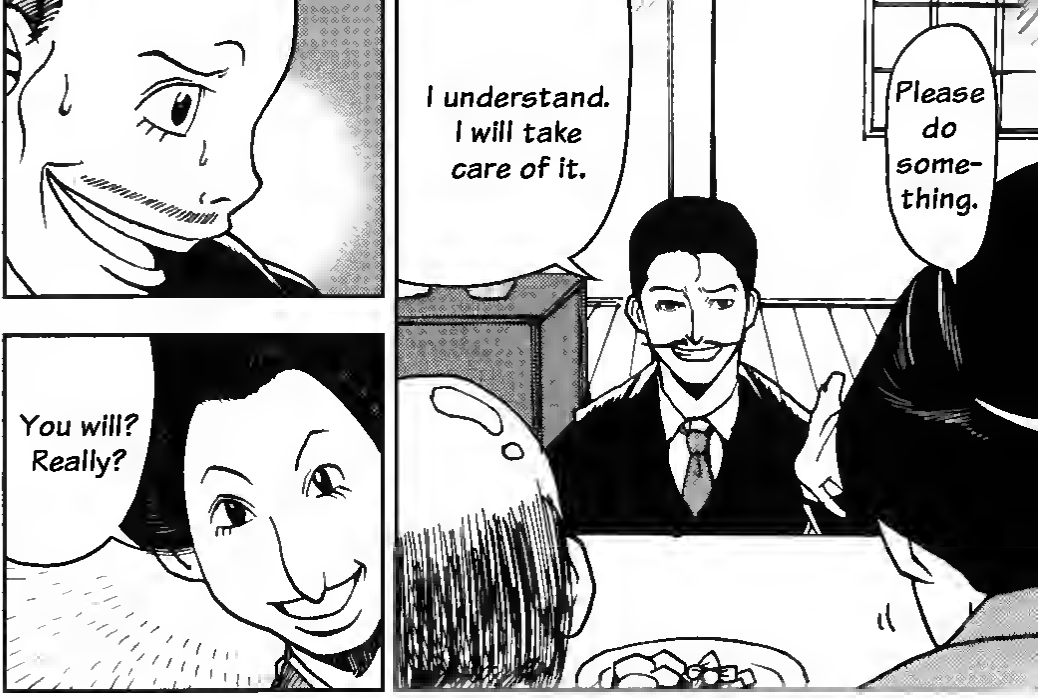
Now, to continue with my reconnaissance of the Goldfields.

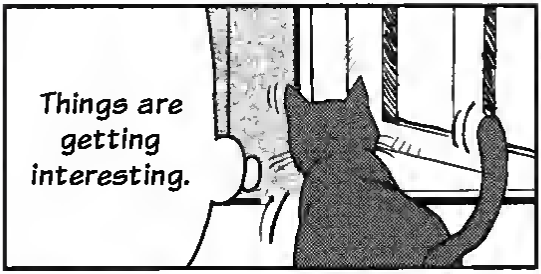

Hm?
I hear them talking inside.

Who's that?
Waverhouse has also been a big talker since way back.
Sneaze has been a sourpuss since the time we boarded together.
What is going on, Suzuki?

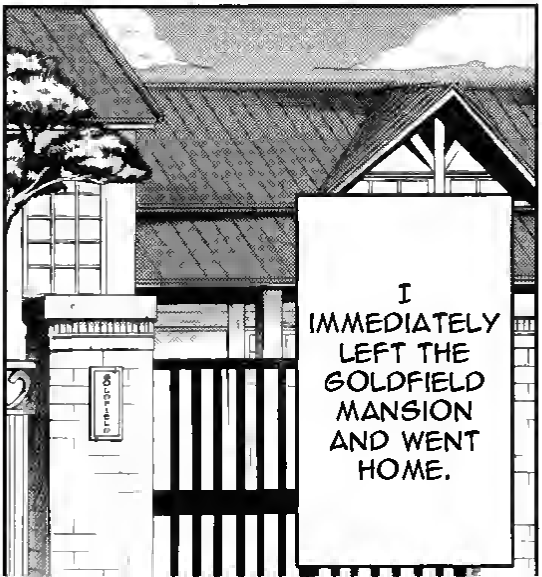
They will more or less prove to be a hindrance.
Hmph
ふむ

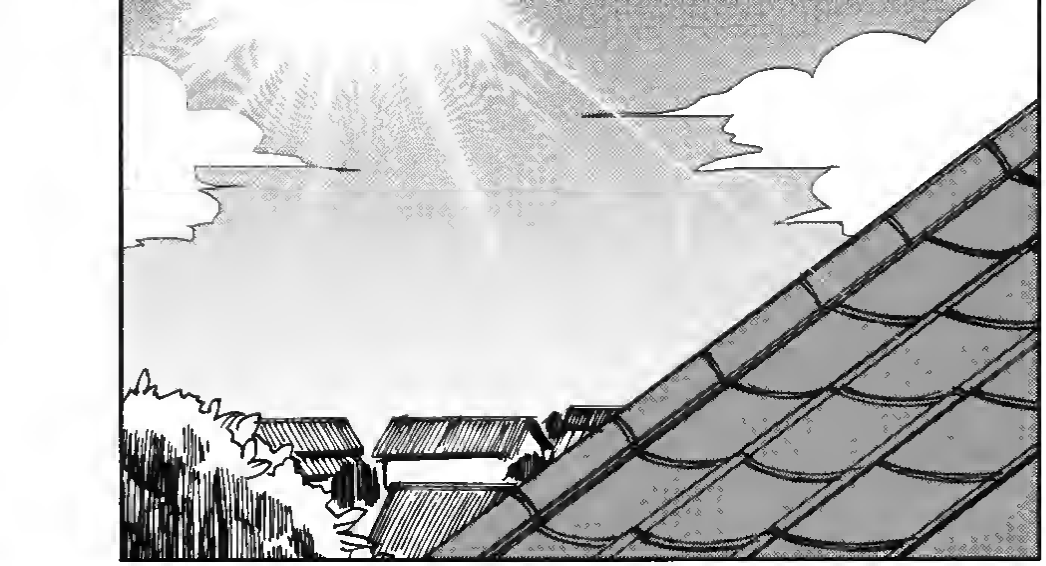

As expected of the Goldfields, to get information so fast.
What if they convince Coldmoon not to marry my daughter?
Isn't there anything you can do, Suzuki?

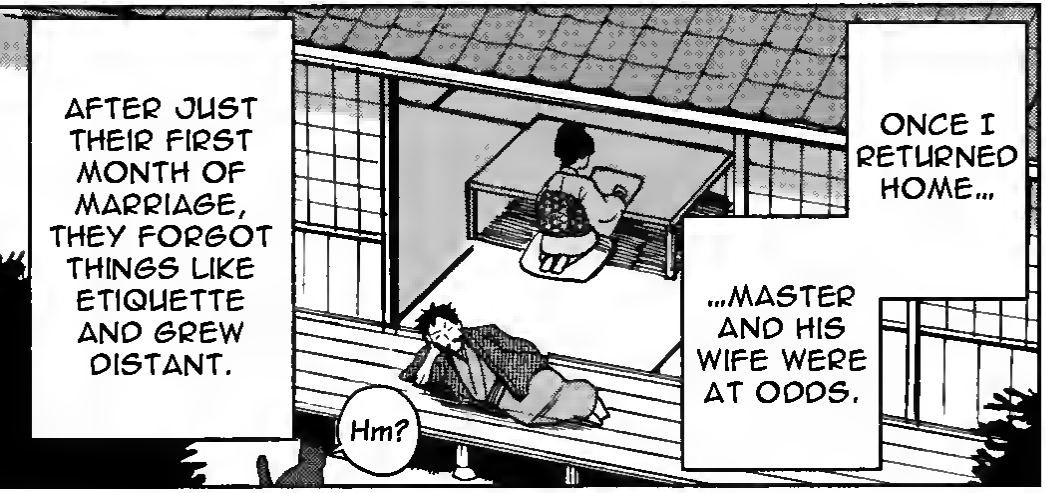

Please do some-thing.
I understand. I will take care of it.
You will? Really?


Things are getting interesting.

I shall get on it right away.
Yes.
As expected of a budding businessman.
Oh, my.


I IMMEDIATELY LEFT THE GOLDFIELD MANSION AND WENT HOME.

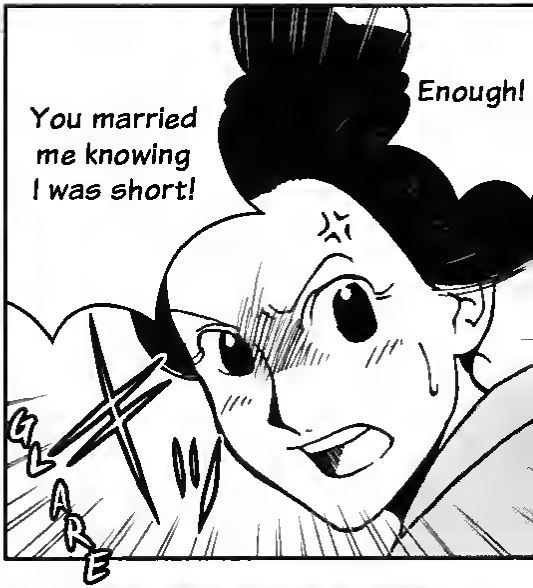


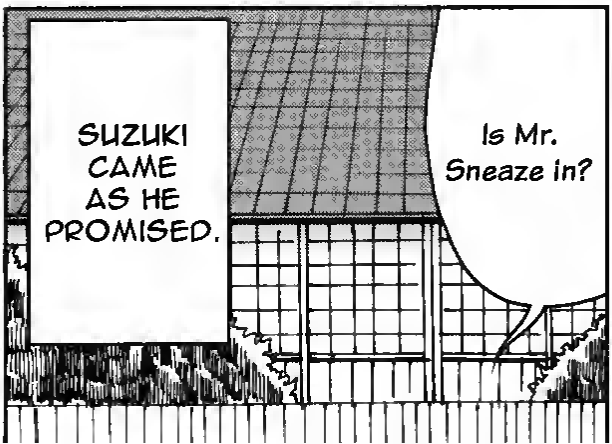

ONCE I RETURNED HOME...
...MASTER AND HIS WIFE WERE AT ODDS.
AFTER JUST THEIR FIRST MONTH OF MARRIAGE, THEY FORGOT THINGS LIKE ETIQUETTE AND GREW DISTANT.
Hm?

There is a bald spot on the tip of your head!
Hey! Are you listening? I saw it!
ポリ SCRATCH
ポリ SCRATCH

PISSED
I don't know! Who cares when it happened?!
GRUMBLE
GRUMBLE
Women tie their hair in topknots so that is expected!
If it was before our marriage, then I was deceived. You're also short.
PISSED
It was like that before we married!
SWIP

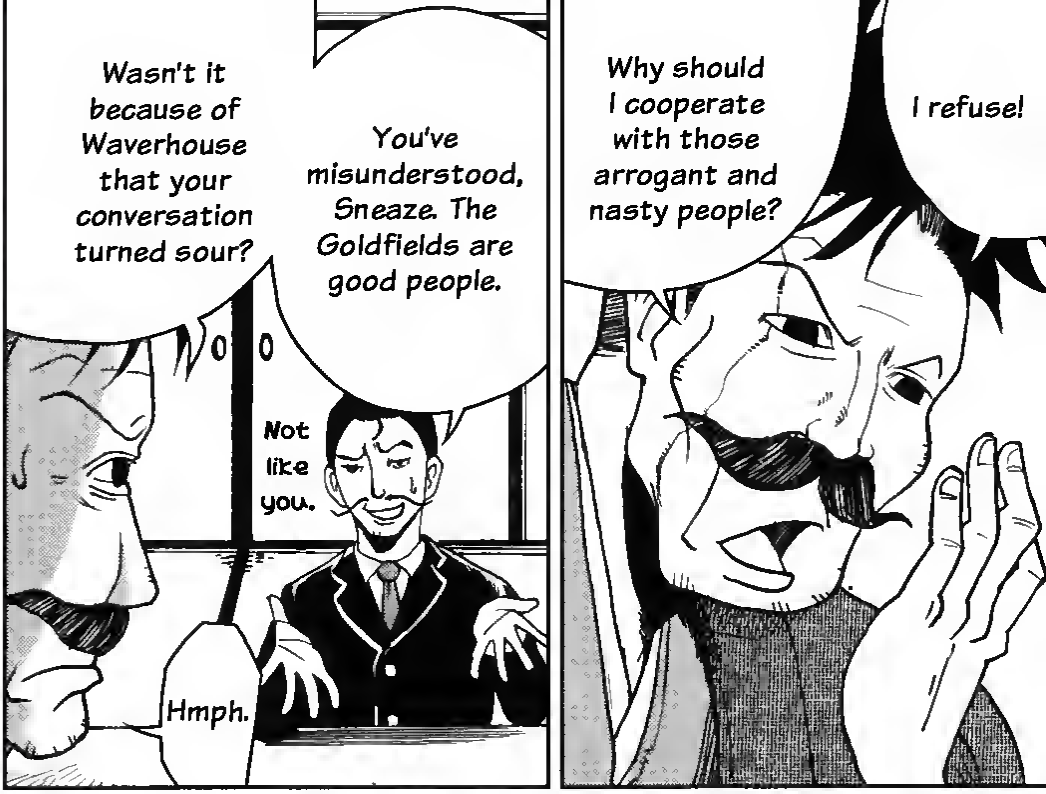
I thought you would continue to grow after we were married.

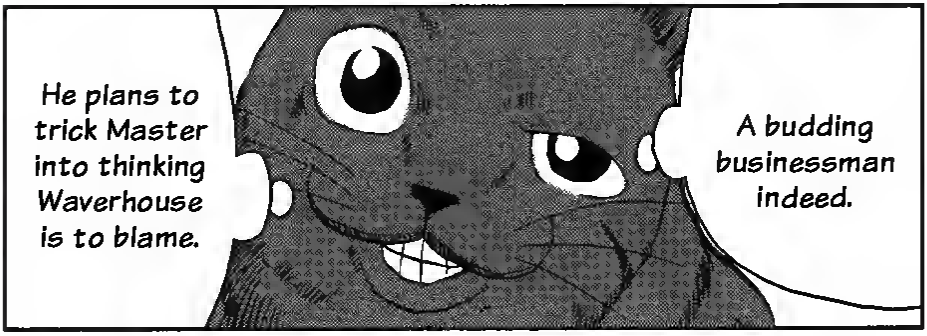

You married me knowing I was short!
Enough!
GLARE

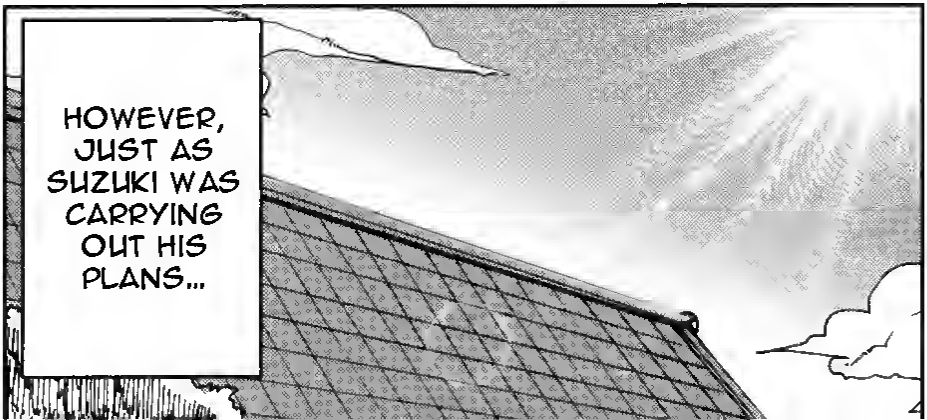

SUZUKI CAME AS HE PROMISED.
Is Mr. Sneaze in?

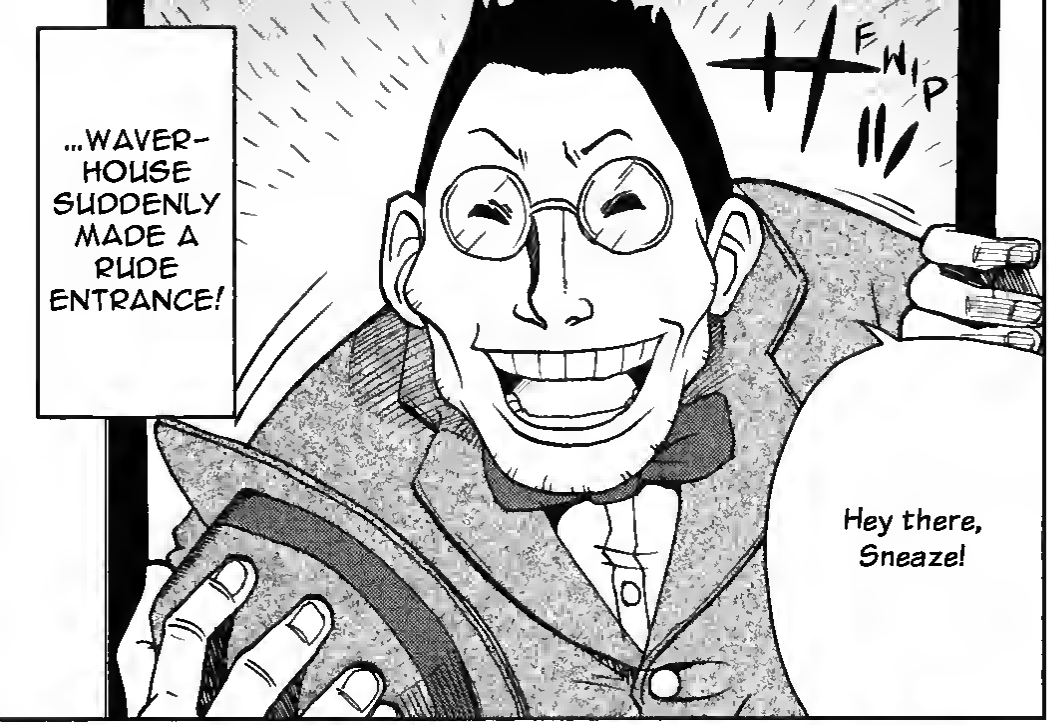
What in the world happened?

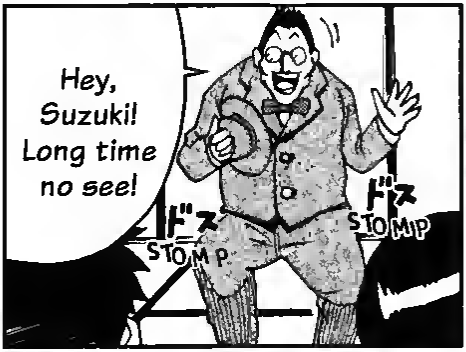
Yes, I know!
Hmph.
Hey! We have a guest!
What brings you here today?
It has really been a long time.
I apologize for the sudden visit.
They want your cooperation in the marriage between Coldmoon and their daughter.
I was asked to come by the Goldfields.
Yes, it's been close to ten years.


Wasn't it because of Waverhouse that your conversation turned sour?
You've misunderstood, Sneaze. The Goldfields are good people.
Not like you.
Hmph.
Why should I cooperate with those arrogant and nasty people?
I refuse!

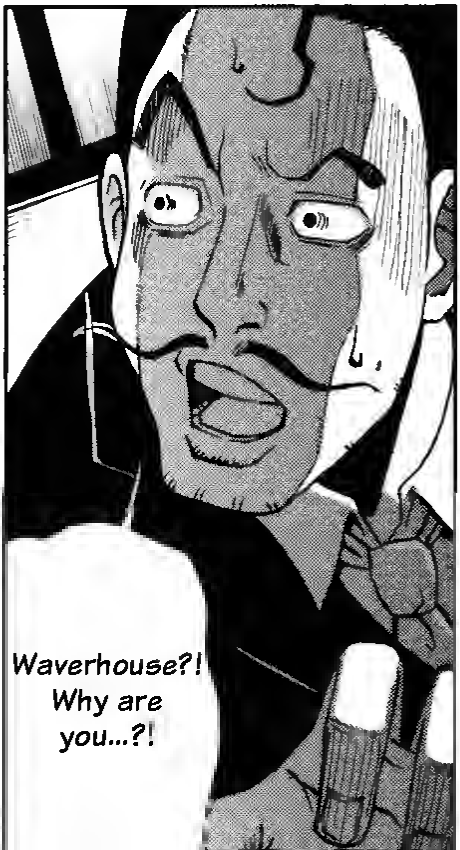

He plans to trick Master into thinking Waverhouse is to blame.
A budding businessman indeed.


HOWEVER, JUST AS SUZUKI WAS CARRYING OUT HIS PLANS...

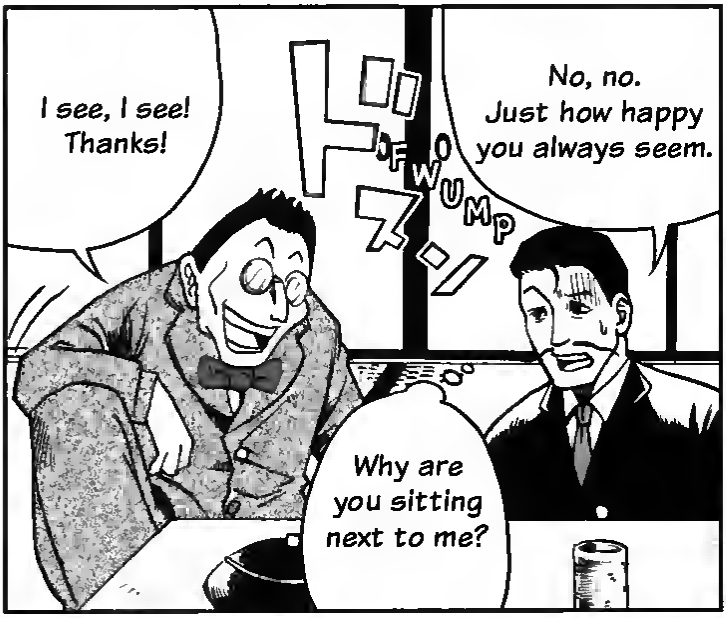

...WAVER-HOUSE SUDDENLY MADE A RUDE ENTRANCE!
FWIP
Hey there, Sneaze!


Hey, Suzuki! Long time no see!
ドス STOMP
ドス STOMP

CHUCKLE

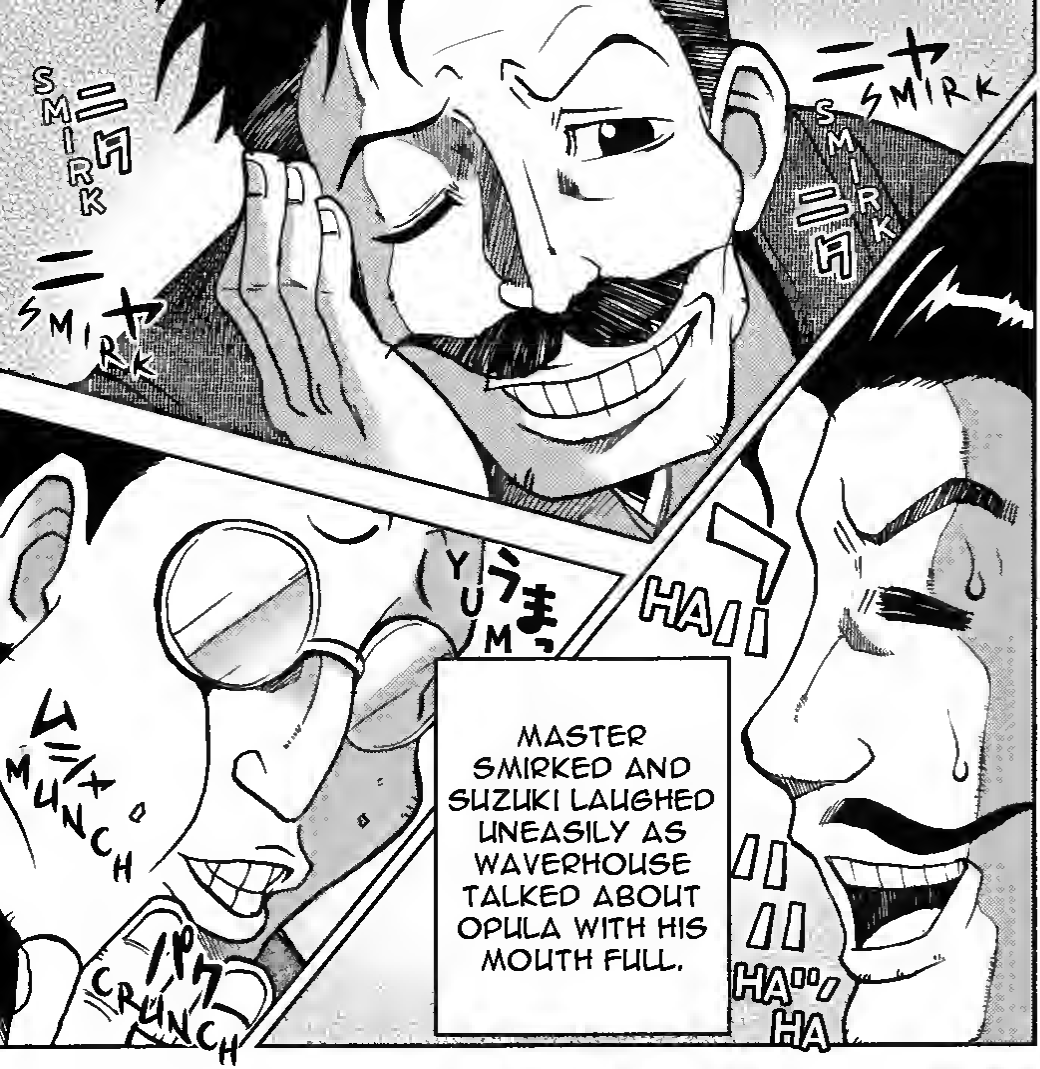

Waverhouse?! Why are you...?!

We were just talking about you.
What?
のそっ…
SLIP
No, um.
What are you saying, Sneaze?

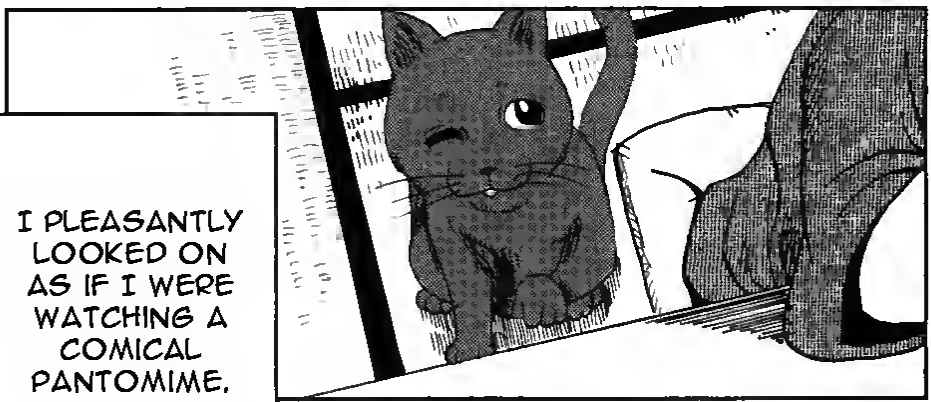

No, no. Just how happy you always seem.
トロ
FWUMP
フーン
I see, I see! Thanks!
Why are you sitting next to me?

Was it something bad?

Heh heh heh. This is getting interesting.

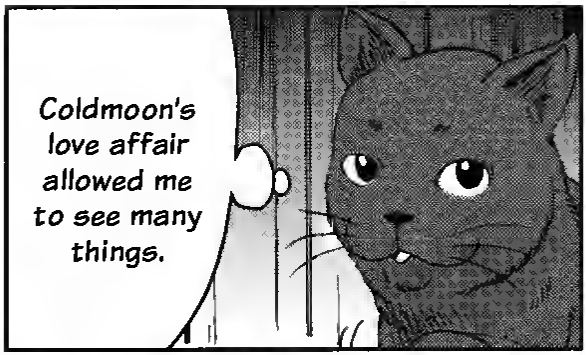


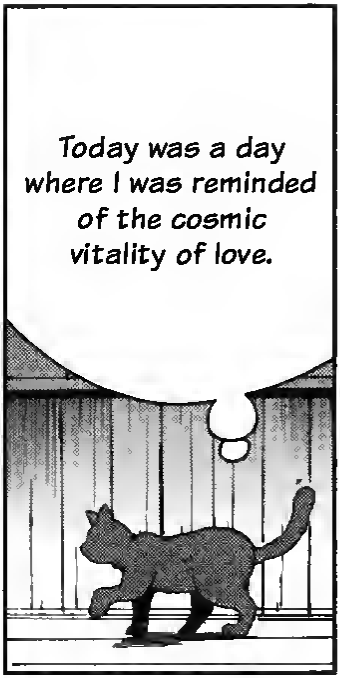
MASTER SMIRKED AND SUZUKI LAUGHED UNEASILY AS WAVERHOUSE TALKED ABOUT OPULA WITH HIS MOUTH FULL.



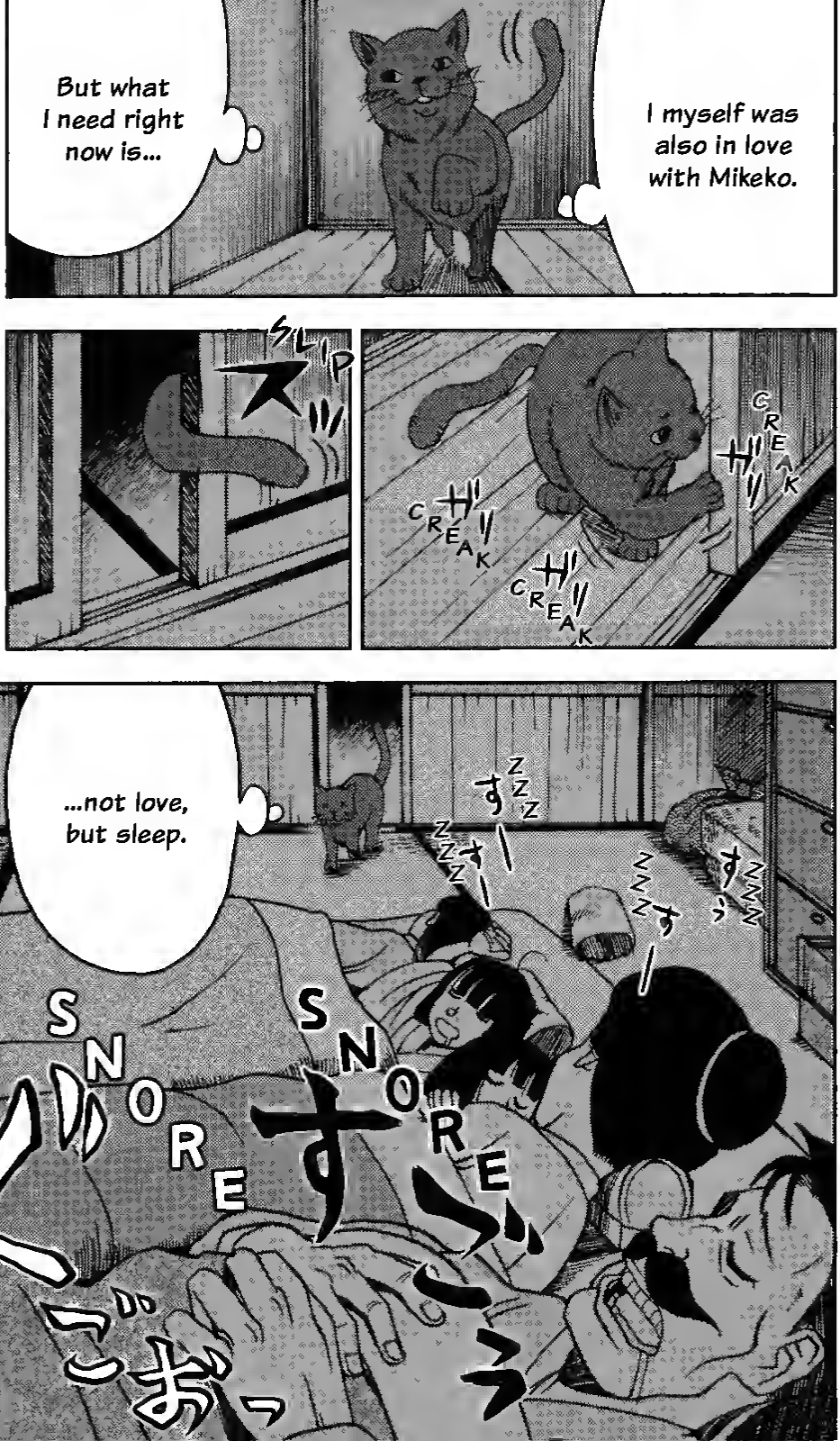
I PLEASANTLY LOOKED ON AS IF I WERE WATCHING A COMICAL PANTOMIME.

UP UNTIL NOW, I HAVE SPOKEN ABOUT MANY THINGS.
SO I NEED A LITTLE NOURISH-MENT.
主人とその友人たち
Master and His Friends


Coldmoon's love affair allowed me to see many things.

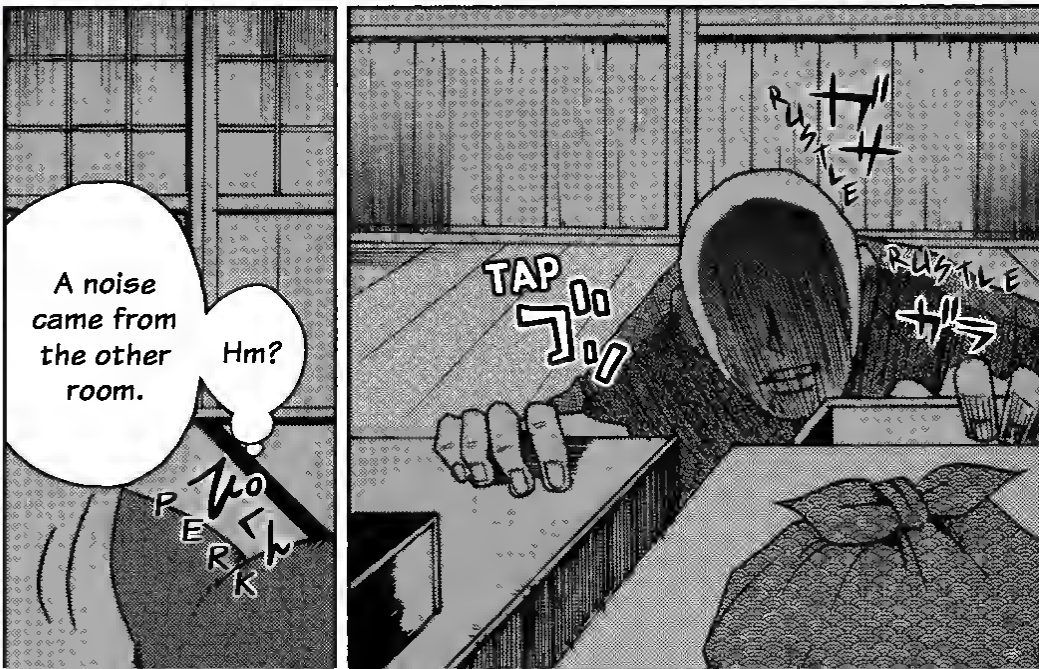

Today was a day where I was reminded of the cosmic vitality of love.

ふわあぁぁっ
YAWN


I myself was also in love with Mikeko.
But what I need right now is...
SLIP
CREAK
CREAK
CREAK
CREAK
...not love, but sleep.
すー
すー
すー
すー
SNORE
SNORE
すー
ぐー
ぐー

I CAN'T FIND NEW LOVE WHEN I'M SLEEPY.
SMIRK
This is it.
RUSTLE

Ahhh. A bed really is nice.


A noise came from the other room.
Hm?
PERK
TAP
RUSTLE
RUSTLE

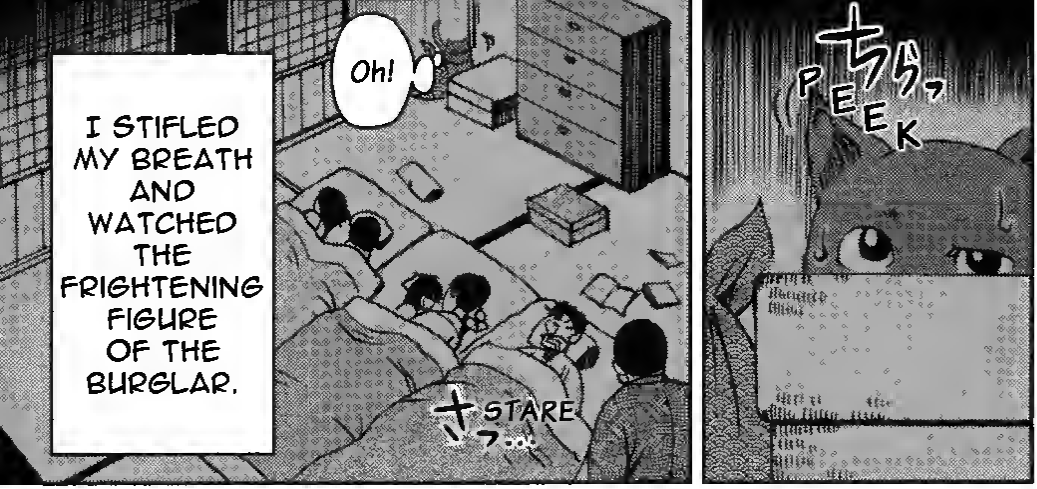
What is it?
スリップ
I-It can't be... A burglar, right?!
I HAVE TO WAKE UP MASTER!
PUSH
PUSH
BUT NO MATTER HOW I TRIED, HE WOULDN'T WAKE UP.

RUSTLE
ガサ
RUSTLE
ゴソ
RUSTLE
The noise is getting closer!
?!
Ughhh... What should I do?

SLIDE

It's too late.
Yikes!

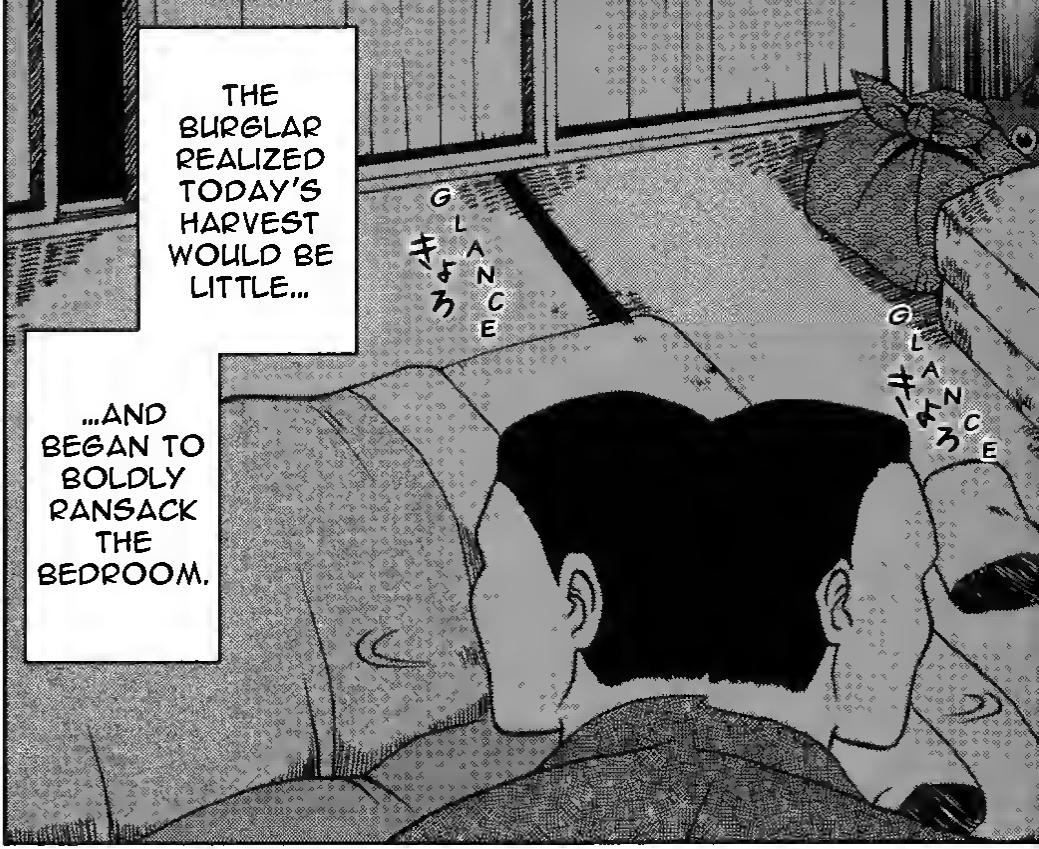
I need to hide!


I STIFLED MY BREATH AND WATCHED THE FRIGHTENING FIGURE OF THE BURGLAR.
Oh!
STARE
PEEK

That's Mrs. Sneaze's kimono sash. He must be after anything that seems valuable.

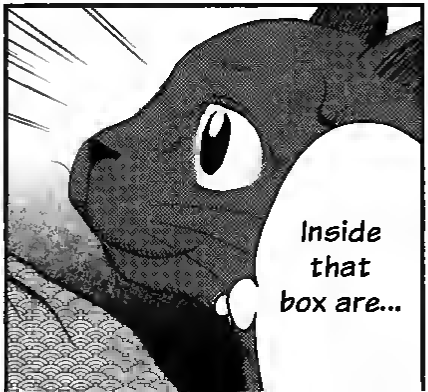
Hmph! This is just a poor house!

TH-THUMP
TH-THUMP


THE BURGLAR REALIZED TODAY'S HARVEST WOULD BE LITTLE...
...AND BEGAN TO BOLDLY RANSACK THE BEDROOM.
GLANCE きょろ
GLANCE きょろ

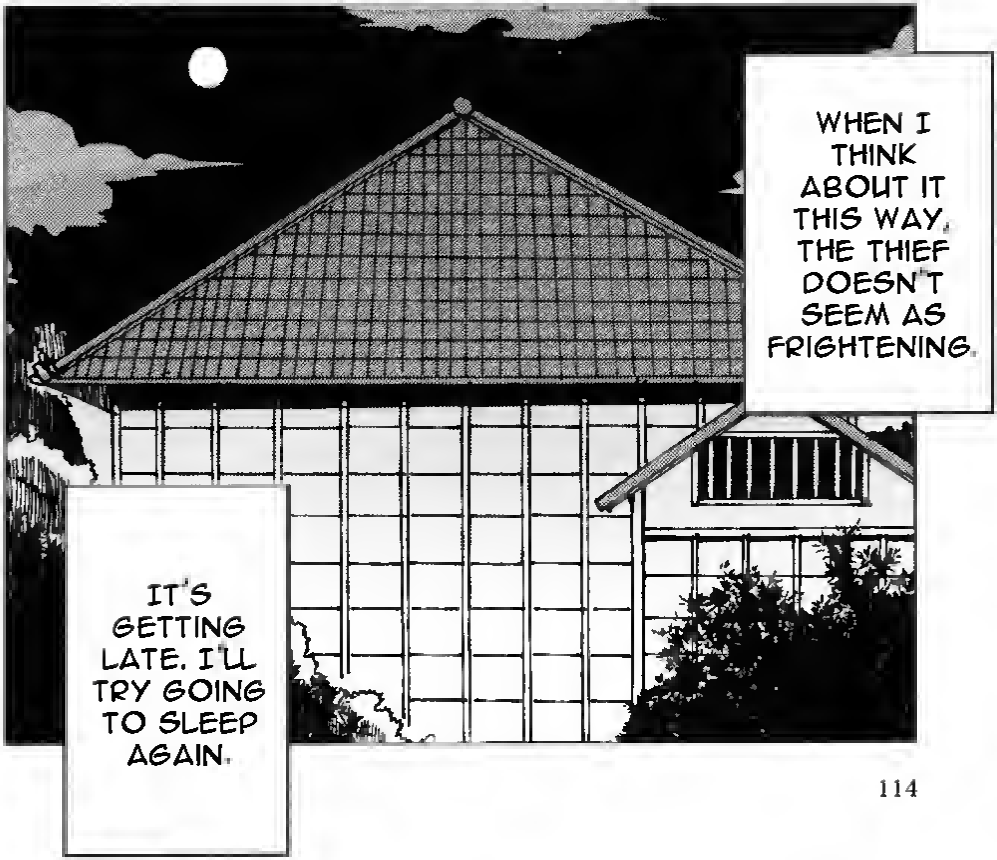
If it's above her pillow, it must be valuable.

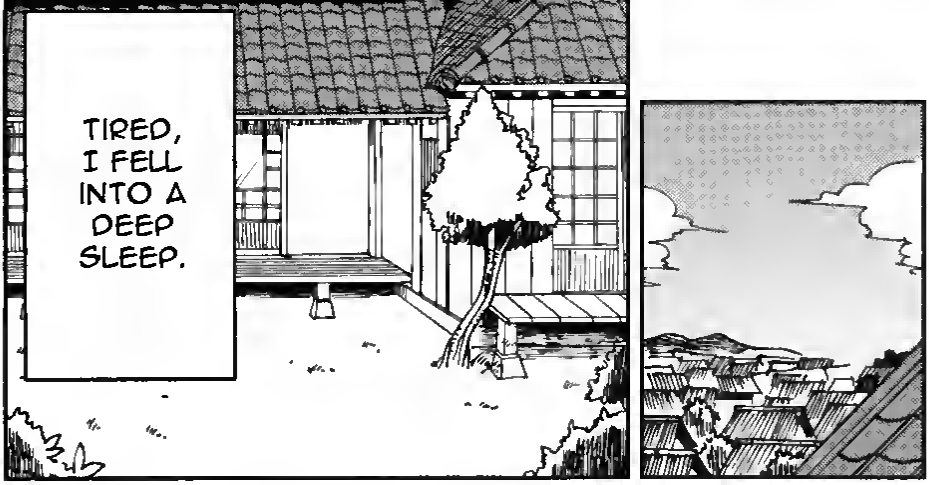
Found it!

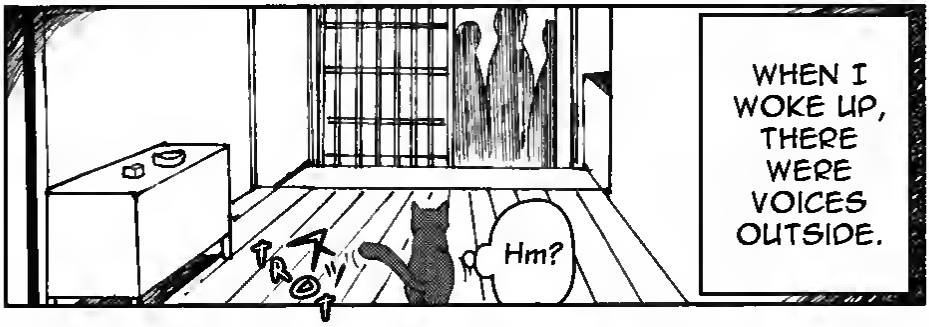

Inside that box are...

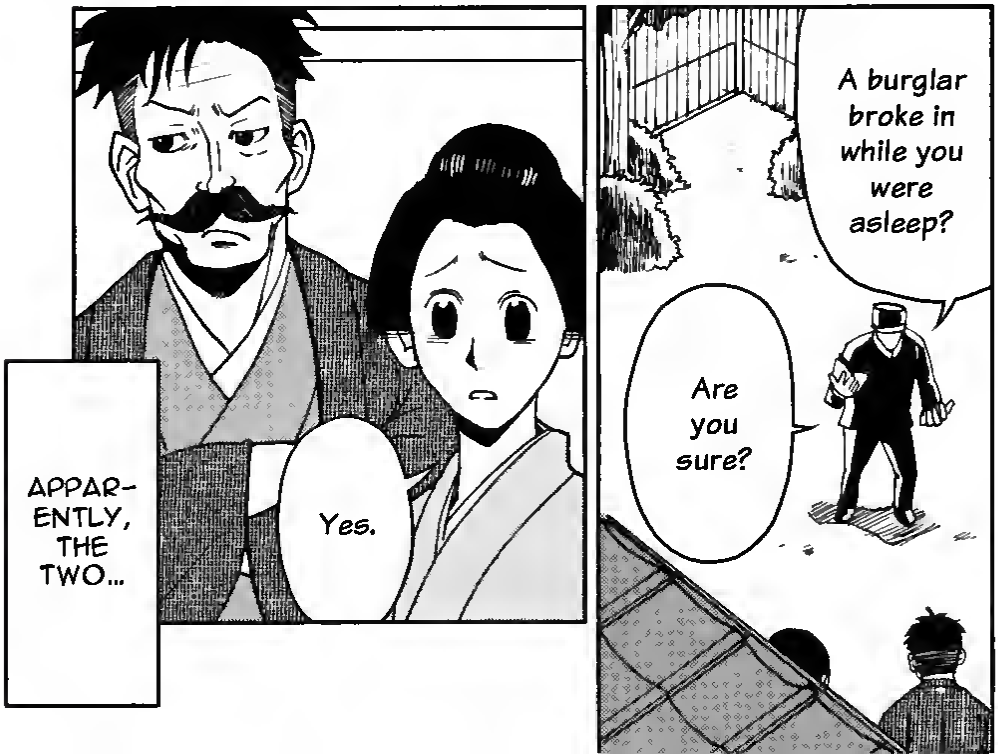
...only Karatsu yams!
OK. Time to go.
It also has a good weight.
There he goes with a box full of yams.
MEOW
SMIRK

IT'S ALSO JUST LIKE A BURGLAR TO STEAL.
IT'S JUST LIKE A WIFE TO KEEP YAMS IN THE BEDROOM.


WHEN I THINK ABOUT IT THIS WAY, THE THIEF DOESN'T SEEM AS FRIGHTENING.
IT'S GETTING LATE. I'LL TRY GOING TO SLEEP AGAIN.

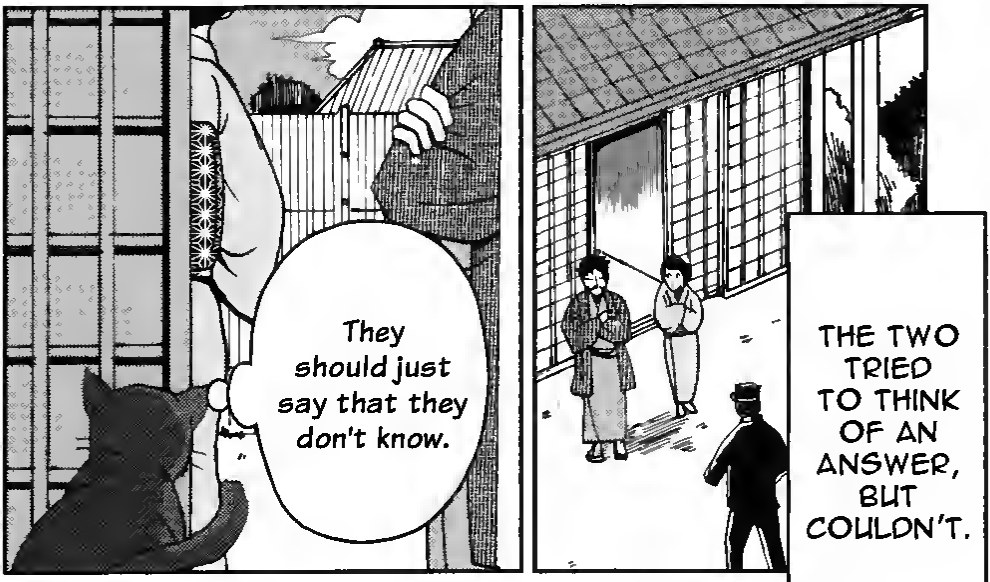

TIRED, I FELL INTO A DEEP SLEEP.


WHEN I WOKE UP, THERE WERE VOICES OUTSIDE.
Hm?
TROT


A burglar broke in while you were asleep?
Are you sure?
Yes.
APPARENTLY, THE TWO...

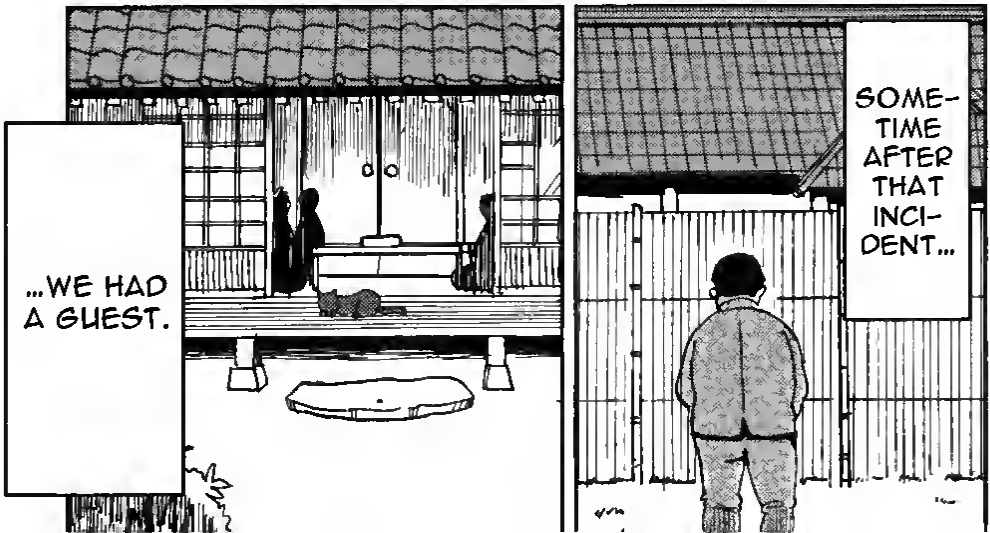
Can you give me an approximate time?
...CALLED THE POLICE ABOUT LAST NIGHT.

Hmm...
Well...


They should just say that they don't know.
THE TWO TRIED TO THINK OF AN ANSWER, BUT COULDN'T.

IF YOU COULD ANSWER, THE BURGLAR WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO BREAK IN.
Hmm...
What time was it?
I'm sure it was...

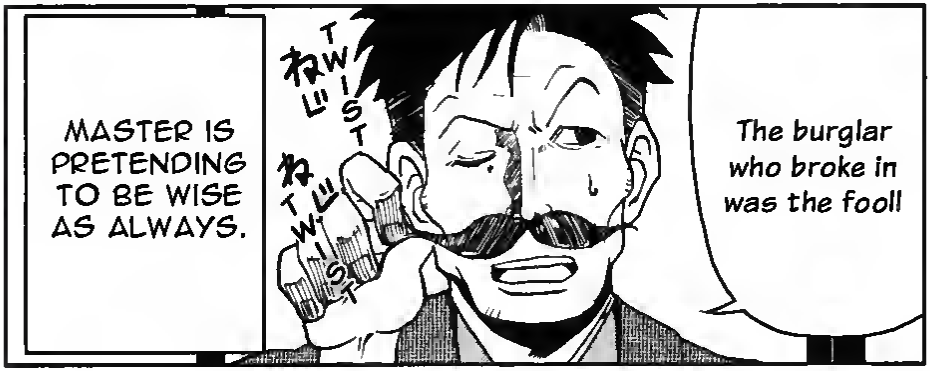
All right.
Please fill out this theft report.
It's fine if you don't know.


...WE HAD A GUEST.
SOME-TIME AFTER THAT INCI-DENT...

He must love yams very much.
Ha ha ha. What a strange burglar.
THIS IS THE ONE WHO DELIVERED THE YAMS, SAMPEI TATARA. HE WAS MASTER'S STUDENT, BUT NOW WORKS IN A COMPANY.

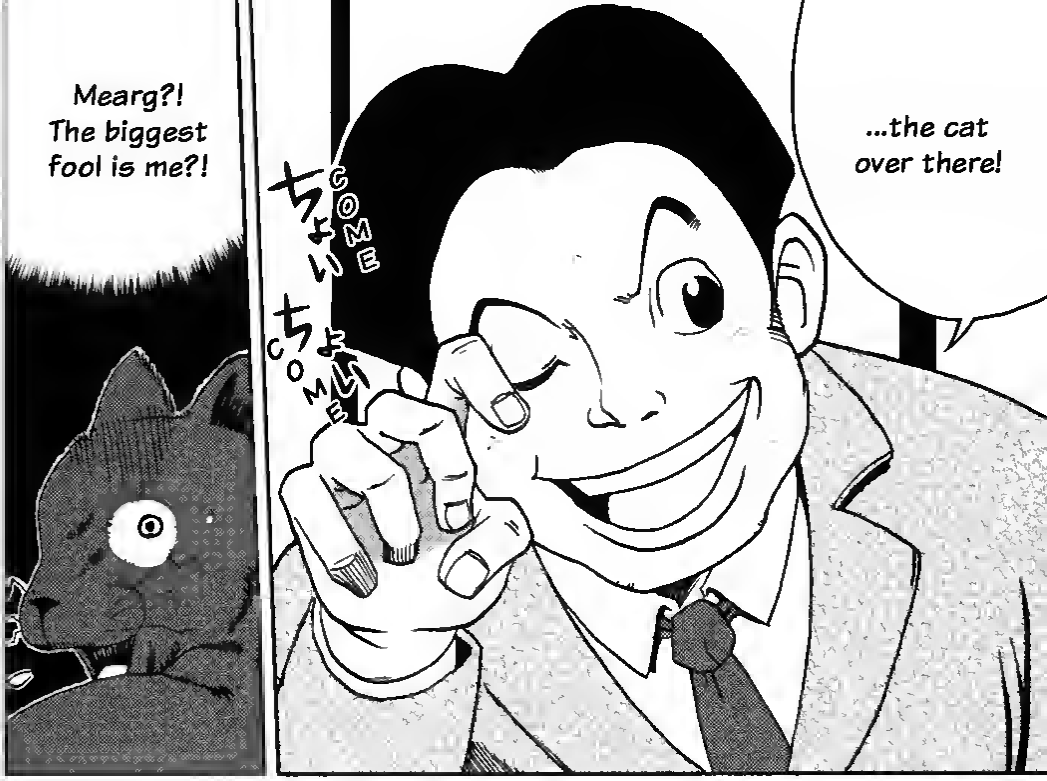
A lively man.
Yes.
We must be thankful.
It's fortunate that no one was hurt.

You must have felt like a fool to get robbed like that.
Hmph.


MASTER IS PRETENDING TO BE WISE AS ALWAYS.
ねじ TWIST
ねじ TWIST
The burglar who broke in was the fool!

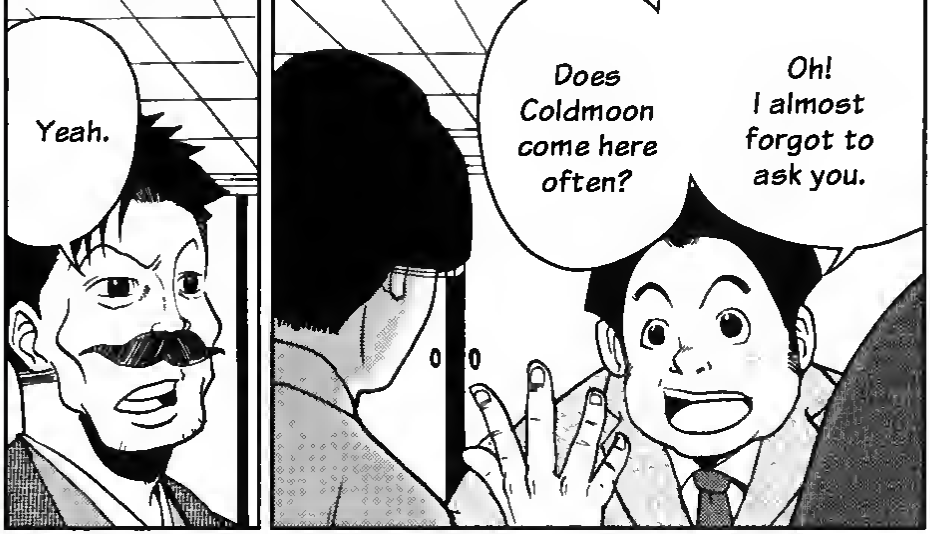
The true fool is?
ひっく TWITCH

However, the true fool is...
The one who broke in was a fool, but so is the one who was stolen from.


Mearg?! The biggest fool is me?!
ちょいちょい COME COME
...the cat over there!

It doesn't catch mice and just sleeps all day. It would be better to raise a dog.
It did nothing when the burglar broke in!
Oh, my.

Want to give me the cat? It only sleeps and nothing else.
How about it?
If only I could speak.
Cats taste good when boiled.
Eat it!
What do you plan to do with it?
WHAT A SCARY THOUGHT. AND TO SAY THAT MY ONLY USE IS TO SLEEP...
Hmm. I'll think about it.
...boil and eat me?!
Wha-?! He wants to...

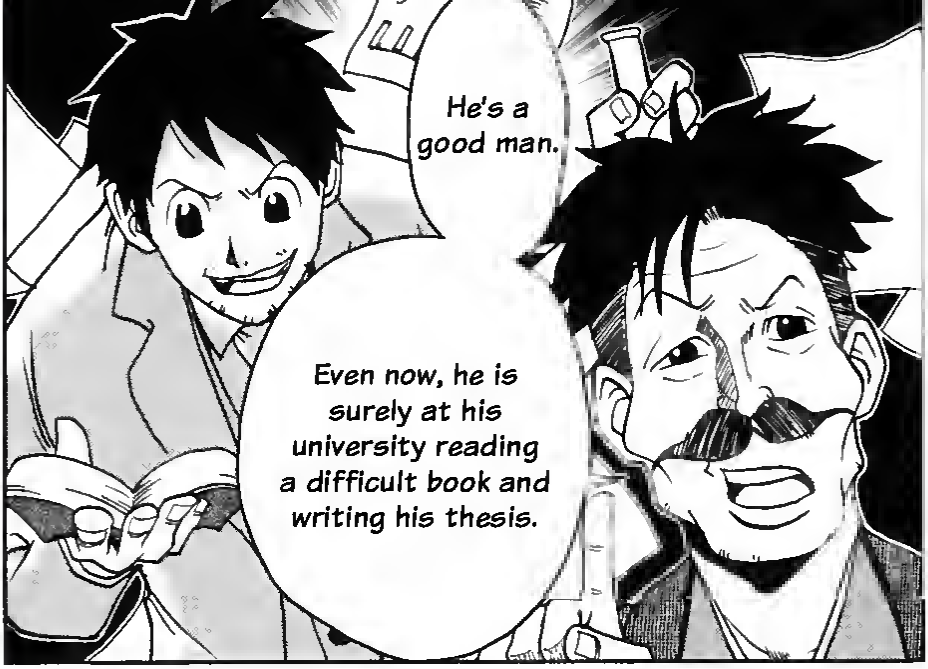

Yeah.
Does Coldmoon come here often?
Oh! I almost forgot to ask you.

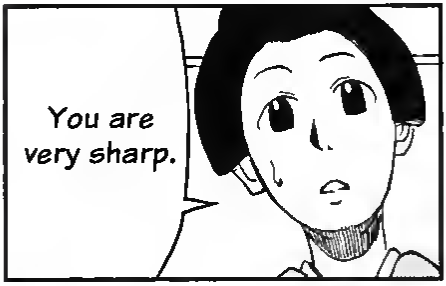
Yes, well.
He's about the same as you.

Is he a good man?

Is he as impressive as they say?
Oh, um. Someone told me about him and I was curious.
That family again, huh?

Do you know him?


He's a good man.
Even now, he is surely at his university reading a difficult book and writing his thesis.


You are very sharp.

What's wrong?

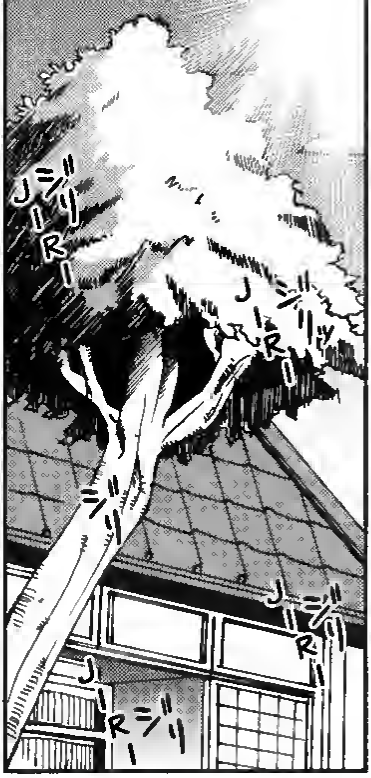
Things are getting interesting again.

As I thought. He's no good!
Writing his thesis in order to marry someone's daughter is ridiculous.
BAM

Don't you think so, Professor?!
If he's good enough, then so am I!
Don't tell me... You're after her, too?
What?
HEH HEH HEH. I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO WHAT COMES NEXT.

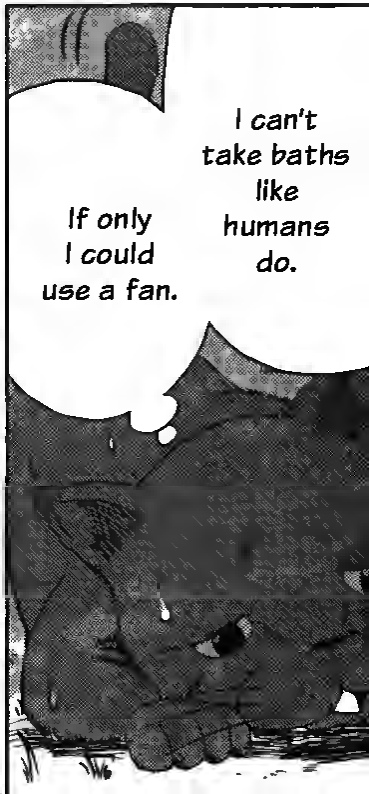
THE CONSTABLE BROUGHT HIM TO APOLOGIZE THE NEXT DAY.
THIS IS OFF-TOPIC, BUT IT SEEMS THE POLICE CAUGHT THE BURGLAR.
Um...
IT'S NOT LIKE THE BURGLAR WILL SAY, I'M THE BURGLAR!
MASTER MISTOOK THE BURGLAR FOR THE CONSTABLE.
Thank you, Constable.
WHAT?!
Does he think I'm the burglar?
BOW
HOW LIKE MY ABSURD MASTER TO NOT SEE HIS HANDCUFFS.

LATELY, THE HEAT HAS BEEN OVER-WHELMING.

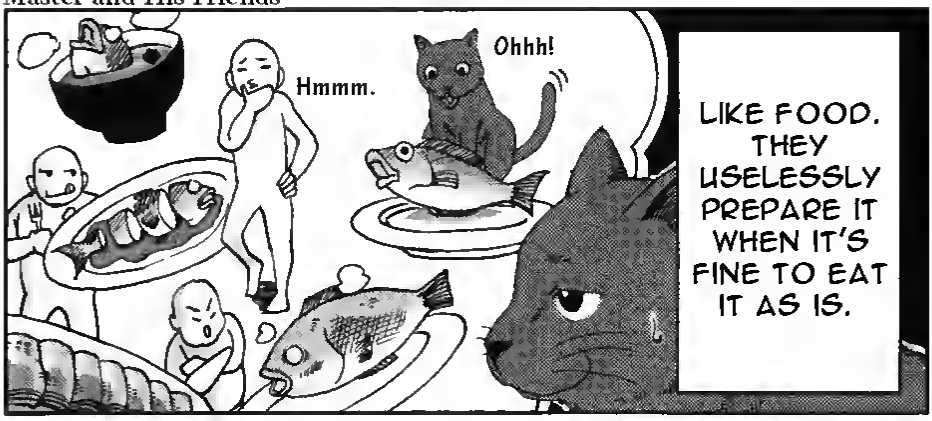

JIRI
JIRI
JIRI
JIRI
JIRI

I WISH I COULD SOME-HOW FORGET ABOUT THE HEAT.
It's hot...

I hate myself for not being able to grip anything.
スカ TWITCH
スカ TWITCH

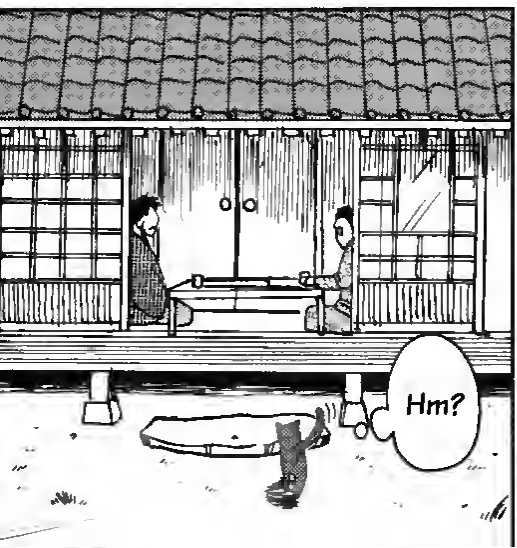

If only I could use a fan.
I can't take baths like humans do.

HUMANS SURE LIVE IN LUXURY.


Hmmm.
Ohhh!
LIKE FOOD. THEY USELESSLY PREPARE IT WHEN IT'S FINE TO EAT IT AS IS.

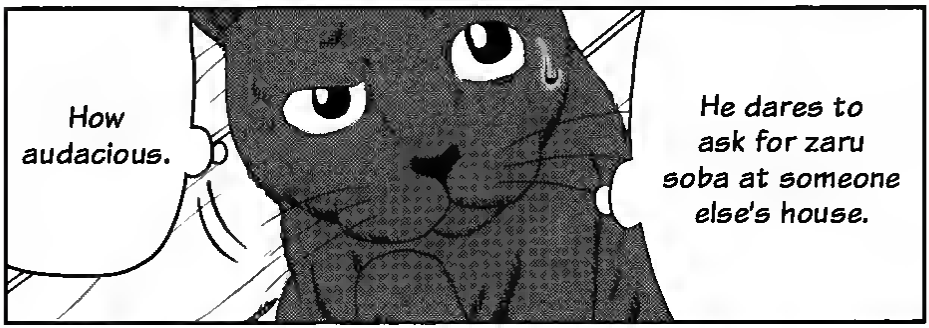
THEY EVEN USE-LESSLY CUT AND STYLE THEIR HAIR WHEN IT'S FINE TO JUST LET IT GROW.

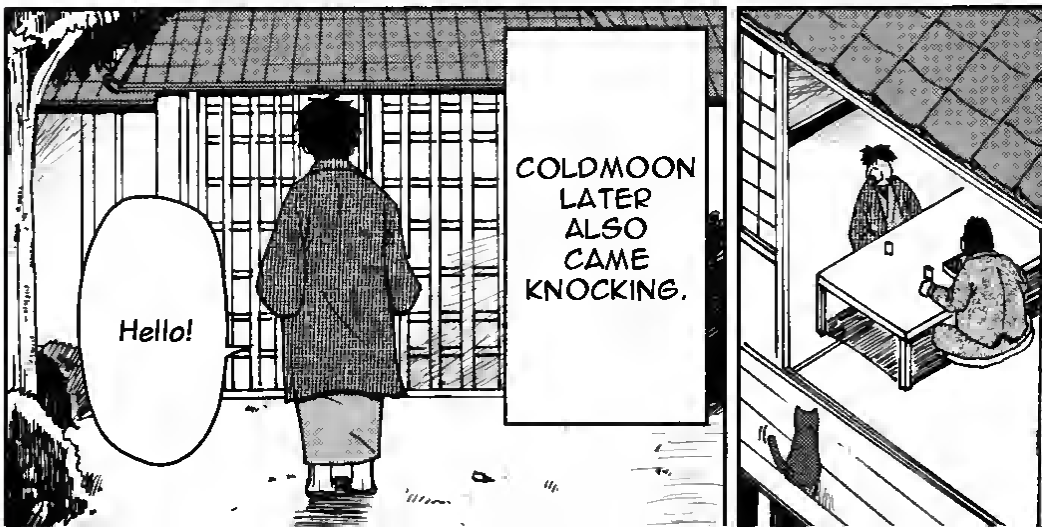
FOR CLOTHES, THEY DEPEND ON SHEEP OR SILK-WORMS.


Hm?

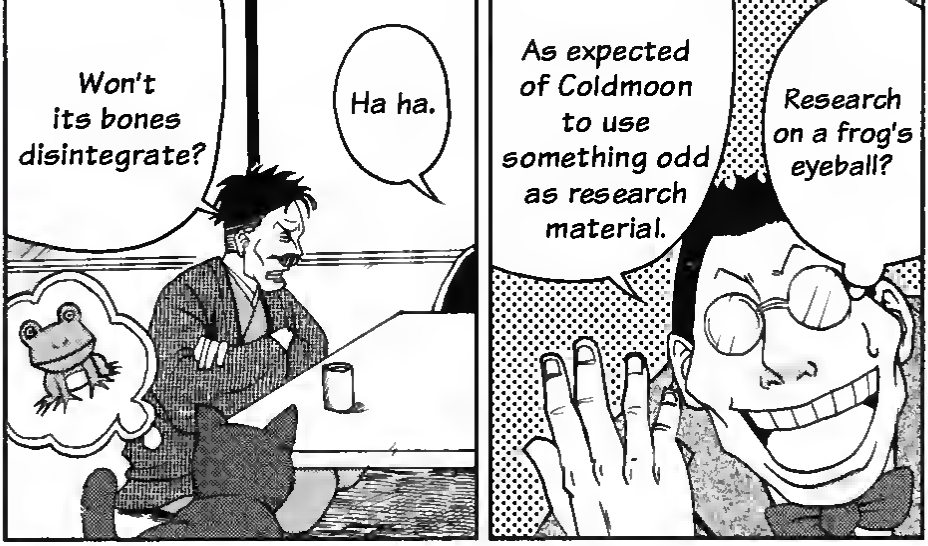
AND THEY ONLY USE TWO LIMBS WHEN THEY HAVE FOUR.

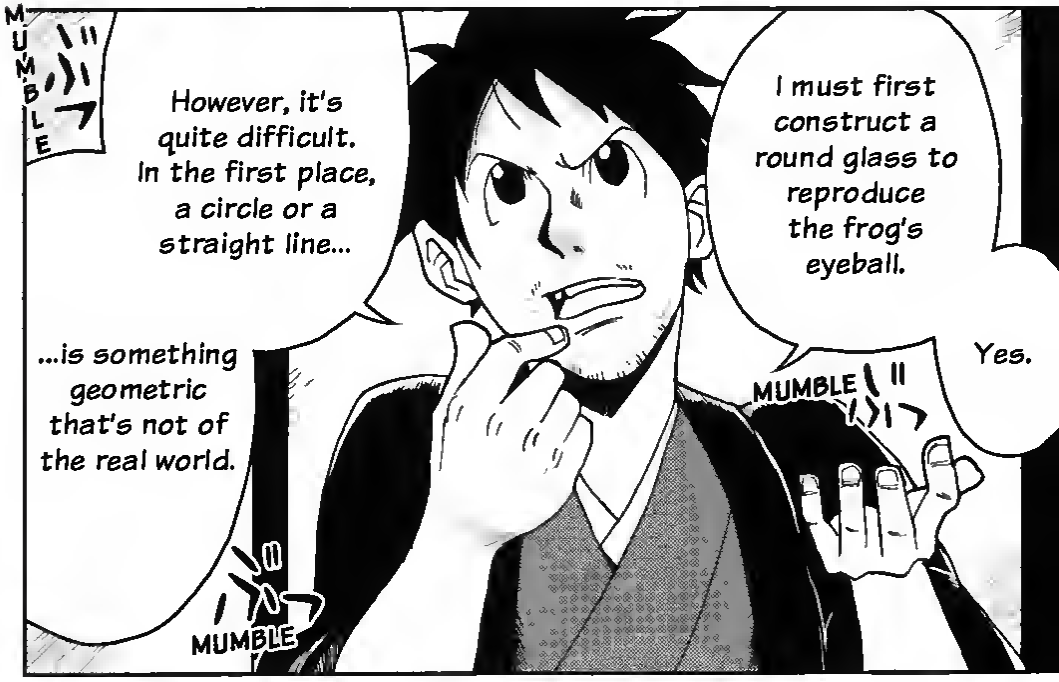
TMP
SLURP
SLURP
SLURP
HERE'S A PRIME EXAMPLE.

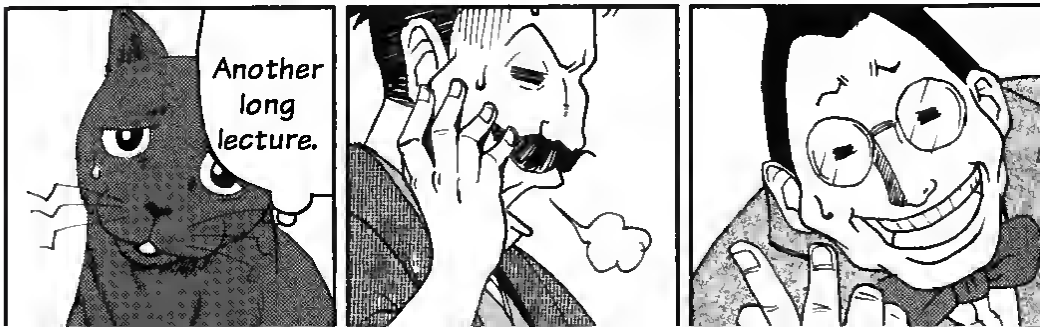

How audacious.
He dares to ask for zaru soba at someone else's house.

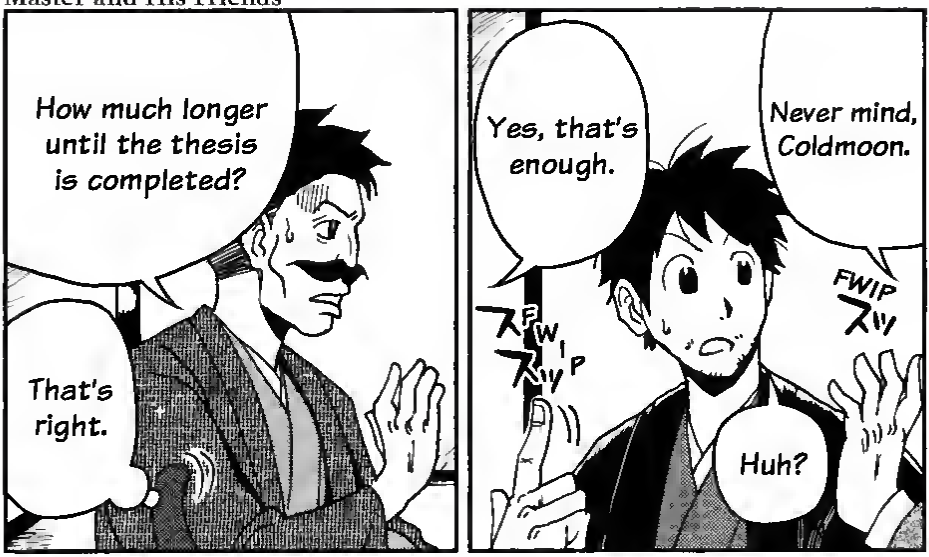

Hello!
COLDMOON LATER ALSO CAME KNOCKING.

It's been a while!
MASTER AND WAVERHOUSE WERE INTERESTED IN COLD-MOON'S PROGRESS WITH THE GOLDFIELDS' DAUGHTER.
SMIRK
SMIRK
SMIRK
How is your thesis going, Coldmoon?
Well, actually. Not so well.
Never mind your doctorate, what is your thesis topic?
It's on the effects of ultraviolet rays upon the galvanic action in the eyeball of a frog.


Won't its bones disintegrate?
Ha ha.
As expected of Coldmoon to use something odd as research material.
Research on a frog's eyeball?

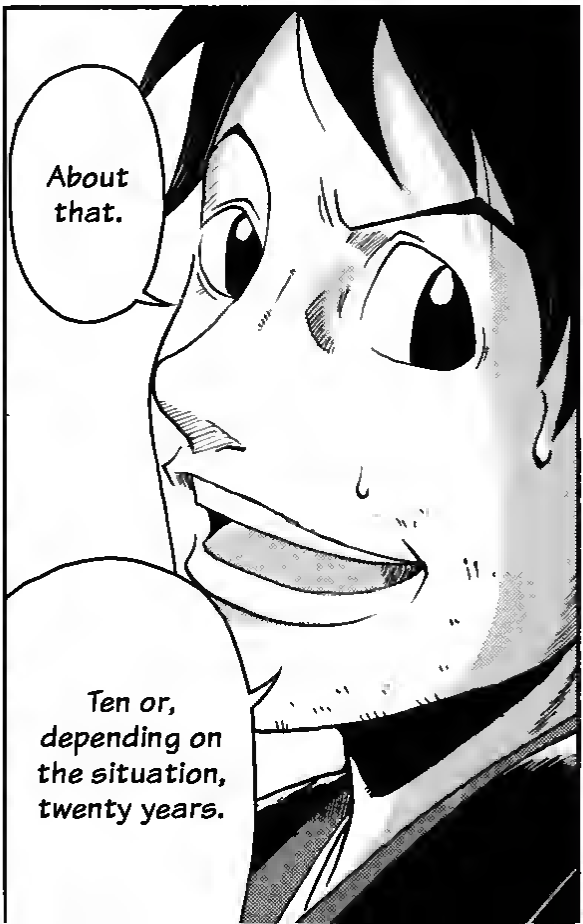

MUMBLE
However, it's quite difficult. In the first place, a circle or a straight line...
...is something geometric that's not of the real world.
MUMBLE
I must first construct a round glass to reproduce the frog's eyeball.
Yes.
MUMBLE


Another long lecture.


How much longer until the thesis is completed?
That's right.
Yes, that's enough.
Never mind, Coldmoon.
FWIP
FWIP
Huh?

Isn't that taking too long?

Does Coldmoon *really* want to marry the Goldfields' daughter?

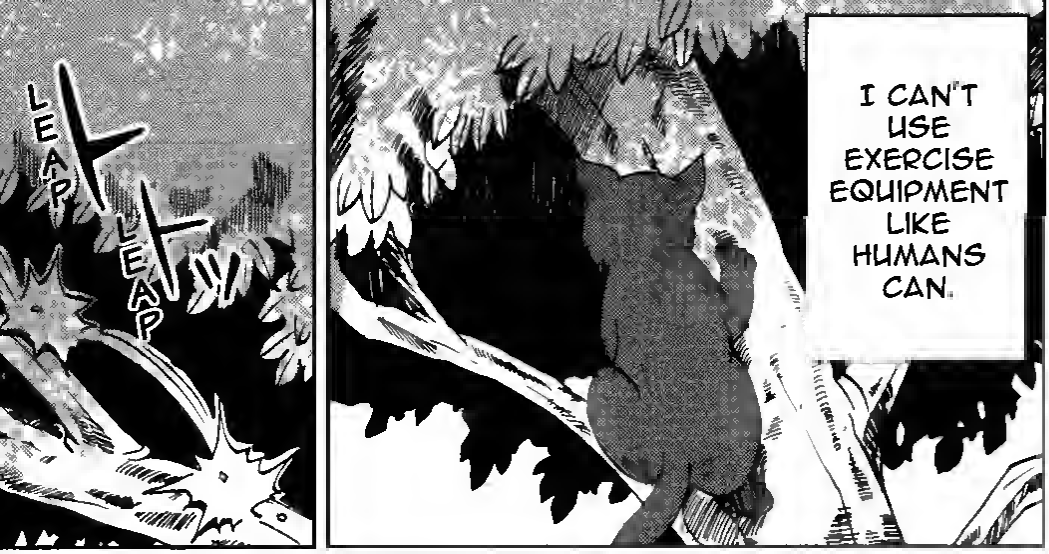

About that.
Ten or, depending on the situation, twenty years.

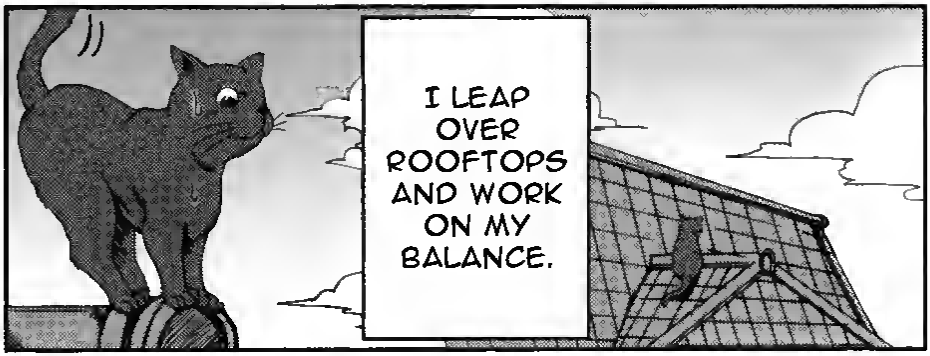
O H H H
THEY SOON RESUMED THEIR USUAL USELESS CONVER-SATIONS.
WAVERHOUSE CARRIED ON LIKE A PRO-FESSIONAL COMIC STORYTELLER.

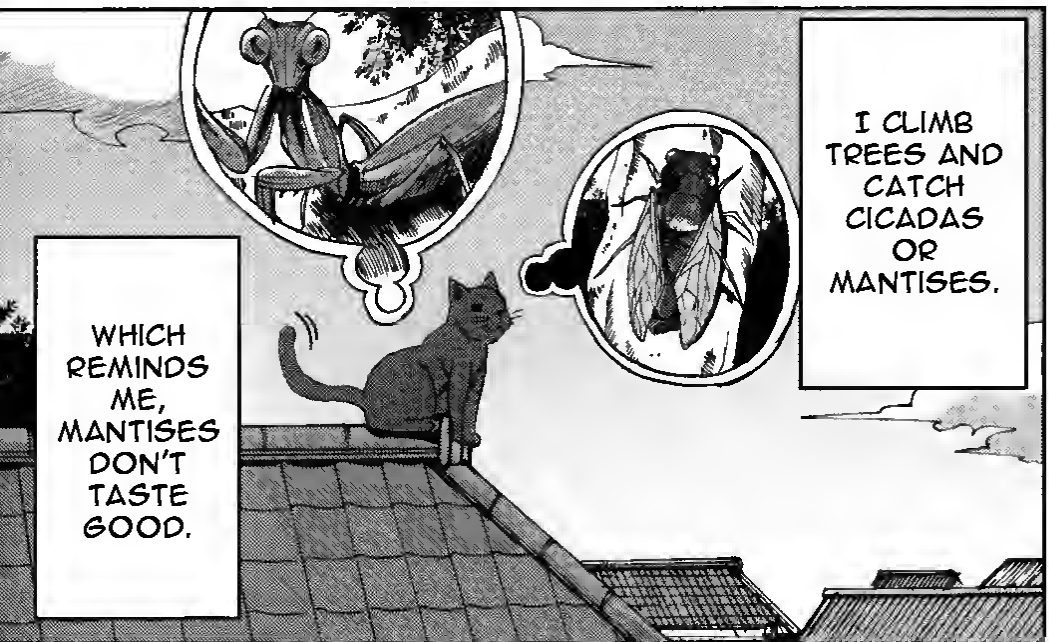
THREE ECCENTRICS HAVE GATHERED IN THE HOUSE.
THIS IS A TRULY RARE OCCUR-RENCE.
Pardon me.
BEAUCHAMP BLOWLAMP ALSO PAID A VISIT. I WON'T GO INTO DETAILS, BUT HE'S ALSO ECCENTRIC.

I CAN OBSERVE THESE FASCINATING HUMANS ALL I WANT.
STAYING HERE AT A TIME LIKE THIS AND NOT DOING ANYTHING IS THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING A CAT.
I CAN FORGET THE HEAT BY LISTENING IN ON THEIR INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS.

I RECENTLY DECIDED TO START EXERCISING.
IT'S NOT GOOD TO AUTOMAT-ICALLY ASSUME THAT CATS DON'T EXERCISE.
落雲館
Raku-Unkan
NOT EXERCISING IN THE 20TH CENTURY IS LIKE SAYING YOU'RE UNCIVILIZED.
ONE CAT YEAR EQUALS OVER TEN HUMAN YEARS.
AN INTELLECTUALLY DEVELOPED CAT LIKE ME DOESN'T FIND EXERCISING STRANGE AT ALL.

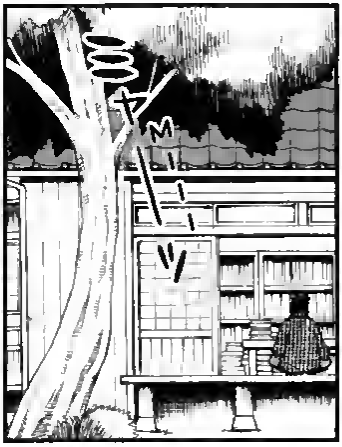

LEAP
LEAP
LEAP
I CAN'T USE EXERCISE EQUIPMENT LIKE HUMANS CAN.


I LEAP OVER ROOFTOPS AND WORK ON MY BALANCE.

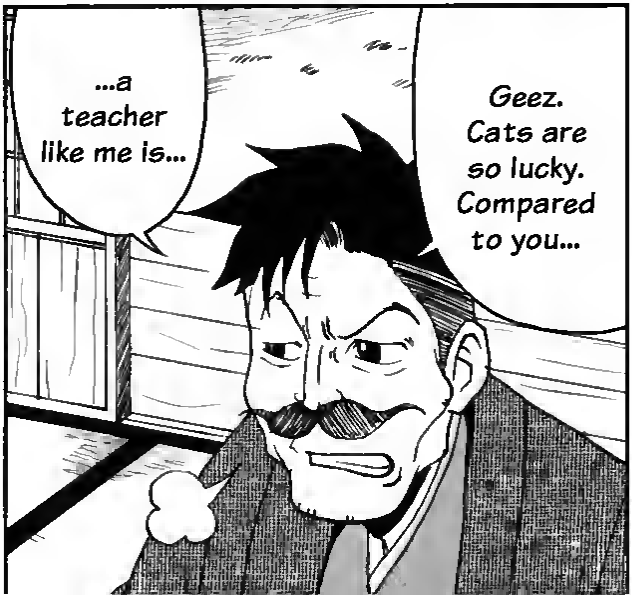

I CLIMB TREES AND CATCH CICADAS OR MANTISES.
WHICH REMINDS ME, MANTISES DON'T TASTE GOOD.

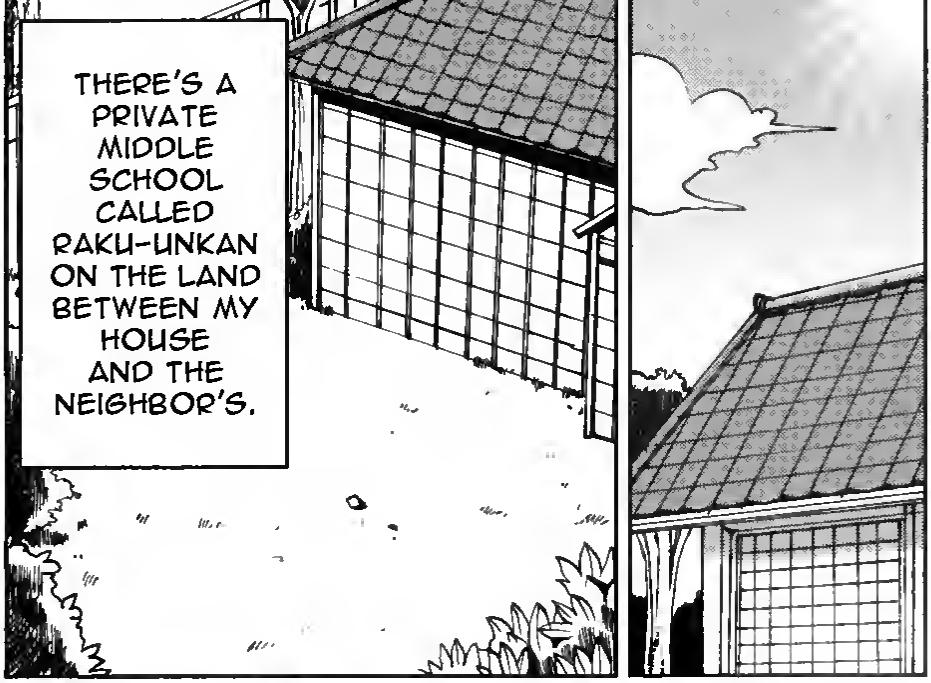
BUT I COULDN'T DO IT WITHOUT USING MY CLAWS.
?!
I ALSO TRIED CROSSING CLOTHES LINES AND POLES.
THAT'S RIGHT!

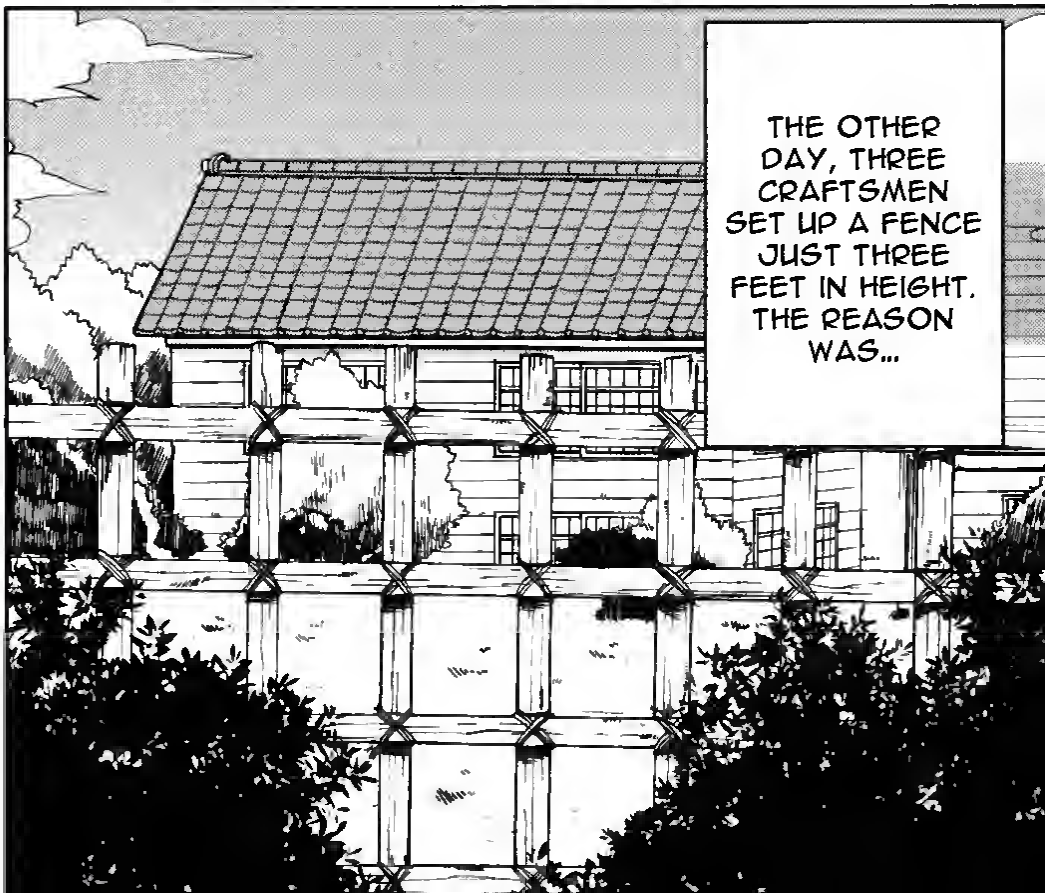
IT'S FOR REVENGE, BUT I ONLY TRY IT THREE TIMES A MONTH.
I ALSO SOME-TIMES POUNCE ON THE CHILDREN FROM BEHIND.
Ahhhh!



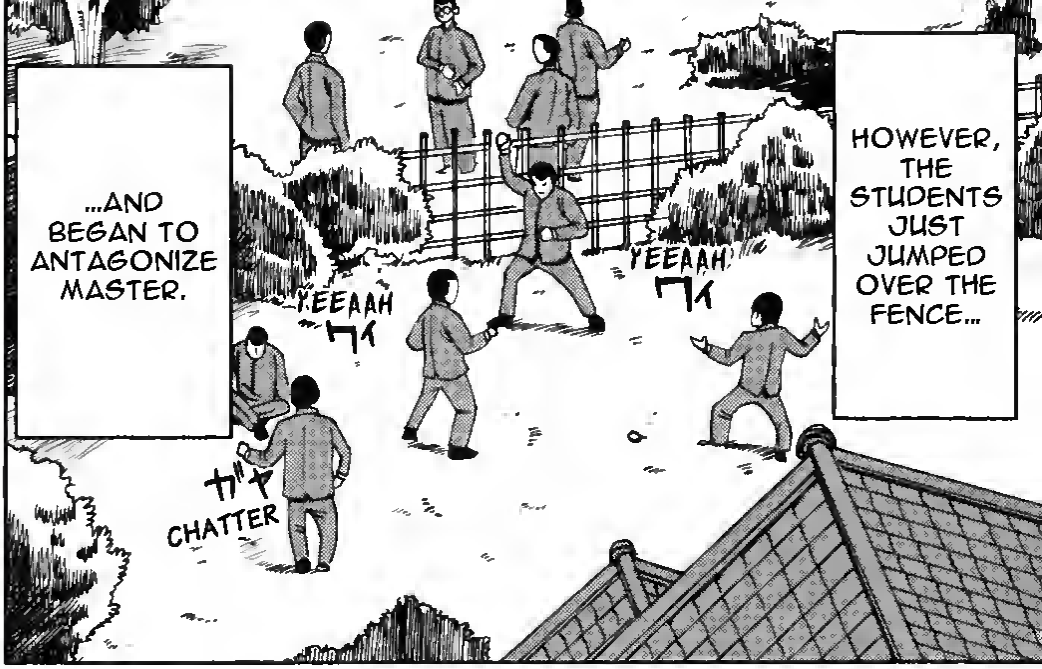
THEN, THEY STROKE ME. HUMANS ARE REALLY EASY.




THERE'S A PRIVATE MIDDLE SCHOOL CALLED RAKU-UNKAN ON THE LAND BETWEEN MY HOUSE AND THE NEIGHBOR'S.


THE OTHER DAY, THREE CRAFTSMEN SET UP A FENCE JUST THREE FEET IN HEIGHT. THE REASON WAS...

...BECAUSE STUDENTS WOULD SNEAK ON TO OUR PROPERTY TO EAT AND MAKE A RUCKUS.
CHATTER
CHATTER
HA HA HA
YEEAAH
YEEAAH
YEEAAH
Arrghh! Those stupid kids!
Making such a ruckus every day!
MASTER WROTE A COMPLAINT LETTER TO RAKU-UNKAN'S PRINCIPAL.
THE SCHOOL SET UP A FENCE IN RESPONSE.

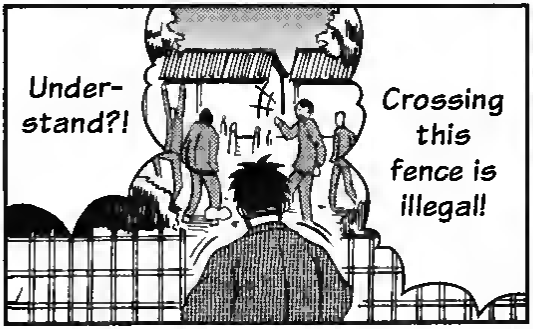

...AND BEGAN TO ANTAGONIZE MASTER.
HOWEVER, THE STUDENTS JUST JUMPED OVER THE FENCE...
YEEAAH
YEEAAH
CHATTER

Arrg-hhh!
Why you!

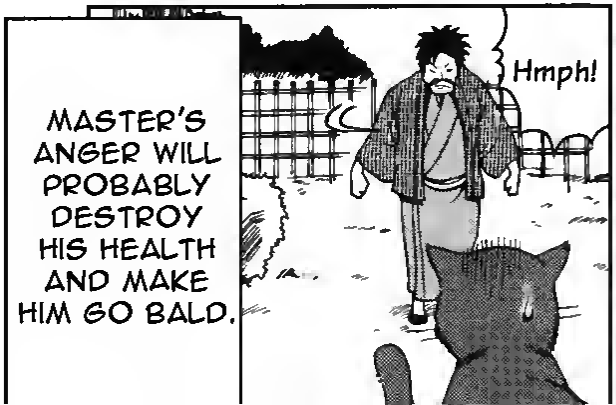
Make as much noise as you can!
YEEAAH
YEEAAH
Looks like that guy is in his study.

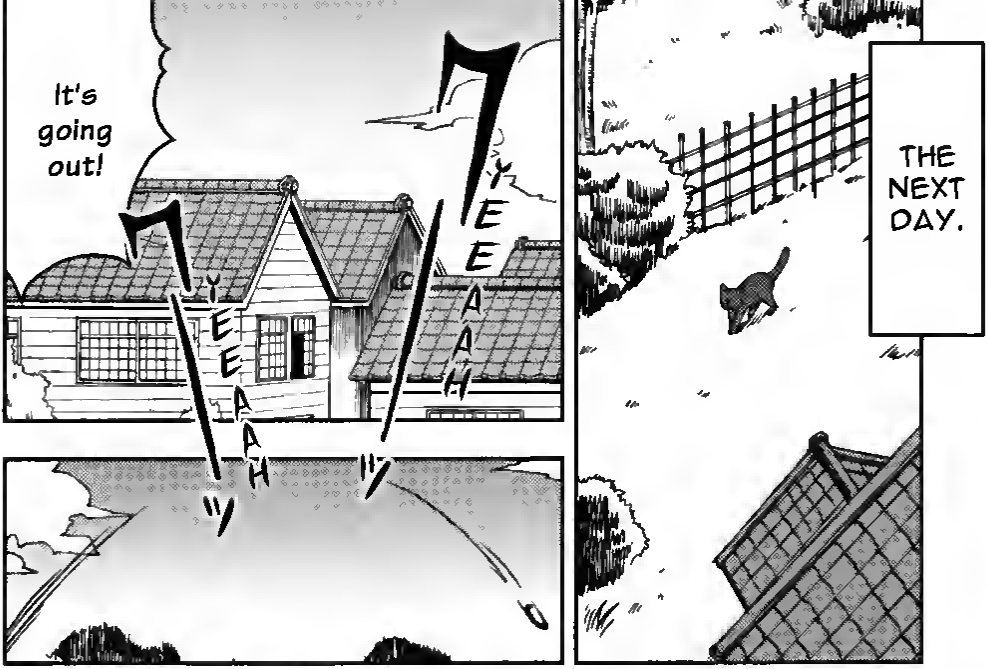
OK!
He's coming! Let's go!

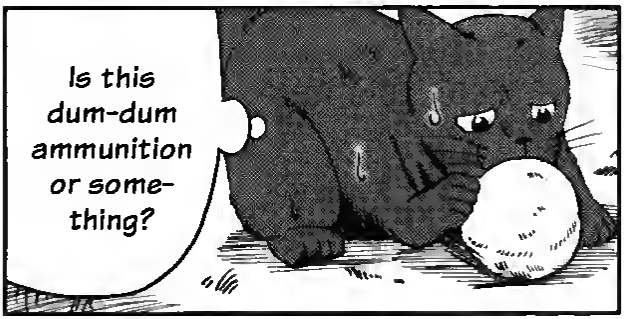
Be quiet, damn brats! Trespassers!
TMP
TMP
TMP
TMP
TMP
TMP


Under-stand?!
Crossing this fence is illegal!

THE STUDENTS CALCULATED MASTER'S ARRIVAL AND ESCAPED OVER THE FENCE.
WHOO-HOO

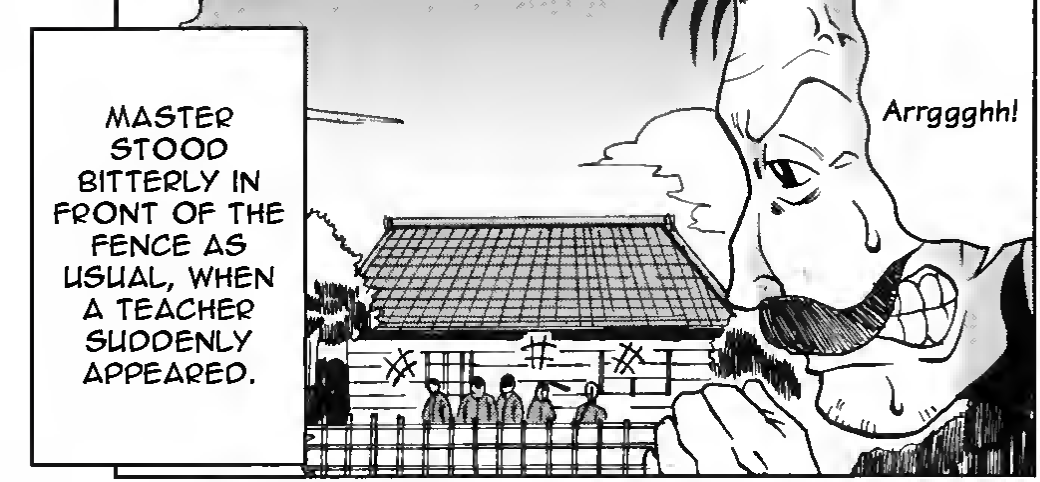

MASTER'S ANGER WILL PROBABLY DESTROY HIS HEALTH AND MAKE HIM GO BALD.
Hmph!

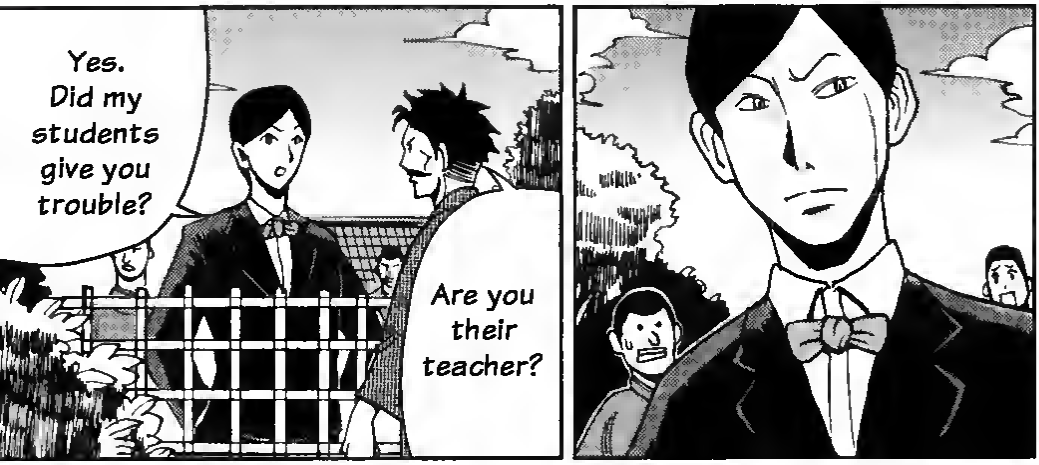

It's going out!
YEEAAH
YEEAAH
THE NEXT DAY.


Is this dum-dum ammunition or something?

It's over here!
Nope.
Did you find the ball?
Hey! Pipe down!
THE STUDENTS DEVISED A WAY TO ANTAGONIZE MASTER WHILE LOOKING FOR THEIR BALL.

Whoa!
BAM


MASTER STOOD BITTERLY IN FRONT OF THE FENCE AS USUAL, WHEN A TEACHER SUDDENLY APPEARED.
Arrggghh!

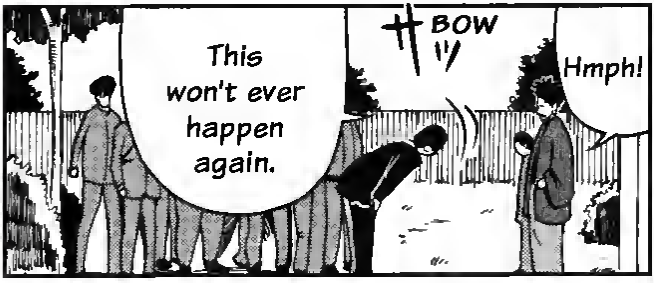

Yes. Did my students give you trouble?
Are you their teacher?

MASTER'S MANLINESS ALWAYS ONLY AMOUNTS TO ENTHUSIASM.
Then, it's fine.
Yes! I'll do it personally.
Really?
I apologize. I'll be sure to reprimand them.
They did.
I THOUGHT MASTER WOULD QUARREL VIOLENTLY FROM HIS PENT-UP ANGER.

I ONLY RECENTLY FOUND OUT IT WAS CALLED A BASEBALL.
OH.
THUMP
THE STUDENTS CONTINUED TO SHOOT DUM-DUM AMMUNITION THE NEXT DAY.
THE STUDENTS HAD BEEN ATTACKING THE HOUSE ON THE PRETEXT OF BASEBALL PRACTICE. BASEBALL'S A GAME IMPORTED FROM THE U.S.
All right! Let's do it again today!

A FEW DAYS LATER, THE DAY OF RECKONING SUDDENLY CAME.
I've got you now!
Wahhhh!
I've finally caught you. You trespasser!
HUFF
HUFF
Ughhh...
MASTER FINALLY CAUGHT ONE OF THE RAKU-UNKAN STUDENTS.
AS KIDS, THEY PROBABLY THOUGHT THAT THEY WOULDN'T BE HARSHLY REPRIMANDED.
Poor thing. I bet he was forced by the others to get the ball.

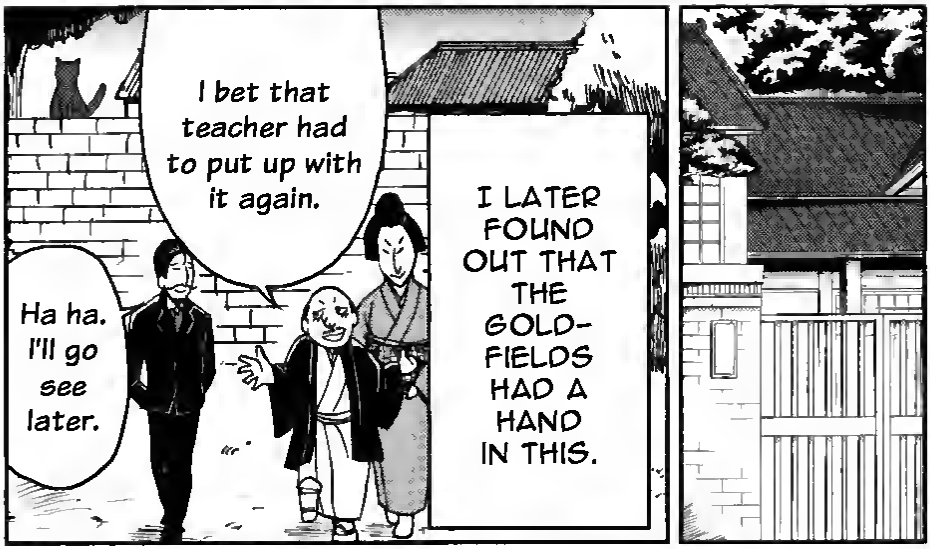
Then, why are you here?!
No, Sir.
Why are you on my property?! Are you thieves?
We wanted to get our ball...
FIDGET
FIDGET
FIDGET
UNFORTUNATELY, MASTER IS NOT LIKE OTHERS. HE LECTURED THEM IN A LOUD VOICE.
Liar! You trespassed and made a ruckus!

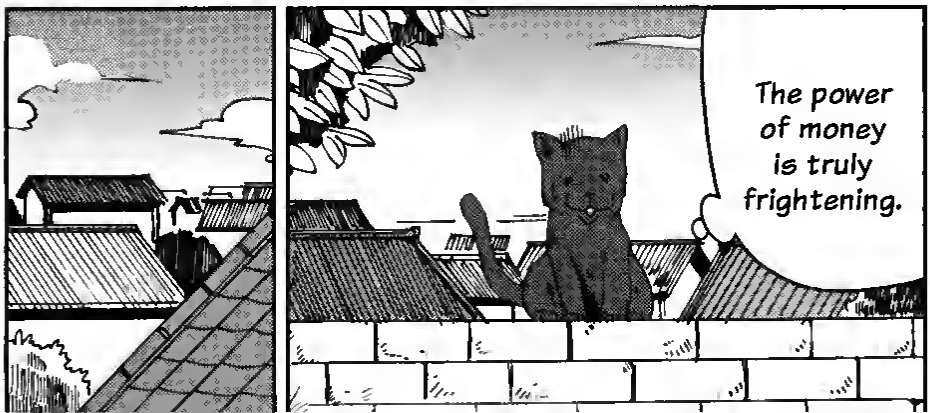

BOW
This won't ever happen again.
Hmph!

Listen up!
Y-Yes?!

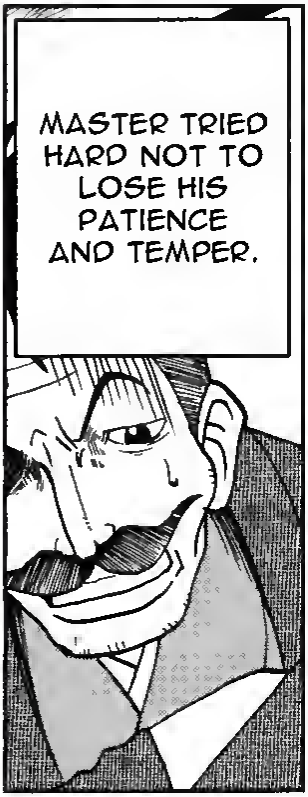
I am truly sorry.
SOON AFTER, RAKUNKAN'S TEACHER CAME AGAIN.

FROM THEN ON, WHENEVER THE BALL ENTERED THE PROPERTY, THE STUDENTS PICKED IT UP FROM THE MAIN GATE.
Yes, Sir!
I won't tolerate you boys troubling this man again! Understood?!

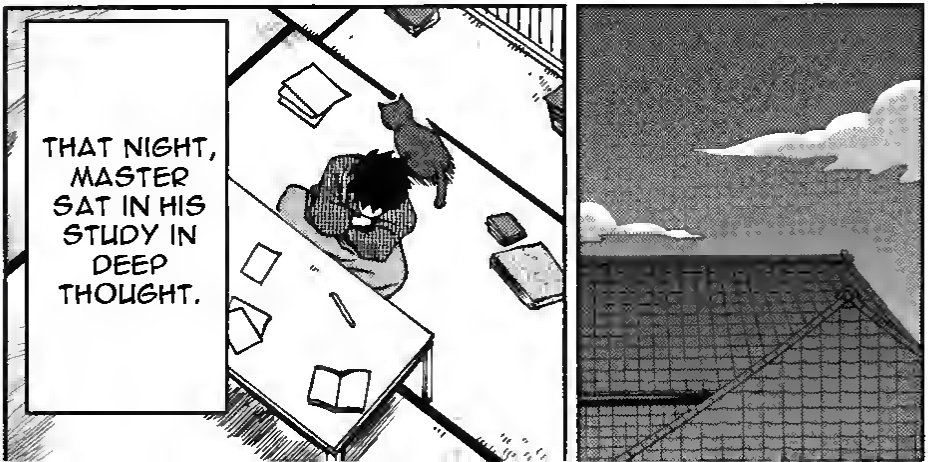

I bet that teacher had to put up with it again.
Ha ha. I'll go see later.
I LATER FOUND OUT THAT THE GOLD-FIELDS HAD A HAND IN THIS.


The power of money is truly frightening.

TWO GUESTS VISITED THE HOUSE THAT DAY.

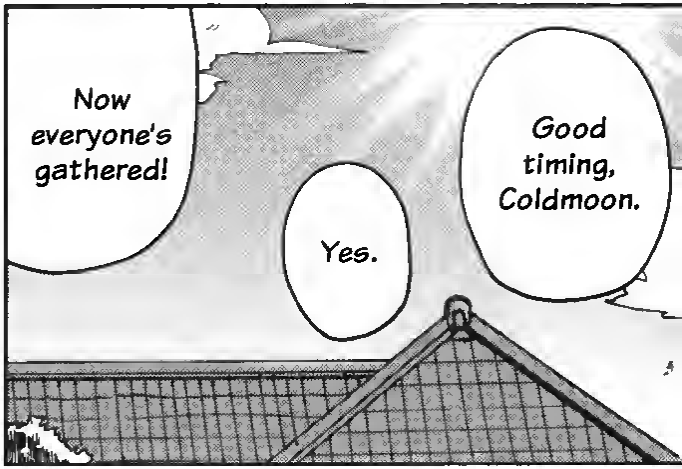

MASTER TRIED HARD NOT TO LOSE HIS PATIENCE AND TEMPER.

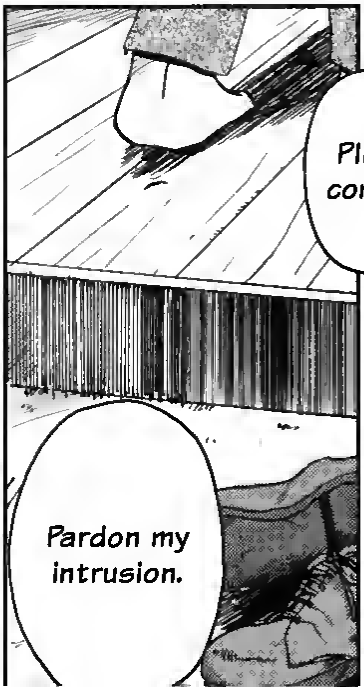
MASTER'S ATTENDING PHYSICIAN, DR. AMAKI.
AND MASTER'S FELLOW ALUMNUS WHO'S A PHILOSOPHER, SINGLEMAN KIDD.


THAT NIGHT, MASTER SAT IN HIS STUDY IN DEEP THOUGHT.

HMM
HMM
MASTER STUPIDLY DWELLED ON THOSE IDEAS.
Dr. Amaki said I need to calm my nerves.
Singleman said to obtain peace of mind through the spirit.
TWIST
TWIST
Or he won't understand the point and stop.
He'll probably forget all about it tomorrow.
I'M ADEPT AT READING PEOPLE'S MINDS, SO OF COURSE I KNOW.
MASTER IS THAT TYPE OF HUMAN BEING. HOW DO I KNOW?

大雑談会
The Big Discussion

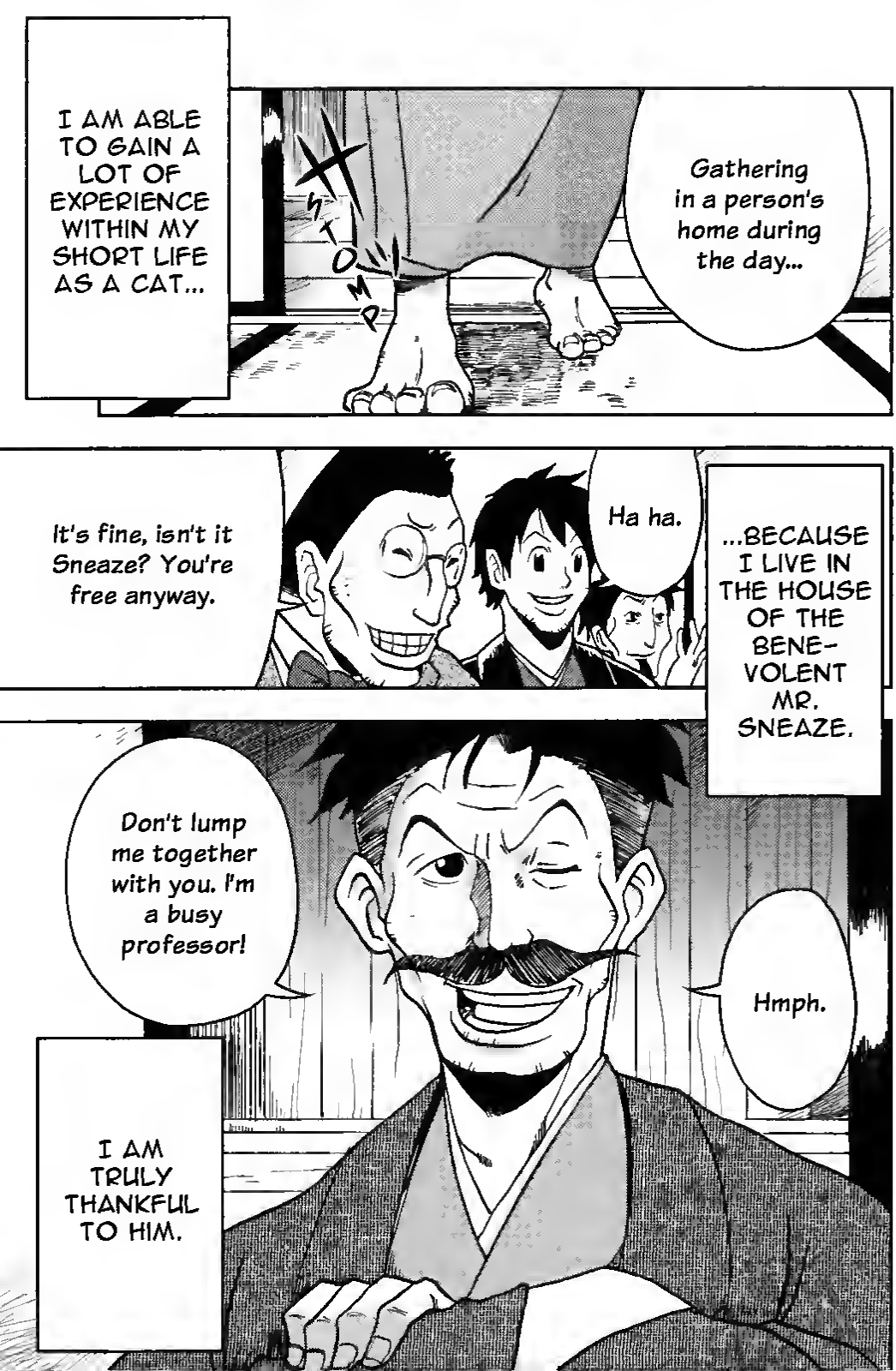


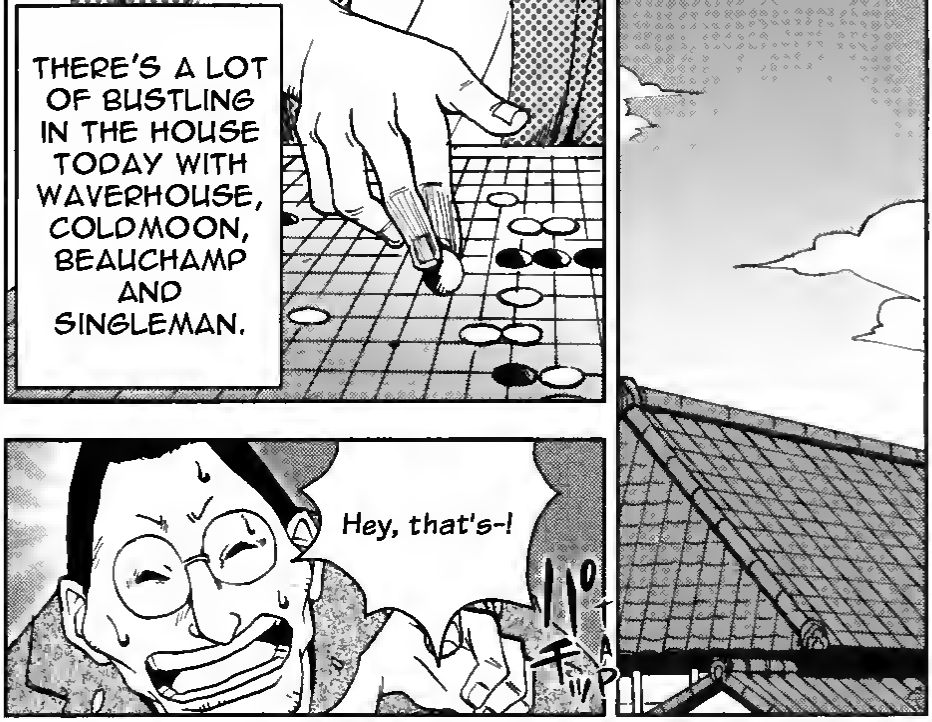


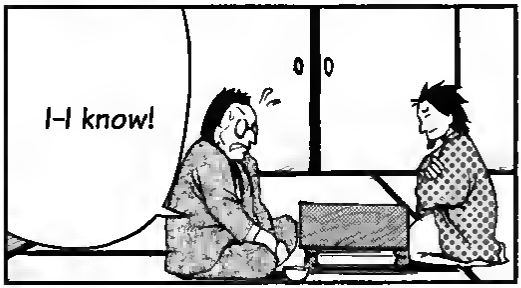
RUSTLE
TMP
RUSTLE
TMP
TMP
TMP
THUMP
Ohhh. It's the happy-go-lucky recluses.
FOR ME WHO HAS BEEN LIVING HERE, THAT IS JUST A SMALL PART.
THAT'S BECAUSE NEW MATERIAL FOR DISCUSSION COMES IN EVERY DAY.

THERE ARE STILL A SUBSTANTIAL AMOUNT OF TOPICS TO TALK ABOUT.
THE FAMILY, WAVER-HOUSE'S UNCLE OR THE GOLD-FIELD FAMILY...

LONG CONVERSATIONS ARE NOT GOOD. IT'S OK TO OMIT A LITTLE.
MEOW
Oh. Did you get bigger again?


I AM ABLE TO GAIN A LOT OF EXPERIENCE WITHIN MY SHORT LIFE AS A CAT...
KOMP
Gathering in a person's home during the day...
It's fine, isn't it Sneaze? You're free anyway.
Ha ha.
...BECAUSE I LIVE IN THE HOUSE OF THE BENE-VOLENT MR. SNEAZE.
Don't lump me together with you. I'm a busy professor!
Hmph.
I AM TRULY THANKFUL TO HIM.


THERE'S A LOT OF BUSTLING IN THE HOUSE TODAY WITH WAVERHOUSE, COLDMOON, BEAUCHAMP AND SINGLEMAN.
Hey, that's-!
TAP


I-I know!

Ughh ...
IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM, WAVER-HOUSE AND SINGLE-MAN ARE PLAYING GO.

The loser treats the winner, right?
HEH HEH

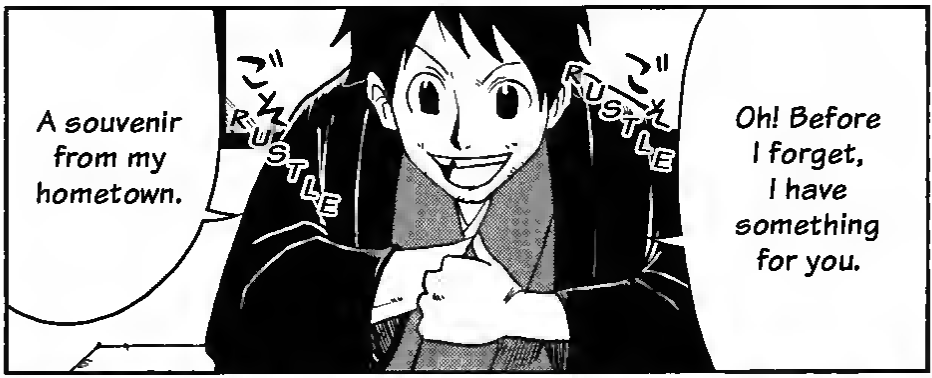
YOU LINE UP BLACK AND WHITE STONES ON A SMALL BOARD UNTIL YOU'RE DISORIENTED.
TAP
?!
I don't understand how this could be fun.
Argh.
CLINK
CLINK
I got all your stones on this side.
Not yet!
WAVERHOUSE WAS SPEWING OUT INCOMPREHENSIBLE WORDS AND SWEATING PROFUSELY.

Ahhh!
Wait!
THE CRAMPED BOARD FROM ALL THIS SUFFERING REVEALS A HUMAN BEING'S NATURE TO SEEK OUT PAIN.

Did you hear about the guy whose left side was cut off? He's all right now!
POINT
Don't be impudent.

GLANCE
What a lame joke. I'll go see what Master's doing.
No can do.
Let me off on that pun.

UNLIKE THE TWO BATTLING IN GO, MASTER AND THE OTHERS WERE ENJOYING A CHAT.
HA HA HA

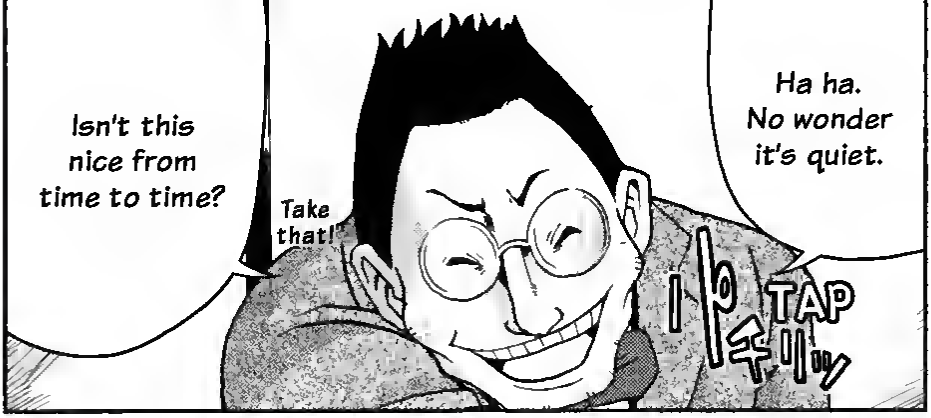

A souvenir from my hometown.
RUSTLE
RUSTLE
Oh! Before I forget, I have something for you.

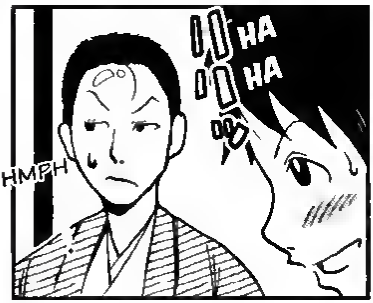
Ohhh. These are sliced, dried bonito.
TMP

Shintaishi aren't as easy as haiku.
I can't.
Want to write a shintaishi poem about bonito?
How about it?
SWISH

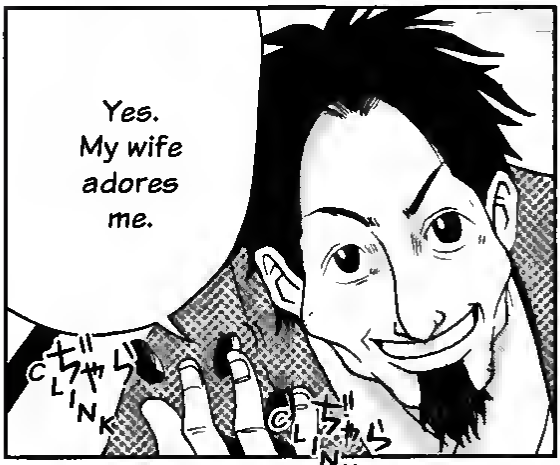
But...
Ha ha. That's true.
You are really serious.

My wife and children went out.
Where is everyone?
Isn't the house really quiet today, Sneaze?

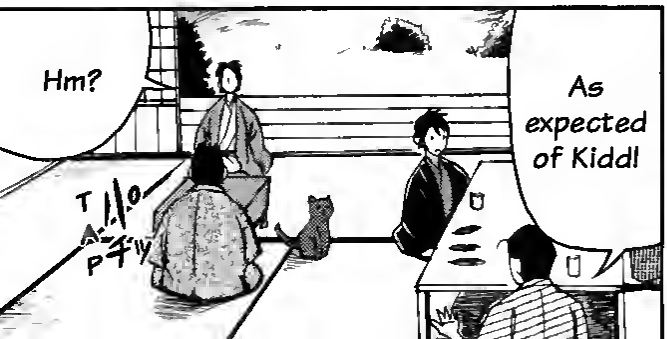

Isn't this nice from time to time?
Take that!
Ha ha. No wonder it's quiet.
TAP


HA HA
HMPH

Bachelors have it good.
I suppose.


Yes. My wife adores me.
CLINK
CLINK

Are you getting along well with your wife, Singleman?
POTATO


Hm?
TAP
As expected of Kidd!

There are two ways for human beings to enter the absolute realm.
One is to get married and obtain love like Kidd. The other is to find meaning in the way of art.
The way of art, huh.
That reminds me of the time I started the violin.
TALKS OF ART SPURRED COLDMOON TO TELL HOW HE STARTED THE VIOLIN.
BEAU-CHAMP IS INDEED A SERIOUS MAN.
HA
HA
HA
There's also a man here troubled by marriage.

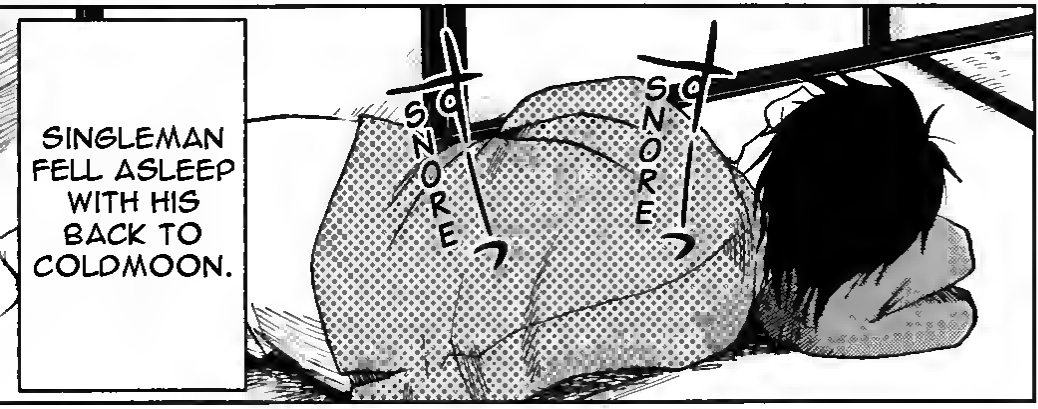
LIKE ALWAYS, WHEN HE TALKS...
Th-This pattern is...?!
...IT'S VERY, VERY LONG-WINDED AND BORING.
What first led me to buy a violin was...
Then...
But...
EVERYONE GRADUALLY LOST INTEREST.

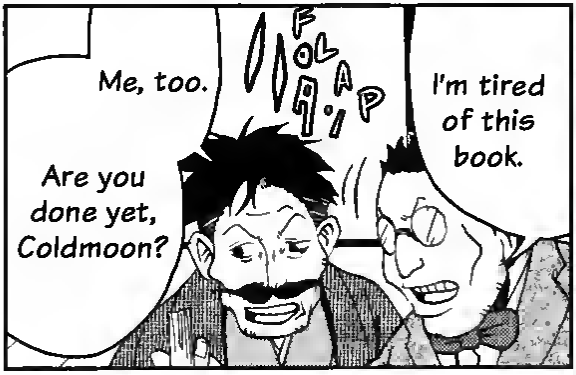
But not as much as Master...
He's really impressive.
NO. IT'S ONLY BEAUCHAMP.
Are people really listening?
TROT
Oh? And after?
TROT

Are you finished with your violin story?
...WHO'S SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR READING A BOOK.

Hmph.
I'm just getting to the main point.
Not yet.

The meaning of this Latin word.
Is there something you don't understand?
WAVER-HOUSE EVENTUALLY FINISHED GO AND JOINED MASTER.

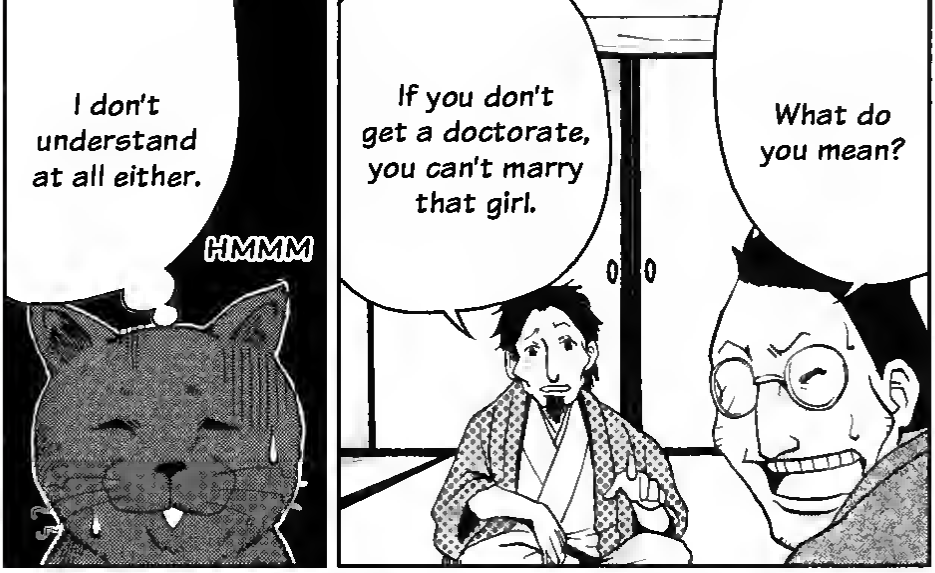

SINGLEMAN FELL ASLEEP WITH HIS BACK TO COLDMOON.
SNORE
SNORE


Me, too.
FOLAP
I'm tired of this book.
Are you done yet, Coldmoon?

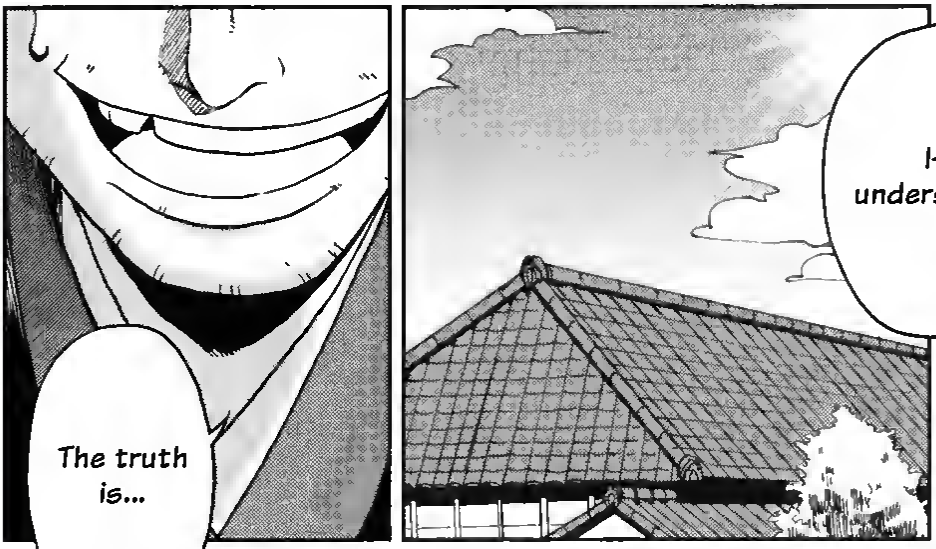
I want Kidd to listen, so please wake him up.
I'm getting to the interesting part.

Is his violin story over?
むくっ
ROLL
Hey, Singleman. Wake up.
SHAKE
SHAKE
Wow. As if snails are crawling on the beard he's so proud of...
Not yet.
...are long, long strands of drool!
What? Then, why wake me up?

I'm getting to the climax!
What ?!
How about you wrap up your story, Coldmoon?
TWIST ねじ
TWIST ねじ
It's boring.
I decided to stop my research.
I don't want a doctorate anymore.
Oh. About that.
...I want to know when you'll marry that daughter!
Rather than the violin...


I don't understand at all either.
HMMM
If you don't get a doctorate, you can't marry that girl.
What do you mean?

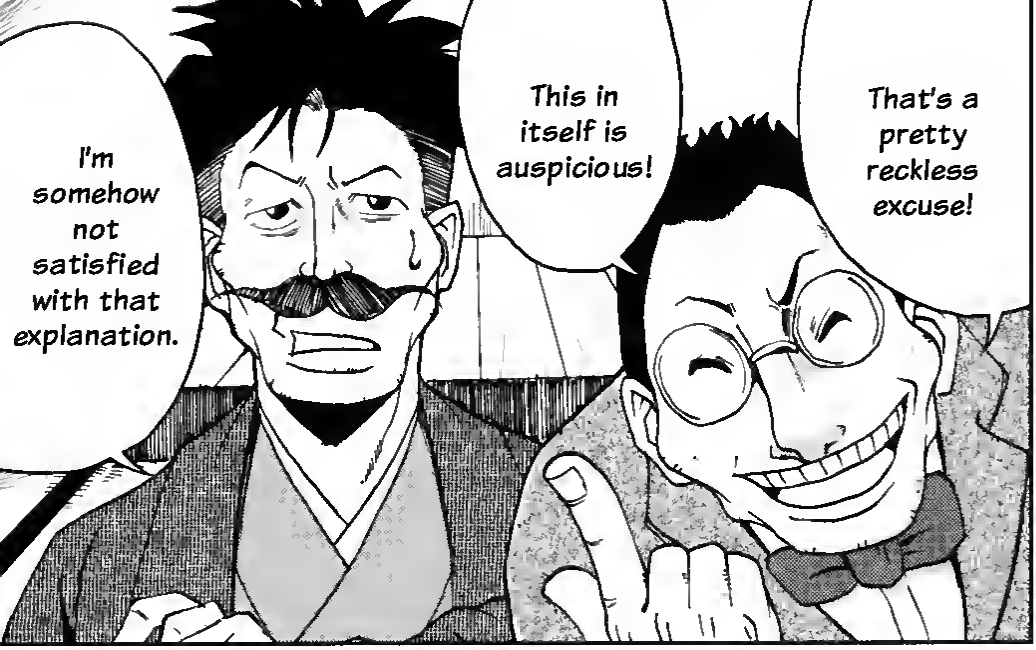
That's right.
SLIP
Explain more clearly, Coldmoon.
SWISH

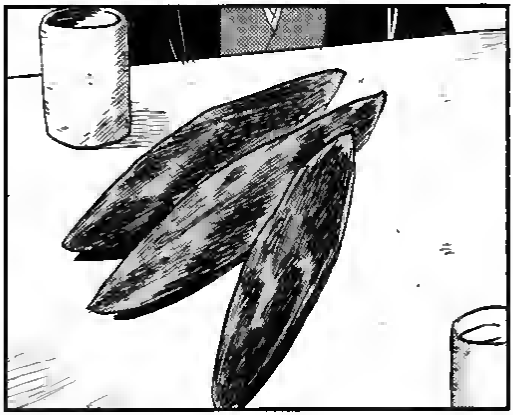

The truth is...
I-I understand.

...I already have a respectable wife!
SMILE

How?!
Wh-What?!

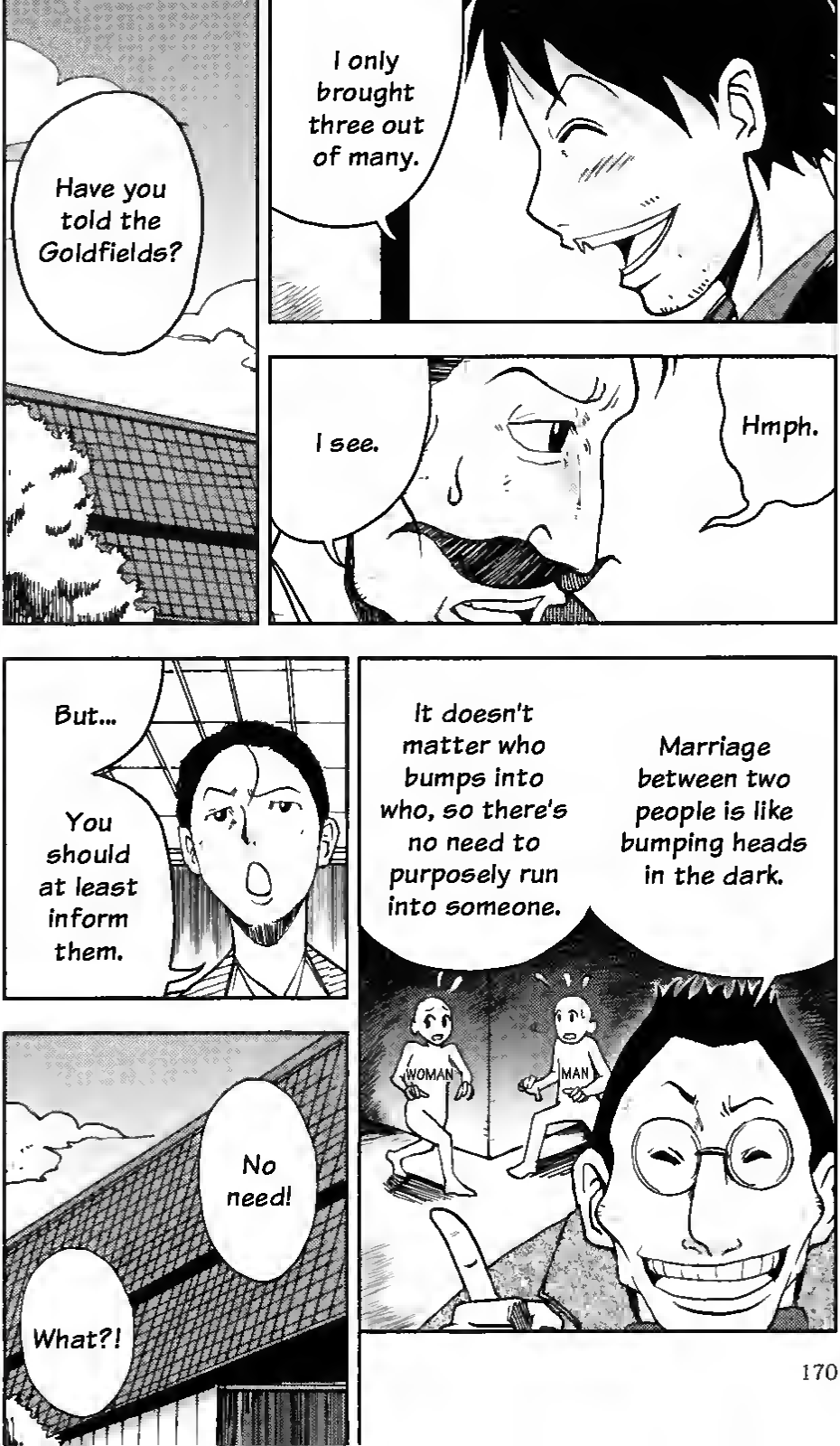
When I went back to my hometown.
My family arranged it.
SHOCK
When did this happen?!
Wh-What about the Goldfields' daughter?!
That was just a rumor spread by them.
It'll be fine.
What's going on?


That's a pretty reckless excuse!
This in itself is auspicious!
I'm somehow not satisfied with that explanation.



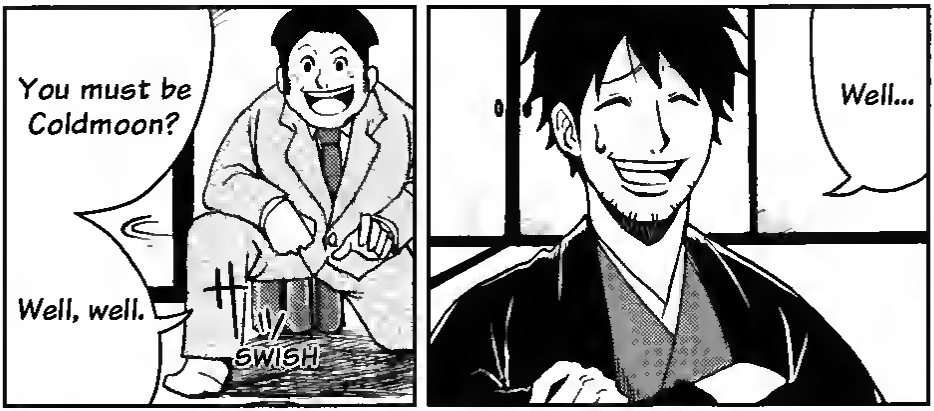
The dried bonito slices, too.
They were from my wedding ceremony.

Hey now.
For such an auspicious event, only three pieces?


Have you told the Goldfields?
I only brought three out of many.
I see.
Hmph.
But...
You should at least inform them.
It doesn't matter who bumps into who, so there's no need to purposely run into someone.
Marriage between two people is like bumping heads in the dark.
WOMAN
MAN
No need!
What?!

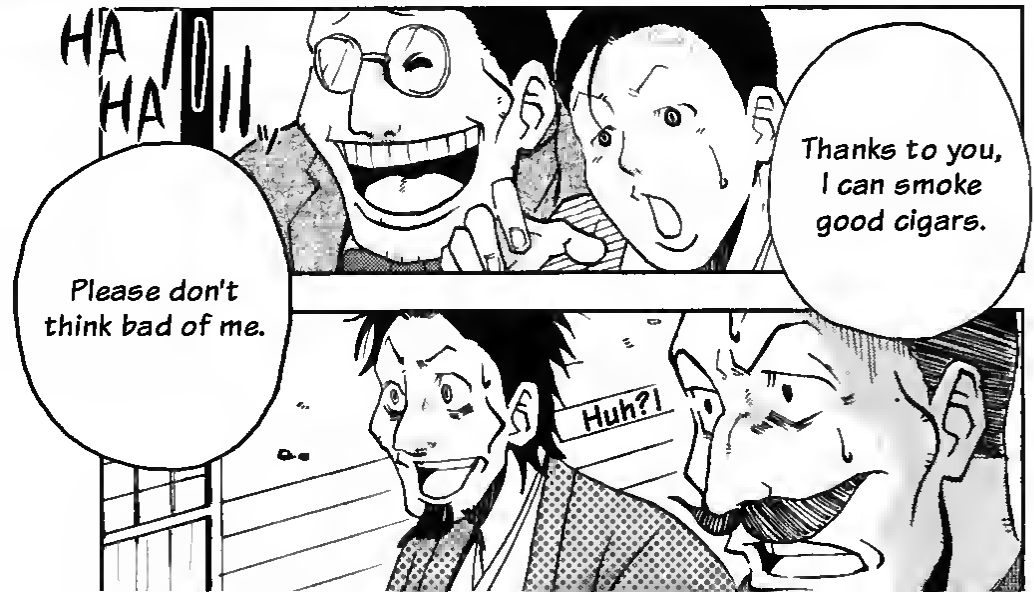
That's amazing!
That family specializes in spying.
They probably already know with all their spies!
BWA
HA
HA
THERE ARE A LOT OF GUESTS TODAY. EVEN SAMPEI TATARA CAME.
You look very lively, Professor!
BAM

HMPH
You still haven't given me answers.
You shouldn't go outside.
CLACK
How is your stomach, Professor?


You must be Coldmoon?
Well, well.
SWISH
Well...

What?
...I will.
Since you won't take her...
STOMP
SWISH

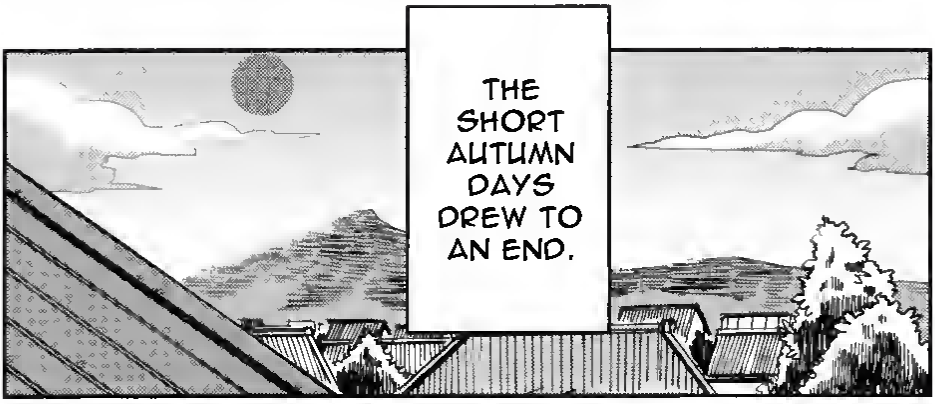
I'm talking about Miss Opula. The Goldfields' daughter!

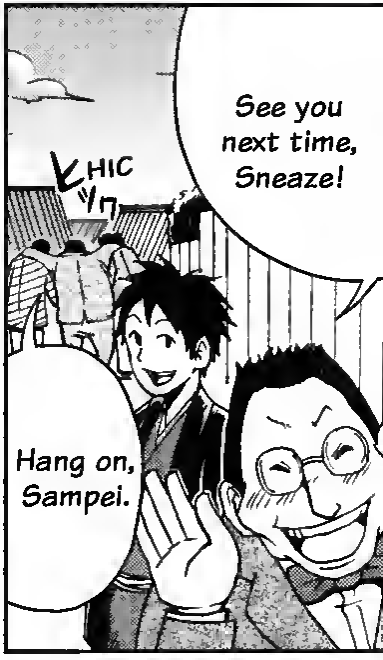

HA HA HA!!
Thanks to you, I can smoke good cigars.
Please don't think bad of me.
Huh?!

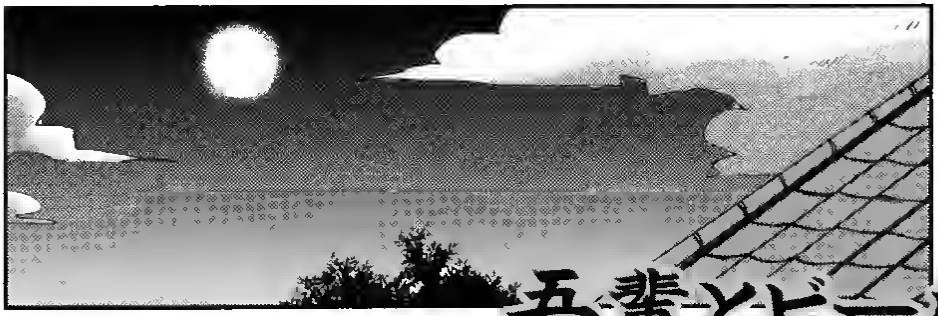
How about some beer for a pre-celebration?
I will.
Why would I?
Go ahead and take her!
MASTER CALLED O-SAN TO OPEN THE BOTTLES.
Hmm...
All right, everyone. Take a seat.
CLINK
Now then!

My marriage to Opula has recently been decided.
We'll soon be hosting an engagement party, so I hope everyone will attend.
Please compose a shintaishi for us, Beauchamp.
That's cruel, Professor!
I won't be attending!
Well, well.
Let's make a toast, Sneaze!

Why's everyone always at my house?
CLINK
HMPH
Why you!
Let's celebrate both Coldmoon's and my marriage!
Cheers!



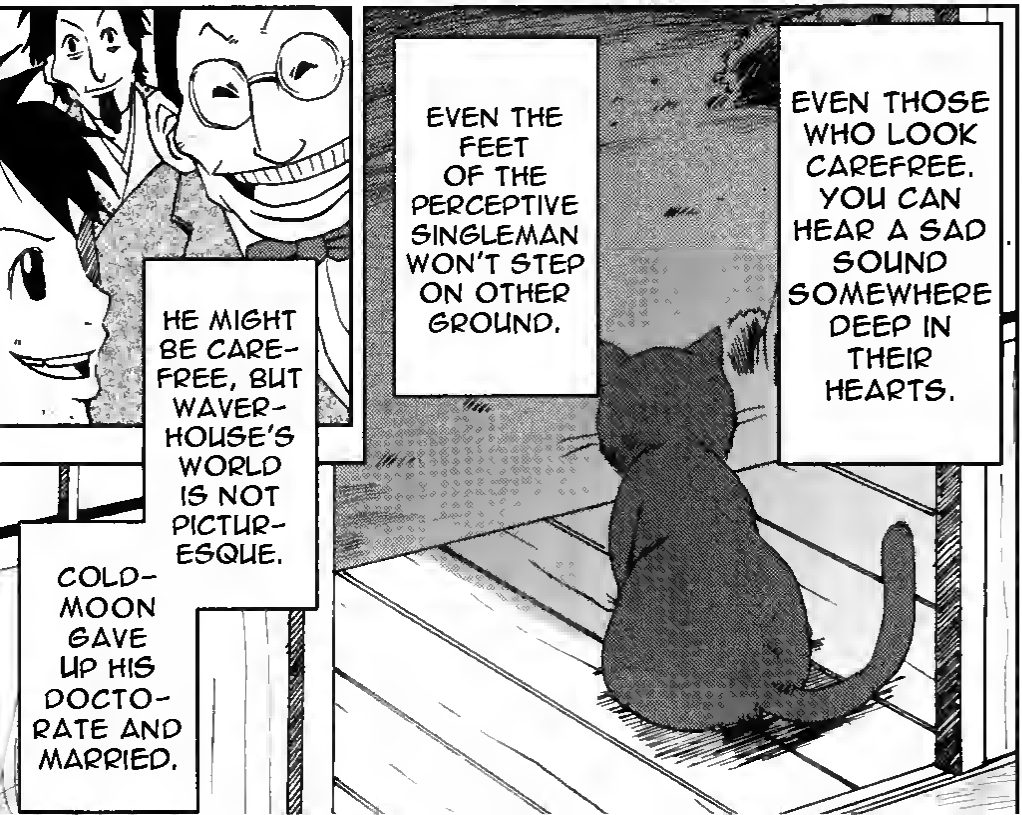


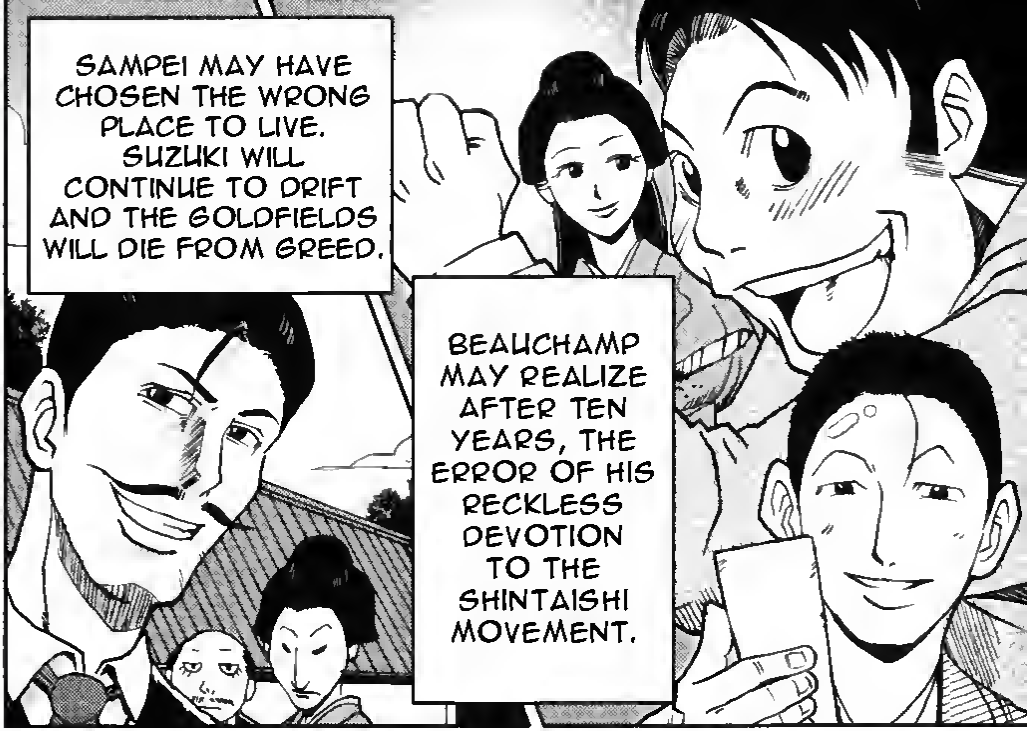


吾輩とビール

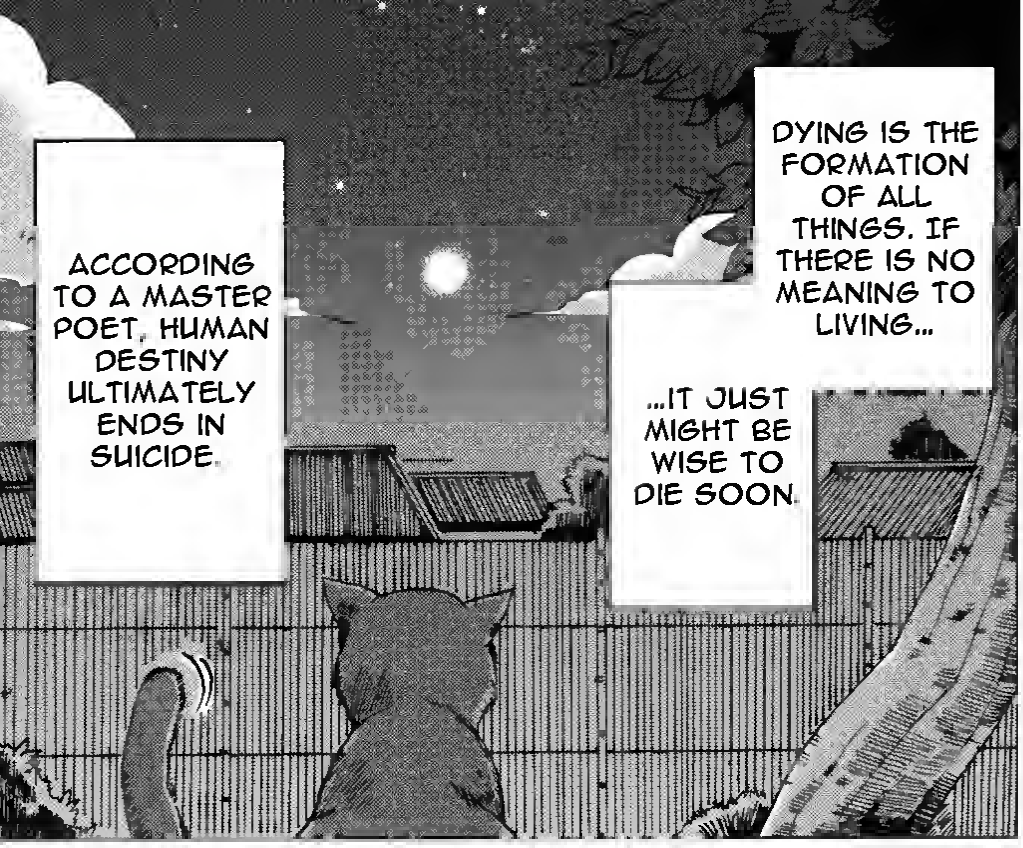
Beer and I

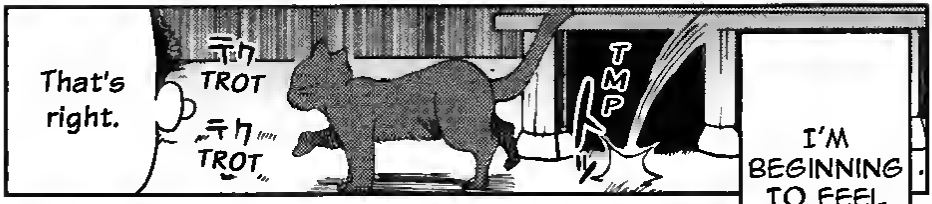
AS USUAL, MASTER FINISHED DINNER AND WENT TO HIS STUDY.
MRS. SNEAZE SEWED AND THE CHILDREN SLEPT.
O-SAN HEADED TO THE BATH-HOUSE.

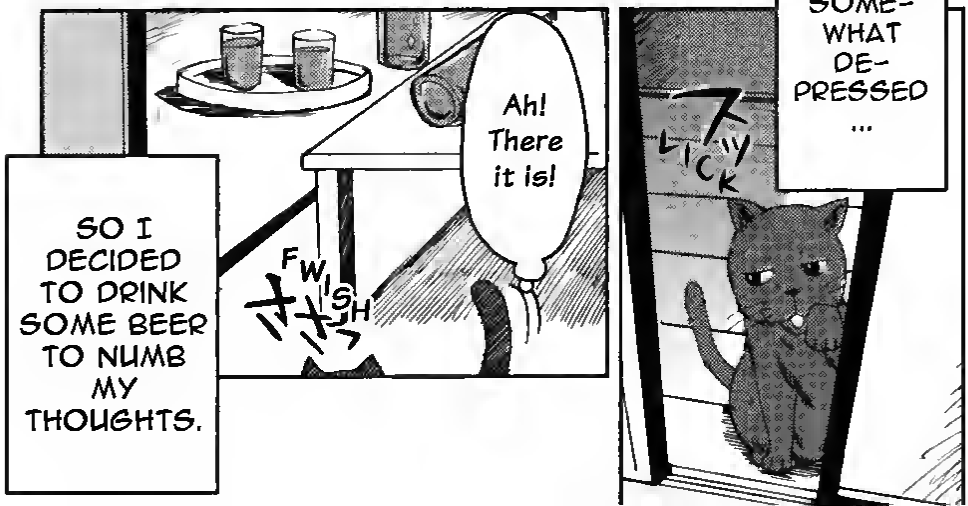

EVEN THOSE WHO LOOK CAREFREE. YOU CAN HEAR A SAD SOUND SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THEIR HEARTS.
EVEN THE FEET OF THE PERCEPTIVE SINGLEMAN WON'T STEP ON OTHER GROUND.
HE MIGHT BE CARE-FREE, BUT WAVER-HOUSE'S WORLD IS NOT PICTUR-ESQUE.
COLD-MOON GAVE UP HIS DOCTO-RATE AND MARRIED.


SAMPEI MAY HAVE CHOSEN THE WRONG PLACE TO LIVE. SUZUKI WILL CONTINUE TO DRIFT AND THE GOLDFIELDS WILL DIE FROM GREED.
BEAUCHAMP MAY REALIZE AFTER TEN YEARS, THE ERROR OF HIS RECKLESS DEVOTION TO THE SHINTAISHI MOVEMENT.

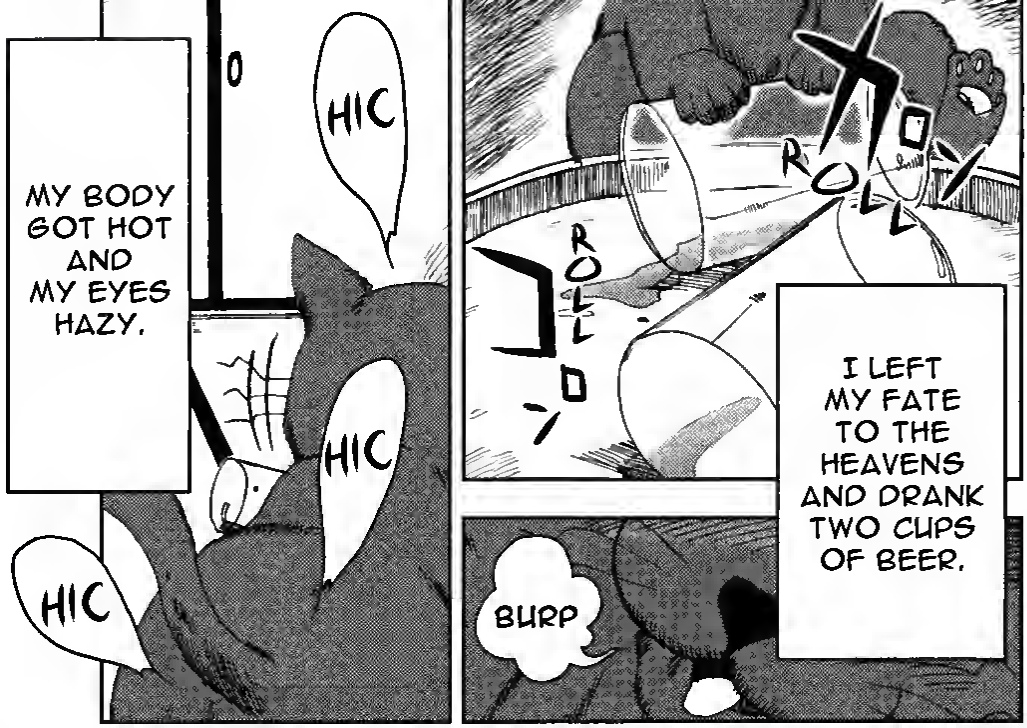
TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE I WAS BORN. THE AUTUMN LEAVES HAVE MOSTLY FALLEN DOWN.
MASTER, TOO, WILL PROBABLY DIE FROM STOMACH TROUBLES.


ACCORDING TO A MASTER POET, HUMAN DESTINY ULTIMATELY ENDS IN SUICIDE.
DYING IS THE FORMATION OF ALL THINGS. IF THERE IS NO MEANING TO LIVING...
...IT JUST MIGHT BE WISE TO DIE SOON.


That's right.
TROT
TROT
TMP
I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL SOME-WHAT DE-PRESSED ...

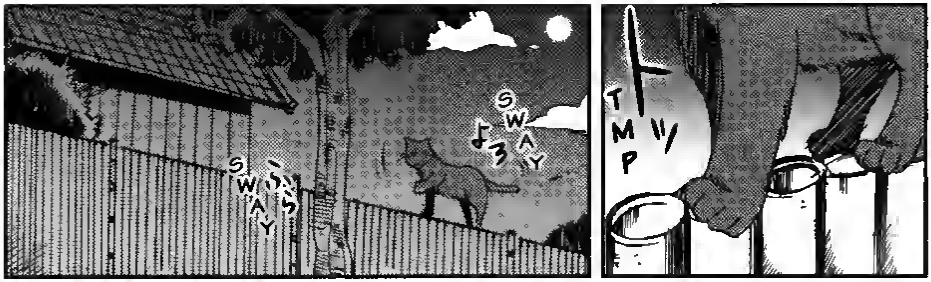

SO I DECIDED TO DRINK SOME BEER TO NUMB MY THOUGHTS.
FWISH
Ah! There it is!
LICK

Hmm. So this is beer.
My feelings will lighten if I drink this.
SPLOSH
LICK
LICK
MY TONGUE STINGS. CATS AND BEER DO NOT MIX.
KOFF
YUCK! WHAT DRIVES HUMANS TO DRINK THIS ROTTEN STUFF?
KOFF
If I can get cheerful like Sampei, I'll tell the neighborhood cats.
Should I stop? No!


I LEFT MY FATE TO THE HEAVENS AND DRANK TWO CUPS OF BEER.
BURP
ROLL
ROLL
MY BODY GOT HOT AND MY EYES HAZY.
HIC
HIC
HIC

I STARTED TO REALLY WANT TO SING. EVEN MY EARS FELT HOT.
I'M A CAT, BUT I WANT TO DANCE.
MEOW
MEOW
Mea ha ha!

WHO CARES ABOUT MASTER OR HUMANS? I FEEL A BIT SLEEPY, BUT GOOD.
SWAY
SWAY
I'M WALKING FUNNY, BUT IT'S INTER-ESTING. I'LL GO FOR A WALK.


SWAY
SWAY
TMP

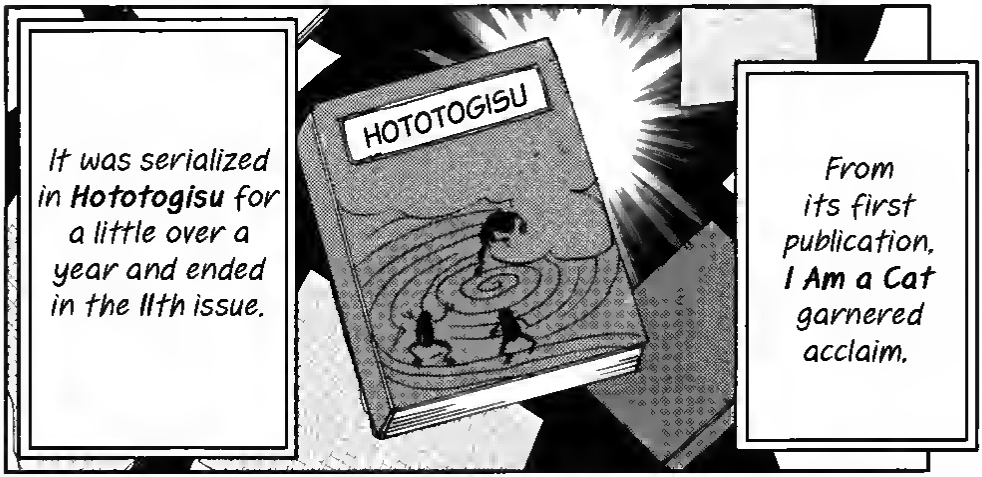
SPLASH
ON SUCH A CLEAR NIGHT, I SHOULD GO GREET THE MOON.

WHEN I REGAINED MY SENSES, IT WAS TOO LATE.
Ah!
BLUB
BLUB
BLUB
Wh-What happened?!
PUH-HAH!
SPLASH
SPLASH
IT SEEMS THAT I FELL INTO THE LARGE WATER BASIN NEAR THE HOUSE.

IT DIDN'T SEEM LIKE I COULD JUMP TO THE TOP EITHER.
AHHHH!
IT WAS SO PAINFUL. I TRIED TO CLIMB OUT, BUT THE EDGE OF THE BASIN WAS TOO HIGH.
I'LL LEAVE EVERY-THING TO NATURE.
IT WAS TORTUR-OUS AND ABSURD.
AHHH!
SO I DECIDED TO STOP.
IF I STAY STILL, I'LL SINK AND DROWN.

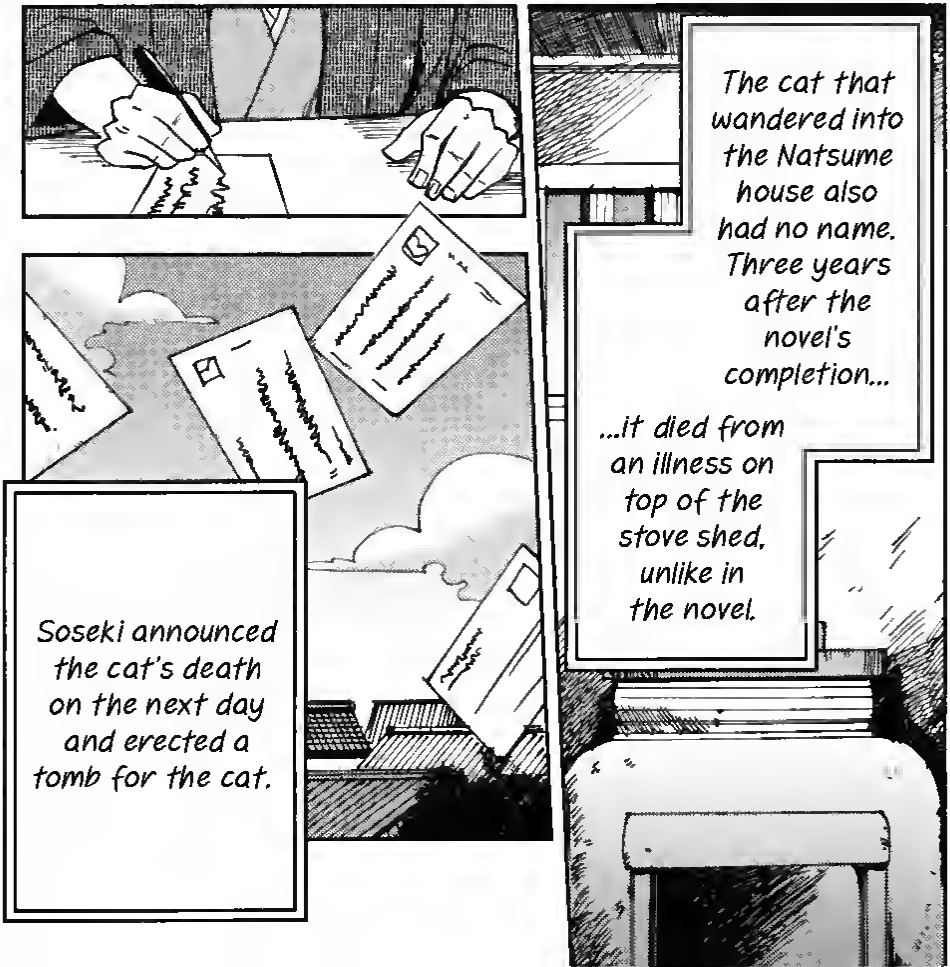
SOON, EVEN THAT FEELING OF EASE WENT AWAY.
SHOULD I FEEL BITTER OR THANKFUL?
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM ANYMORE. I JUST FEEL AT EASE.
NO. IF I DON'T DIE, I WON'T FIND PEACE. NAMU AMIDA BUTSU. NAMU AMIDA BUTSU.
I'M DYING... I'LL ENTER PEACE... I'LL DIE AND FIND PEACE...
I'M THANKFUL. SO THANKFUL.

エピローグ
Epilogue


It was serialized in **Hototogisu** for a little over a year and ended in the 11th issue.
HOTOTOGISU
From its first publication, **I Am a Cat** garnered acclaim.

Natsume Soseki later died during the time of this work, and dedicated it to his dear friend Masaoka Shiki.

Shiki passed away as he was writing the poem **A Six-Foot Sickbed** while Soseki was studying abroad. When Soseki returned, he wrote **I Am a Cat.**
The reason was said to be remorse for not being able to do anything when he received a letter in London from his best friend Shiki, who was suffering from tuberculosis.


The cat that wandered into the Natsume house also had no name. Three years after the novel's completion...
...it died from an illness on top of the stove shed, unlike in the novel.
Soseki announced the cat's death on the next day and erected a tomb for the cat.

Meow.
The unnamed cat naturally remained nameless posthumously.
Eight years later, Soseki's stomach disorder worsened while he wrote his last novel, **Light and Darkness**, and he left this world.
吾輩は猫である
I Am a Cat
MANGA DE DOKUHA
まんがで読破
完
End

まんがで読破シリーズ公式ウェブサイト
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吾輩は猫である
まんがで読破

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